

LIPPINCOTT'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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THE HEPBURN LINE.

CHAPTER I.

DORIS'S STORY.

MY AUNTS.

I HAD come from my mother's burial to the rector's house, where I was to stay until it should be known what disposition would be made of me by my father's aunts, the Misses Morton, who lived at Morton Park, near Versailles, Kentucky. Of these aunts I knew little, except that there were three of them now, but there had been four, and my great-grandfather, an eccentric old man, had called them respectively Keziah, Desire, Maria, and Beriah, which odd names he had shortened into Kizzy and Dizzy, Rier and Brier. My father, who had lived with them when a boy, had often talked of Morton Park, and once, when he was telling me of the grand old house, with its wide piazza and Corinthian pillars, its handsome grounds and the troop of blacks ready to come at his call, I had asked him why he didn't go back there, saying I should like it better than our small cottage, where there were no grounds and no Corinthian pillars and no blacks to wait upon us. For a moment he did not answer, but glanced at my mother with a look of unutterable tenderness, then, drawing us both closely to him, he said, "If I go there I must leave you behind; and I would rather have mamma and you than all the blacks and Corinthian pillars in the world."

Although very young, I felt intuitively that Morton Park was not a pleasant topic of conversation, and I rarely spoke of it to him after that, but I often thought of it, with its Corinthian pillars for which I had a great reverence, and of the blacks, and the maple-trees, and the solid silver from which my aunts dined every day, and wondered when they were so rich why we were so poor and why my father worked as hard as I knew he did, for he often lay upon the couch, saying he was tired, and looking very pale about his mouth, with a bright red spot on either cheek. I heard some one call these spots "the hectic," but did not know what they meant until later on, when he stayed in bed all the

time and the doctor said he was dying with quick consumption. Then there came a day when I was called from school and hurried home to find him dead,—my handsome young father, who had always been so loving to me, and whose last words were, "Tell little Doris to be a good girl and kind to her mother. God bless her!"

The blow was so sudden that for a time my mother seemed stunned and incapable of action, but she was roused at last by a letter from my aunt Keziah, to whom she had written after my father's death. I say a letter, but it was only an envelope containing a check for a hundred dollars and a slip of paper with the words, "For Gerold's child," and when my mother saw it there was a look on her face which I had never seen before, and I think her first impulse was to tear up the check, but, reflecting that it was not hers to destroy, she only burned the paper and put the money in the bank for me, and then went bravely to work to earn her living and mine, sometimes taking boarders, sometimes going out to nurse sick people, and at last doing dress-making at home, and succeeding so well that I never knew what real poverty was, and was as happy and free from care as children usually are.

My father had been an artist, painting landscapes and portraits when he could find sale for them, and, when he could not, painting houses, barns, and fences, for, although he had been reared in the midst of luxury, and, as I now know, belonged to one of the best families in Kentucky, he held that all kinds of labor, if necessary, were honorable, and was not ashamed to stand in his overalls side by side with men who in birth and education were greatly his inferiors. At the time of his death he had in his studio a few pictures which had not been sold. Among them was a small one of the house in Morton Park, with its huge white pillars and tall trees in front, and one or two negroes playing under the trees. This I claimed for my own, and also another, which was a picture of his four aunts taken in a group in what seemed to be a summer-house. "The Quartette" he called it, and I had watched him with a great deal of interest as he brought into seeming real life the four faces so unlike each other, Aunt Kizzy stern and severe and prim, with a cap on her head after the English style, which she affected because her grandfather was English,—Aunt Dizzy, who must once have been very pretty and who was very youthfully dressed, with flowers in her hair,—Aunt Rier, a gentle, matronly woman, with a fat baby in her lap which I did not think particularly good-looking,—and Aunt Brier, with a sweet face like a Madonna and a far-away look in her soft gray eyes which reminded one of Evangeline. Behind the four was my father, leaning over Aunt Rier and holding a rose before the baby, who was trying to reach it. The picture fascinated me greatly, and when I heard it was to be sold, with whatever other effects there were in the studio, I begged to keep it. But my mother said No, with the same look on her face which I had seen when she burned Aunt Kizzy's letter. And so it was sold to a gentleman from Boston, who was spending the summer in Meadowbrook, and I thought no more of it until years after, when it was brought to my mind in a most unexpected manner.

I was ten when I lost my father, and fourteen when my mother,

too, died suddenly, and I was alone, with no home except the one the rector kindly offered me until something should be heard from my aunts. My mother had seemed so well and active, and, with her brilliant color and beautiful blue eyes and chestnut hair which lay in soft waves all over her head, had been so pretty and young and girlish-looking, that it was hard to believe her dead, and the hearts of few girls of fourteen have ever been wrung with such anguish as I felt when, after her funeral, I lay down upon a bed in the rectory and sobbed myself into a disturbed sleep, from which I was roused by the sound of voices in the adjoining room, where a neighbor was talking with Mrs. Wilmot, the rector's wife, of me and my future:

"Her aunts will have to do something now. They will be ashamed not to. Do you know why they have so persistently ignored Mr. and Mrs. Gerold Morton?"

It was Mrs. Smith, the neighbor, who asked the question, and Mrs. Wilmot replied, "I know but little, as Mrs. Morton was very reticent upon the subject. I think, however, that the aunts were angry because Gerold, who had always lived with them, made what they thought a misalliance by marrying the daughter of the woman with whom he boarded when in college. They had in mind another match for him, and when he disappointed them they refused to recognize his wife, or to see him again."

"But did he have nothing from his father? I thought the Mortons were very rich," Mrs. Smith said, and Mrs. Wilmot answered her, "Nothing at all, for his father, too, had married against the wishes of *his* father, a very hard and strange man, I imagine, who promptly disinherited his son. But when the young wife died at the birth of her child, the aunts took the little boy Gerold and brought him up as their own. I do not at all understand it, but I believe the Morton estate is held by a long lease and will eventually pass from the family unless some one of them marries somebody in the family of the old man who gave the lease."

"They seem to be given to misalliances," Mrs. Smith rejoined; "but if they could have seen Gerold's wife they must have loved her, she was so sweet and pretty. Doris is like her. She will be a beautiful woman, and her face alone should commend her to her aunts."

No girl of fourteen can hear unmoved that she is lovely, and, although I was hot with indignation at my aunts for their treatment of my father and their contempt for my mother, I was conscious of a little stir of gratification, and as I went to the wash-stand to bathe my burning forehead I glanced at myself in the mirror. My face was swollen with weeping, and my eyes were very red, with dark circles around them, but they were like my mother's, and my hair was like hers, too, and there was an expression about my mouth which brought her back to me. I was like my mother, and I was glad she had left me her heritage of beauty, although I cared but little whether it commended me to my aunts or not, as I meant to keep aloof from them, if possible. I could take care of myself, I thought, and any hardship would be preferable to living with them, even should they wish to have me do so, which was doubtful.

To Mrs. Wilmot I said nothing of what I had overheard, but waited in some anxiety for Aunt Kizzy's letter, which came about two weeks after my mother's death. It was directed to Mr. Wilmot, and was as follows:

"MORTON PARK, September 10, 18—.

"REV. J. S. WILMOT:

"DEAR SIR,—Your letter is received, and I have delayed my reply until we could give our careful consideration as to what to do, or rather how to do it. We have, of course, no option in the matter as to *what* to do, for naturally we must care for Gerold's daughter, but we shall do it in the way most agreeable to ourselves. As you will have inferred, we are all elderly people, and I am old. I shall be sixty next January. Miss Desire, my sister, is forty-seven. (Between her and myself there were two boys who died in infancy.) Maria, my second sister, would, if living, be forty-five, and Beriah is nearly thirty-eight. Thus, you see, we are no longer young, but are just quiet people, with our habits too firmly fixed to have them broken in upon by a girl who probably talks slang and would fill the house with noise and chatter, singing at most inopportune moments, banging the doors, pulling the books from the shelves and the chairs into the middle of the rooms, and upsetting things generally. No, we couldn't bear it, and just the thought of it has given me a chill.

"We expect to educate the girl,—Doris, I think you called her,—but it must be at the North. If there is a good school in Meadowbrook, perhaps it will be well for her to remain there for a while, and if you choose to retain her in your family you will be suitably remunerated for all the expense and trouble. When she is older I shall place her in some institution where she will receive a thorough education, besides learning the customs of good society. After that we may bring her to Morton Park. For the present, however, I prefer that she should remain with you, for, as you are a clergyman, you will attend to her moral training and see that she is staunch and true in every respect. I hate deception of all kinds, and I wish her to learn the Lord's Prayer and the Ten Commandments and the Creed, and to be confirmed at the proper age. She is about ten now, is she not?

"Enclosed you will find a check sufficient, I think, for the present necessities. If more is needed, it will be sent. Please let me know if there is a good school in Meadowbrook, and if there is none, will you kindly recommend one which you think suitable?

"Yours truly,

"MISS KEZIAH MORTON."

This was the letter which I read, looking over Mr. Wilmot's shoulder, and growing more and more angry as I read, it was so heartless and cold, with no word of real interest or sympathy for me, who was merely a burden which must be carried, whether she were willing or not.

"I'll never accept a penny from her," I exclaimed, "and you may tell her so. I'd rather scrub than be dependent upon these proud relatives, who evidently think me a heathen. The Lord's Prayer, indeed!

and I fourteen years old ! I wonder if she thinks I know how to read !”

I was very defiant and determined, but after a little I grew calmer, and as the graded school in Meadowbrook, which I had always attended, was excellent of its kind, and the Wilmots were glad to have me with them, I consented at last that a letter to that effect should be forwarded to Kentucky. But when Mr. Wilmot suggested that I, too, should write and thank my aunt for her kindness, I stoutly refused. I was not thankful, I said, neither did I think her kind as I understood kindness, and I could not tell a lie. Later, however, it occurred to me that as she had said she wished me to be true and stanch, and that she hated deception, it might be well to let her know just how I felt towards her, so as not to occupy a false position in the future. Accordingly I wrote a letter, of which the following is a copy :

“MEADOWBROOK, MASS., September —, 18—.

“MISS KEZIAH MORTON :

“DEAR MADAM,—Mr. Wilmot has told you that there is a good school in Meadowbrook and that he is glad to keep me in his family. He wished me also to thank you for your kindness in furnishing the means for my education, and if I really felt thankful I would do so. But I don’t, and I cannot pretend to be grateful, for I do not think your offer was made in kindness, but because, as you said in your letter, you had no option except to care for me. You said, too, that you did not like deception of any kind, and I think I’d better tell you how I feel about accepting help from you. Since my mother died I have accidentally heard how you treated her and neglected my father because of her, and naturally I am indignant, for a sweeter, lovelier woman than my mother never lived. When she died and left me alone, there was a leaning in my heart towards you and the other aunts, because you were the only relatives I have in the world, and if you had shown the least sympathy for me I could have loved you so much. But in your letter you never said one word of pity or comfort. You offered to educate me, that was all. But I prefer to care for myself, and I can do it, too. I am fourteen, and can earn my own living. I can make dresses, as mother did after father died, or I can do second work until I have enough to pay for my schooling. And I would rather do it than be indebted to any one, and if, when you get this, you think best to change your mind, I shall be glad. But if you do not, I shall try to improve every moment and get a thorough education as soon as possible, and when I can I shall pay you every dollar you expend for me, and you need have no fears that I shall ever disgrace my father’s name, or you either.

“I used to think that I should like to see Morton Park, as it was once my father’s home, but since reading your letter I have no desire to go there and bang doors, and pull the books from the shelves, and sing, whether invited to or not, and shock you with slang. I suppose I do use some,—all the girls do, and example is contagious,—and I am fond of singing, and would like nothing better than to take lessons in vocal and instrumental music, but I am not quite a heathen, and can

hardly remember when I did not know the Lord's Prayer, and Ten Commandments, and Creed. But I have not been confirmed, and do not intend to be until I am a great deal better than I am now, for I believe there is something necessary to confirmation besides mere intellectual knowledge. Father and mother taught me that, and they were true Christians.

"Father used sometimes to tell me of his home and his aunts, who were kind to him, and so, perhaps, you would like to know how peacefully he died, and how handsome he was in his coffin, just as if he were asleep. But mother was lovelier still, with such a sweet smile on her face, and her dear little hands folded upon her bosom. There were needle-pricks and marks of the hard work she had done on her fingers, but I covered them with great bunches of the white pond-lilies she loved so much, and then kissed her good-by forever, with a feeling that my heart was broken; and, oh, it aches so now when I remember that in all the world there is no one who cares for me, or on whom I have any claim.

"I don't know why I have written this to you, who, of course, have no interest in it, but guess I did it because I am sure you once loved father a little. I do not expect you to love me, but if I can ever be of any service to you I will, for father's sake; and something tells me that in the future, I don't know when or how, I shall bring you some good. Until then adieu.

"DORIS MORTON."

I knew this was not the kind of letter which a girl of fourteen should send to a woman of sixty, but I was indignant and hot-headed and young, and felt that in some way I was avenging my mother's wrongs, and so the letter was sent, unknown to the Wilmots, and I waited anxiously for the result. But there was none, so far as I knew. Aunt Kizzy did not answer it, and in her letter to Mr. Wilmot she made no reference to it. She merely said she was glad I was to live in a clergyman's family under religious influence, and added that if I had a good voice and he thought it desirable I was to have instruction in both vocal and instrumental music.

It did not occur to me to connect this with anything I had written, but I was very glad, for I was passionately fond of music, as I was of books generally. And so for two years I was a pupil in the High School in Meadowbrook, passing from one grade to another, until at last I was graduated with all the honors which such an institution could give.

During this time not a word had ever been written to me by my aunts. The bills had been regularly paid through Mr. Wilmot, to whom Aunt Kizzy's letters were addressed, and at the end of every quarter a report of my standing in scholarship and deportment had been forwarded to Kentucky. And that was all I knew of my relatives, who might have been Kamschatkans for anything they were to me.

About six months before I was graduated Mr. Wilmot was told that I was to be sent to Lasell Seminary, in Auburndale, and then,

three months later, without any reason for the change, I learned that I was to go to Wellesley, provided I could pass the necessary examination. Of this I had no fears, but the change disappointed me greatly, as I had heard glowing accounts of Lasell from a girl friend who had been there, and who was wildly enthusiastic over the good times and *spreads*, as she called them, which girls contrived to have in their rooms, to say nothing of flirtations with the Harvard boys, with whom they sometimes came in contact. I was very fond of books, and cared more for them than for spreads or Harvard boys, but still, like Glory McWhirk, if there were good times in the world, I wanted to be in them, and at first I rebelled against Wellesley, which I fancied meant nothing but hard study, with little recreation. But there was no help for it. Aunt Keziah's law was the law of the Medes and Persians, and one morning in September I said good-bye to Meadowbrook and started for Wellesley, which seemed to me then a kind of intellectual prison.

CHAPTER II.

BERIAH'S STORY.

DORIS.

MORTON PARK, June —, 18—.

TEN o'clock at night, and I have brought out my old book for a little chat. I am sure I don't know why I continue to write in my journal, when I am nearly forty years old, unless it is because I began it nineteen years ago, on the day after I said good-bye to Tom forever and felt that my heart was broken. It was just such a moonlight night as this when we walked under the elms in the Park and he told me I was a coward, because I would not brave Kizzy's wrath and marry out of the "accursed Hepburn line," as he called it. Well, I *was* afraid of Kizzy, and shrank from all the bitterness and trouble which has come to us through that Hepburn line. First, there was my brother Douglas, twenty-five years older than I am, who, because he married the girl he loved, instead of the one he didn't, was sent adrift without a dollar. Why didn't my father, I wonder, marry into the line himself, and so save all this trouble? Probably because he was so far removed from the crisis now so fast approaching, that he ventured to take my mother, to whom he was always tender and loving, showing that there was kindness in his nature, although he could be so hard on Douglas and the dear little wife who died when Gerold was born. Then came the terrible time when both my father and mother were swept away on the same day by the cholera, and six months after Douglas died, and his boy Gerold came to live with us. He was two years my senior, and more like my brother than my nephew, and I loved him dearly and spoke up for him when Kizzy turned him out, just as Douglas had been turned out before him. Had I dared I would have written to him and assured him of my love, but I could not, so great was my dread of Keziah, who exercises a kind of hypnotic power over us all. She tried to keep Desire from the man of her choice, and might have succeeded, if death had not forestalled her. She sent Tom away from me,

and only yielded to Maria, who had a will as strong as her own and married whom she pleased. But she, too, died just after her husband, who was shot in the battle of Fredericksburg, and we have no one left but her boy Grant, who is almost as dear to me as Gerold was.

Grant is a young man now, and I trust he will marry Dorothea, and so break the evil spell which that old man must have put upon us when to the long lease of ninety years given to my grandfather he tacked that strange condition that if before the expiration of the lease a direct heir of Joseph Morton, of Woodford County, Kentucky, married a direct heir of Amos Hepburn, of Keswick, England, only half the value of the property leased should revert to the Hepburn heir, while the other half should remain in the Morton family. If no such marriage has taken place, uniting the houses of Morton and Hepburn, then the entire property goes to the direct heir of the Hepburns. I believe I have stated it as it is worded in that old yellow document which Keziah keeps in the family Bible and reads every day with a growing dread of what will soon befall us unless Grant marries Dorothea, who, so far as we know, stands first in the Hepburn line, and to whom the Morton estate will go if it passes from our hands.

I have sometimes doubted if that clause would stand the test of law, and have said so to Keziah, suggesting to her to take advice on the subject. But she treated my suggestion with scorn, charging me with wishing to be dishonest, and saying that even if it were illegal it was the request of Amos Hepburn, and father had instilled it into her mind that a dead man's wish was law, and she should abide by it. Neither would she allow me to ask any legal advice, or talk about the matter to any one.

"It is our own business," she said, "and if we choose to give up our home it concerns no one but ourselves."

But she does not expect to give it up, for her hopes are centred on Grant's marrying Dorothea; and as one means of accomplishing this end he must be kept from Doris and all knowledge of her.

Poor little orphaned Doris! I wonder what she is like, and why Keziah is so hard upon her! She is not to blame because her father married the daughter of his landlady, whom Keziah calls a cook. How well I recall a morning two or three years ago when, at the tick of the clock announcing eight, Kizzy and Dizzy and I marched solemnly down to breakfast just as we have done for the last twenty years and shall for twenty more if we live so long, Keziah first in her black dress and lace cap, with her keys jingling at her side, Desire next, in her white gown and blue ribbons, which she will wear until she is seventy, and I, in my chintz wrapper of lavender and white, colors which Tom said were becoming to me and which I usually select. I can hear the swish of our skirts on the stairs, and see the round table with its china and glass and flowers, and old Abe, the butler, bringing in the coffee and toast, and a letter for Keziah, who read it twice, and then, folding it very deliberately, said, "Gerold's widow is dead and has left a little girl, and a Rev. Mr. Wilmot has written to know what is to be done with her."

"Oh, bring her here, by all means!" both Dizzy and I exclaimed

in a breath, while Keziah's face, which is always severe and stern, grew more so as she replied, in the tone from which there is no appeal, "She will stay where she is, if there is a decent school there. I shall educate her, of course; there is no alternative; but she cannot come here until she is sufficiently cultivated not to mortify us with her bad manners, as blood will tell. I have never forgiven her mother for marrying Gerold, and I cannot yet forgive this girl for being that woman's daughter."

Both Desire and myself knew how useless it was to combat Keziah when her mind was made up. So we said nothing more about the child, and kept as much as possible out of Keziah's way, for when she is disturbed she is not a pleasant person to meet in a *tête-à-tête*. We knew she wrote to Mr. Wilmot, and that he replied, and then, two days after, when we went down to breakfast, we found another letter for Keziah. It was from Doris, and Keziah read it aloud, while her voice and hands shook with wrath, and Desire and I exchanged glances of satisfaction and touched each other slyly with our feet in token of sympathy with the child, who dared write thus to one who had ruled us so long that we submitted to her now without a protest. It was a very saucy letter, I knew, but it showed the mettle of the girl, and I respected her for it, and my heart went out to her with a great pity when she said, "If you had shown the least sympathy for me I could have loved you so much, but you did not. You offered to care for me because you felt that you must, but you never sent me one word of pity or comfort."

"Oh, Keziah," I exclaimed at this point, "is that true? Did you write to Mr. Wilmot and say no word to the child?"

"I never say what I do not feel," was Keziah's answer, as she read on, and when she had finished the letter she added, "She is an ungrateful girl, fitter for a dressmaker or maid, no doubt, than for anything higher. But she is a Morton, and must not be suffered to do a menial's work. I shall educate her in my own way, but shall not recognize her socially until I know the kind of woman into which she develops. Neither must you waste any sentimentality upon her, or make any advances in the shape of letters, for I will not have it. Let her stand alone awhile. She seems to be equal to it. And——" here she hesitated, while her pale cheek flushed a little, as she continued—"she is older than I supposed. She is fourteen,—very pretty, or beautiful, I think Mr. Wilmot said, and that does not commend her to me. You know how susceptible Grant is to beauty, and there must be no more mistakes. The time is too short for that. Grant is going to Andover, which is not far from Meadowbrook, and if he knew of this girl, who is his second-cousin, nothing could keep him from seeing her, and there is no telling what complications might arise, for she is undoubtedly designing like her mother, who won Gerold from the woman he should have married. Consequently you are to say nothing to Grant of this girl; then, if he chances to meet her and trouble comes of it, I shall know the hand of fate is in it."

"But, Keziah," I remonstrated, "you surely cannot expect that Grant will never know anything of Doris? That is preposterous!"

"He need know nothing of her until matters are arranged between him and Dorothea, who is only fifteen now, while he is eighteen,—both too young as yet for an engagement. But it must be. It shall be!"

She spoke with great energy, and we, who knew her so well, felt sure that it would be, and knew that so far as Grant or any of our acquaintance were concerned, Doris was to remain a myth until such time as Keziah chose to bring her home. But if we could not speak of her to Grant, Desire and I talked of her often between ourselves, and two or three times I began a letter to her, but always burned it up, so great was my fear of Keziah's displeasure should she find it out. We knew the girl was well cared for and happy, and that she stood high in all her classes, for the very best of reports came regularly from her teachers, both with regard to deportment and to scholarship. Perhaps I am wrong, but I cannot help thinking that Keziah would have been better pleased if some fault had been found, in order to confirm her theory that blood will tell. But there has been none, and she was graduated with honor at the High School in Meadowbrook, and every arrangement was made for her to go to Lasell, where she particularly wished to go, when suddenly Keziah changed her mind in favor of Wellesley, where Doris did not wish to go. "She is bitterly disappointed, and I shall be glad if you can think best to adhere to your first plan," Mr. Wilmot wrote, but did not move Keziah a whit. It was either Wellesley or some out-of-the-way place in Maine, which I do not recall. Doris has chosen Wellesley, of course, while Dizzy and I have put our wits to work to find the cause of the change, and I think we have found it. Dorothea has suddenly made up her mind to go to Lasell.

"I don't care for books, anyway," she wrote. "I am a dunce, and everybody knows it and seems to like me just as well. But old Gardy thinks I ought to go somewhere to be finished, and so I have chosen Lasell, where I expect to have no end of fun provided I can hoodwink the teachers, and I think I can. Besides, as you may suspect, the fact that Grant has finished Andover and is now in Harvard has a good deal to do with my choice, for he will call upon me, of course, if those horrid old professors will let him and the cats at Lasell will allow me to see him. I shall be so proud of him, as I hear he is very popular, and all the girls will be green with envy!"

"The dear rattle-brained child," Keziah said, chuckling over the letter, as she would not have chuckled if it had been from Doris,—
"the dear rattle-brained child! Of course Grant must call, and I shall write to the professors, giving my permission, and to the Lasell teachers, asking them to allow her to see him."

Poor innocent Kizzy! It is so many years since she was at boarding-school, where she was kept behind bars and bolts, and she knows so little how fast the world has moved since then, that she really believes young people are kept as closely now as they were forty years ago. What would she say if she knew how many times Grant was at Lasell while he was at Andover and during his first year at Harvard, and how many flirtations he has had with the girls, whom he

calls a jolly lot, and who, he says, nearly fall out of the windows in their zeal to bow to him and his companions when they drive by? All this he confided to Dizzy and myself, when, at the vacation, he came home, fresh and breezy and full of fun and frolic and noise, making our quiet house resound with his college songs and Harvard yells, which I think are hideous, and rather fast, if not low. But Kizzy never utters a word of protest, and pays without questioning the enormous bills sent to her, and seems gratified to know that his rooms are as handsome and his turnout as fine as any in Cambridge.

Grant has the first place in Kizzy's heart, and Dorothea the next, and because she is going to Lasell, Doris must not go, for naturally she would fall in with Dorothea, and through her with Grant, who would not be insensible to his pretty cousin's charms, and who would resent his having been kept from her so long. Mr. Wilmot has written that she is exceedingly beautiful, with a manner which attracts every one, while some of her teachers have written the same. Dorothea, on the contrary, is rather plain. "Ugly as a hedge fence," Grant once said of her in a fit of pique, declaring, if he ever married, it would be to a pretty face. And so he must not see Doris until he is engaged to Dorothea, as it seems likely he soon will be, and Doris is going to Wellesley, where Kizzy thinks Grant has never been and never can go without her permission! Deluded Kizzy! Grant knows at least a dozen Wellesley girls, each one of whom he designates a brick. Will he find Doris, I wonder? I cannot help hoping so. Ah, well, the world is a queer mixture, and *nous verrons*.

It is growing late, and everybody in and around the house is asleep, except myself and Nero, the watch-dog, who is fiercely baying the moon or barking at some thieving negro stealing our eggs or chickens. The clock is striking twelve, and I must say good-night to my journal and to Tom, if he is still alive, and to dear little Doris: so, leaning from my window into the cool night air, I will kiss my hand to the north and south and east and west, and say God bless them both, wherever they are.

CHAPTER III.

DORIS'S STORY.

GRANTLEY MONTAGUE AND DOROTHEA..

It was a lovely morning in September when with Lucy Pierce, a girl friend, I took the train for Boston, where I was to spend the night with Lucy's aunt, who lived there, and the next day go to Wellesley. Soon after we were seated, a young man who had formerly lived in Meadowbrook, but was now a clerk in some house in Chicago and was going to Boston on business, entered the car, and, after the first greetings were over, said to us, "I saw you get in at Meadowbrook, and have come to speak with you and have a little rest. The through sleeper from Chicago and Cincinnati is half full of Lasell girls and Harvard boys, who have kept up such a row. Why, it was after twelve last night before they gave us a chance to sleep. They are

having a concert now, and a girl from Cincinnati, whom they call Thea, and who seems to be the ringleader, is playing the banjo, while another shakes a tambourine, and a tall fellow from Kentucky, whom they call General Grant, is whistling an accompaniment. I rather think Miss Thea is pretty far gone with the general, the way she turns her great black eyes on him, and I wouldn't wonder if he were a little mashed on her, although she is not what I call pretty. And yet she has a face which one would look at twice, and like it better the second time than the first; and, by Jove, she handles that banjo well. I wish you could see her."

When we reached Worcester, where we were to stop a few minutes, Lucy and I went into the sleeper, from which many of the passengers had alighted, leaving it free to the Lasells and the Harvards, who were enjoying themselves to their utmost. The concert was at its height, banjo- and tambourine-players and whistler all doing their best, and it must be confessed that the best was very good. Thea was evidently the centre of attraction, as, with her hat off and her curly bangs pushed back from her forehead, her white fingers swept the strings of the banjo with a certain inimitable grace, and her brilliant, laughing eyes looked up to the young man, who was bending over her with his back to me so I could not see his face. I only knew he was tall and broad-shouldered, with light brown hair which curled at the ends, and that his appearance was that of one bred in a city, who has never done anything in his life but enjoy himself. And still he fascinated me almost as much as Thea, who, as I passed her, said to him, with a soft Southern accent, "For shame, Grant,—to make so horrid a discord! I believe you did it on purpose, and I shall not play any more. The concert is ended; pass round the hat;" and, dropping her banjo on her lap and running her fingers through her short hair until it stood up all over her head, she leaned back as if exhausted and fanned herself with her sailor hat. With the exception of her eyes and hair, she was not pretty in the usual acceptance of the term. But, as young Herring had said, one would turn to look at her twice and like her better the second time than the first, for there was an irresistible charm in her manner and smile and voice, which to me seemed better than mere beauty of feature and complexion.

At Auburndale, where we stopped to let off the young ladies for Lasell, I saw her again, and then thought her very pretty as she stood upon the platform, taking her numerous parcels from "General" Grant, with whom she was gayly chatting.

"Now mind you come soon. I shall be so homesick till I see you. I am half homesick now," she said, brushing a tear, either real or feigned, from her eyes.

"But suppose those dragons won't let me call? They are awfully stiff when they get their backs up, and they are not very fond of me," the young man said, and she replied, "Oh, they will, for your aunt and Gurdy are going to write and ask permission for me to see you, so that is fixed. *Au revoir.*" And, kissing her fingers to him, she followed her companions, while Grant re-entered the train.

He had been standing with his back to me, but as he turned I saw

his face distinctly and started involuntarily with the thought that I had seen him before, or somebody like him. Surely there was something familiar about him, and the memory of my dead father came back to me and was associated with this young man, thoughts of whom clung to me persistently, until the strangeness and novelty of Wellesley drove him and Thea from my mind for a time.

Of my student life at Wellesley I shall say but little, except that as a student I was contented and happy. I loved study for its own sake, and no task was too long, no lesson too hard, for me to master. I stood high in all my classes, and was popular with my teachers and the few girls whom I chose as my friends. And still there was constantly with me a feeling of unrest,—a longing for something I could not have. Mordecai sat in the gate, and my Mordecai was the restrictions with which my aunt Keziah hedged me round, not only in a letter written to my teachers, but in one which she sent to me when I had been in Wellesley three or four weeks. I was not expecting it, and at the sight of her handwriting my heart gave a great bound, for she was my blood relation, and although I had no reason to love her I had more than once found myself wishing for some recognition from her. At last it had come, I thought, and with moist eyes and trembling hands I opened the letter, which was as follows :

"DEAR DORIS,—It has come to my knowledge that a great deal more license is allowed to young people than in my day, and that young men sometimes call upon or manage to see school-girls without the permission of their parents or guardians. This is very reprehensible, and something I cannot sanction. I am at a great expense for your education, in order that you may do credit to your father's name, and I wish you to devote your entire energies and thoughts to your books, and on no account to receive calls or attentions of any kind from any one, and especially a Harvard student. They are a fast lot, most of them, and can do you no good. My orders are strict in this respect, and I have communicated them to your Principal. You can, if accompanied by a teacher, go occasionally to a concert or a lecture in Boston, but, as a rule, you are better in the building, and must have nothing to do with the Harvarders. Your past record is good, and I expect your future to be the same, and shall be pleased accordingly. I shall send your quarter's spending-money to Miss —, who will give it to you as you need it, and I do this because I hear that girls at school are sometimes given to buying candy by the box,—French candy, too,—and sweets by the jar, and to having escapades and *spreads*, whatever these last may be. But you can afford none of these extravagancies, and, lest you should be tempted to indulge in them, I have removed the possibility from your way by giving your allowance to Miss —, and I wish you to keep an account of all your little incidental expenses and send it to me with the quarterly reports of your standing.

"I have arranged with the Wilmots for you to spend your vacations with them. But when your education is finished, if your record is as good as it has been, you will come to us, of course, if we have a

home for you to come to. There is a dark cloud hanging over us, and whether it will burst or not I cannot tell. If it does, you may be obliged to earn your own living, and hence the necessity for you to get a thorough education. I am thankful to say that, for people of our years, your aunts and myself are in comfortable health. If you wish to write me occasionally and tell me of your life at Wellesley, you can do so, but must not expect prompt replies, as people at my time of life are not given to voluminous correspondence.

“Yours truly,

“KEZIAH MORTON.”

I had opened the letter with eager anticipations of what it might contain, but when I finished it my heart was hardening with a sense of the injustice done me by treating me as if I were a little child, who could not be trusted with my own pocket-money, and who was to give an account for every penny spent, from a postage-stamp to a car-fare. And this at first hurt me worse than the other restrictions. I had not been long enough in Wellesley to know much about the Harvard boys, or escapades, or spreads, and I did not care especially for French candy and sweets, but now that they were so summarily forbidden I began to want them and to rebel against the chains which bound me, and as the weeks and months went on I became more and more conscious of a feeling of desolation and loneliness, which at times made me very unhappy. In Meadowbrook I had been so kindly cared for by the Wilmots that, except for the sense of loss when I thought of my mother, I had not fully realized how alone I was in the world; but at Wellesley, when I heard my companions talk of their homes and saw their delight when letters came to them from father or mother or brothers or sisters, I used to go away and cry with an intense longing for the love of some one of my own kindred and friends. I had no letters from home, and no home to go to during the vacations except that of the Wilmots, who always made me welcome. I stood alone, a sort of *goody-goody*, as the fast girls called me when I resisted their entreaties to join in their secret violation of the rules. But if I took no part in what Aunt Keziah called escapades, I came to know all about them, not only in Wellesley, but in Lasell, and learned that the Harvard students, as a rule, were not the monsters Aunt Kizzy thought them to be.

My room-mate, Mabel Stearns, had a cousin in Lasell and a brother in Harvard, whose intimate friend was called General Grant, but whose real name was Grantley Montague, Mabel said, adding that he was a Kentuckian and belonged to a very aristocratic family. He was reported to be rich, spending his money freely, and, while always managing to have his lessons and stand well with the professors, still arranging to have a hand in every bit of fun and frolic that came in his way. He was popular with all classes, and especially so with the girls at Lasell, dozens of whom, according to Mabel's story, leaned from the windows, to the imminent danger of dislocating their spines, whenever he drove by in his stylish turnout, kissing his hand to them and waving his hat in a manner which she said was “too sweet for

anything." I heard, too, of Dorothea Haynes, whose pet name was Thea, and who was a great heiress and an orphan, and lived in Cincinnati with her guardian, whom she called old Gardy, who gave her all the money she wanted, and whose instructions were that, as she was delicate, she was not to have too many lessons or study too hard. Like Grantley Montague, she was very popular, and a ringleader in everything. No one could smuggle into her room more candy or sweets than she, or carry out a private spread more successfully, and no one had so many callers from Harvard. Prominent among these was Grantley Montague, who was very lover-like in his attentions. Happy Dorothea Haynes, I thought, envying her for her money,—which was not doled out to her in quarters and halves,—envying her for her freedom, and envying her most for her acquaintance with Grantley Montague, who occupied much of my thoughts, but who seemed as far removed from me as the planets from the earth.

I never went anywhere, except occasionally to a concert or a lecture, and to church. I seldom saw any one except the teachers and students around me, and, although I was very fond of my books, time dragged rather monotonously with me until I had been at Wellesley about two and a half years, when Mabel, who had spent Sunday with her sister, came back on Monday radiant and full of news which she hastened to communicate. Grantley Montague and her brother Fred were soon to give a tea-party at their rooms, under the auspices of her married sister, who lived in Cambridge, and who was to be assisted by two or three other ladies. I had heard of these receptions, where Thea Haynes usually figured so prominently in wonderful costumes, but if any wish that I might have part in them ever entered my mind, it was quickly smothered, for such things were not for me, fettered as I was by my aunt Keziah's orders, which were not relaxed in the least, although I was now nineteen years of age. How then was I surprised and delighted when with Mabel's invitation there came one for me! It was through her influence, I knew, but I was invited, and for a few moments I was happier than I had ever been in my life. Then came the thought expressed in words, "Can I go?"

"Certainly," Mabel said; "you have only to write your aunt, who will say yes at once, if you tell her how much you desire it, and Miss — will give her permission gladly, for you are the model scholar. You never get into scrapes, and have scarcely had an outing except a few stupid lectures or concerts with a teacher tacked on, and I don't believe you have spoken to a Harvard since you have been here. Of course she will let you go; if she don't, she's an old she-dragon. Write to her at once, and blarney her a little, if necessary."

I did not know how to blarney, and I was horribly afraid of the she-dragon, as Mabel called her, but I wrote her that day, telling her what I wanted, and how much pleasure it would give me to go. It was the first favor I had asked, I said, and I had tried so hard to do what I thought would please her, that I hoped she would grant it, and, as there was not very much time for delay, would she please telegraph her answer? I signed myself "Your affectionate niece, Doris Morton," and then waited, oh, so anxiously, for a reply. I knew about how

long it took for a letter to reach Morton Park, and on the third day after mine was sent I grew so nervous that I could scarcely eat or keep my mind upon my lessons. Encouraged by Mabel, I had come to think it quite sure that my aunt would consent, and had tried on my two evening dresses more than once to see which was the more becoming to me, crimson surah with creamy trimmings, or cream-colored cashmere with crimson trimmings. Mabel decided for the cashmere, which, she said, softened my brilliant color, and I sewed a bit of lace into the neck and fastened a bow of ribbon a little more securely, and was smoothing the folds of the dress and wondering what Grantley Montague would think of it and me, when there was a knock at my door and a telegram was handed me. I think the sight of one of those yellow missives quickens the pulse of every one, and for a moment my heart beat so fast that I could scarcely stand. I was alone, for Mabel had gone to Boston, and, dropping into a chair, I opened the envelope with hands which shook as if I were in a chill. Then everything swam before my eyes and grew misty, except the one word *No*, which stamped itself upon my brain so indelibly that I see it now as distinctly as I saw it then, and I feel again the pang of disappointment and the sensation as if my heart were beating in my throat and choking me to death. I remember trying to cry, with a thought that tears might remove the pressure in my head, which was like a band of steel. But I could not, and for a few moments I sat staring at the word *No*, which for a time turned me into stone. Then I arose and hung up the dress I was not to wear, and put away the long gloves I had bought to go with it, and was standing by the window, looking drearily out upon the wintry sky, when Mabel came in, full of excitement and loaded with parcels.

She had been shopping in Boston, and she displayed one after another the slippers and fan and handkerchief she had bought for the great occasion of which she had heard so much. Grantley Montague, she said, was sparing no pains to make it the very finest affair of the season, and Thea Haynes was having a wonderful costume made at Madame ——'s, although she already had a dozen Paris gowns in her wardrobe. Then, as I did not enter very heartily into her talk, she suddenly stopped, and, looking me in the face, exclaimed, "What is it, Dorey? Has the answer come?"

I nodded, and, spying the despatch on the table, she snatched it up and read *No*, and then began pirouetting wildly around the room, with exclamations not very complimentary to my aunt.

"The vile old cat!" she said. "What does she mean by treating you so, and you the model, who never do anything out of the way, and have never been known to join in the least bit of a lark? But I would spite the hateful old woman. I'd be bad if I were you; there's a lot of fun in a first-class spree, when you are not found out. Suppose you jump out of the window to-night and have a spread, or do something to assert your rights. Will you? A lot of us will help."

She had expressed aloud much that had passed through my mind during the last hour. What was the use of being a *goody-goody*, as I was so often called? Why not be a *bad-bady* and taste forbidden

fruit for once? I had asked myself, half resolving to throw off all restraint and see how bad I could be. But when I thought of my teachers, who trusted me and whom I loved, and more than all when I remembered my dead mother's words, "If your aunts care for you, respect their wishes as you would mine," my mood changed. I would do right whatever came; and I said so to Mabel, who called me a milk-sop and sundry other names equally expressive, and declared she would not tell me a thing about the reception. But I knew she would, and she did, and for days after it I heard of little else than the *perfectly elegant* affair.

"Such beautiful rooms," she said, "with so many pictures, and among them such a funny one of four old women sitting in a row, like owls on a pole, with a moon-faced baby in the lap of one of them, and a young man behind them. It has a magnificent frame, and I meant to have asked its history, but forgot it, there was so much else to look at."

I wonder now that I did not think of my father's picture of his four aunts, which was sold to a Boston dealer years before; but I did not, and Mabel rattled on, telling me of the guests, and the dresses, especially that of Thea Haynes, which she did not like: it was too low in front and too low in the back, and fitted her form too closely, and the sleeves were too short for her thin arms.

"But then it was all right because it was Thea Haynes, and she is very nice and agreeable and striking, with winning manners and a sweet voice," she said. "Everybody was ready to bow down to her, except Grantley Montague, who was just as polite to one as to another, and who sometimes seemed annoyed at the way she monopolized him, as if he were her special property. I am so sorry you were not there, as you would have thrown her quite in the shade, for you are a thousand times handsomer than she."

This was, of course, flattering to my vanity, but it did not remove the feeling of disappointment, which lasted for a long time and was not greatly lessened when about a week after the reception I received from Aunt Keziah a letter which I knew was meant to be conciliatory. She was sorry, she said, to have to refuse the first favor I had ever asked, but she had good reasons, which she might some time see fit to tell me, and then she referred again to a shadow which was hanging over the family, and which made her morbid, she supposed. I had no idea what the shadow was, or what connection it had with my going to Grantley Montague's reception, but I was glad she was making even a slight apology for what seemed to me so unjust. She was much pleased with the good reports of me, she said, and if I liked I might attend a famous opera which she heard was soon to be in Boston, and I could have one of those long wraps trimmed with fur such as young girls wore to evening entertainments, and a new silk dress, if I needed it. That was very kind, and Mabel, to whom I showed the letter, declared that the dragon must have met with a change of heart.

"I'd go to the opera," she said, "and I'd have the wrap trimmed with light fur, and the gown a grayish blue, just the color of your eyes when you are excited. There are some lovely patterns at Jordan

& Marsh's, and sister Clara will help you pick it out, and we'll have a box and go with Clara, and I'll do your hair beautifully, and you'll see how many glasses will be levelled at you."

Mabel was always comforting and enthusiastic, and I began to feel a good deal of interest in the box and the dress and the wrap and the opera, which I enjoyed immensely, and where so many glasses were turned towards me that my cheeks burned as if I were a culprit caught in some wrong act. But there was something lacking, and that was Grantley Montague, whom I had fully expected to see. Neither he nor Thea was there, and I heard afterwards that she was ill with a cold and had written a pathetic note, begging him not to go and enjoy himself when she was feeling so badly and crying on her pillow, with her nose a sight to behold. Mabel's brother, who reported this to her, added that when Grantley read the note he gave a mild little swear and said he reckoned he should go if he liked. But he didn't, and I neither saw him then, nor at any time afterwards, except in the distance, during my stay at Wellesley.

He was graduated the next summer, and left for Kentucky, with the reputation of a fair scholar and a first-rate fellow who had spent quite a fortune during his college course. Thea Haynes also left Lasell, where she said she had learned nothing, generously adding, however, that it was not the fault of her teachers, but because she didn't try. Some time during the next autumn I heard that she had gone to Europe with her guardian and maid and a middle-aged governess who acted as chaperon, and that Grantley Montague was soon to join her in a trip to Egypt. After that I knew no more of them except as Mabel occasionally told me what she heard from her brother, who had also left Harvard and was in San Francisco. To him Grantley wrote in February that he was with the Haynes party, which had been increased by a second- or third-cousin of Thea's, a certain Aleck Grady, who was a crank, and perfectly daft on the subject of a family tree and the missing link in the Hepburn line.

"If he finds the missing link," Fred wrote to his sister, "Grant says it will take quite a fortune from Thea, or himself, or both; and he seems to be a little anxious about the link which Aleck Grady is trying to find. I don't know what it means. Think I'll ask him to explain more definitely when I write him again."

Neither Mabel nor I could hazard a guess with regard to the missing link or the Hepburn line, and I soon forgot them entirely in the excitement of preparing for my graduation, which was not very far away. I had hoped that one of my aunts at least would be present, and had written to that effect to Aunt Keziah, telling her how lonely it would be for me with no relative present, and how earnestly I wished that either she or Aunt Desire or Aunt Beriah would come. I even went so far as to thank her for all she had done for me and to tell her how sorry I was for the saucy letter I wrote to her six years ago. I had often wanted to do this, but had never quite made up my mind to it until now, when I hoped it might bring me a favorable response. But I was mistaken.

It was not possible for herself or either of her sisters to come so

far, she wrote. She appreciated my wish to have her there, she said, and did not esteem me less for it. But it could not be. She enclosed money for my graduating dress, and also for my travelling expenses, for after a brief rest in Meadowbrook I was going to Morton Park, in charge of a merchant from Frankfort, who would be in New York in July and would meet me in Albany. And so, with no relative present to encourage me or be proud of me, I received my diploma and more flowers than I knew what to do with, and compliments enough to turn my head, and then, amid tears and kisses and good wishes, bade farewell to my girl friends and teachers, one of whom said to me at parting, "If all our pupils were like you, Wellesley would be a Paradise;" and in a way I deserved the compliment, for I had stood first in my classes, had kept every rule, or nearly so, had never indulged in a lark or escapade, and only once had joined in a spread, when preserved ginger and hot cross buns had proved too much for me. Even then I had confessed my share in the misdemeanor to a teacher who was commending me for never having done anything of the kind, but I resolutely refused to give the names of the getters-up of the affair.

A model in every respect they called me, and it was with quite a high opinion of myself that I went to Meadowbrook, where I spent a week, and then, bidding a tearful good-by to the friends who had been so kind to me, I joined Mr. Jones at Albany, and was soon on my way to Kentucky.

CHAPTER IV.

GRANTLEY MONTAGUE'S STORY.

ALECK AND THEA.

HOTEL CHAPMAN, FLORENCE, April —, 18—.

NEARLY everybody keeps a diary at some time in his life, I think. Aunt Brier does, I know, and Thea, and Aleck,—confound him, with his Hepburn lines and missing links!—and so I may as well be in fashion and commence one, even if I tear it up, as I probably shall. Well, here we are in Florence, and likely to be until Thea is able to travel. Why did she go tearing around Rome night and day in all sorts of weather, spooning it in the Coliseum by moonlight and declaring she was *oh, so hot*, when my teeth were chattering with cold, and I could see nothing in the beauty she raved about but some old broken walls and arches, with shadows here and there, which did not look half as pretty as the shadows in the park at home? Europe hasn't panned out exactly as I thought it would, and I am getting confoundedly bored. Thea is nice, of course,—too nice, in fact,—but a fellow does not want to be compelled to marry a girl anyway. He'd rather have some choice in the matter, which I haven't had; but I like Thea immensely, and we are engaged.

There, I've blurted it out, and it looks first-rate on paper, too. Yes, we are engaged, and this is how it happened. Ever since I was knee-high Aunt Keziah has dinged it into me that I must marry Thea, or her heart would be broken, and the Mortons beggared. I wish old

Amos Hepburn's hand had been paralyzed before he added to that long lease a condition which has brought grief to my uncle Douglas and cousin Gerold, who married an actress, or a cook, or something, because he loved her more than he did money. By George, I respect him for his independence, and wish I were more like him, and not a lazy, good-for-nothing fellow who does not know how to do a single useful thing or to earn a dollar.

Well, the time is drawing near for that lease to expire, and unless a direct heir of Joseph Morton, my great-grandfather, marries a direct heir of Amos Hepburn, the entire Morton estate will revert to the Hepburn heir. Now, I am a direct heir of Joseph Morton, and Thea is old Hepburn's direct heir, which means, according to the way it was explained in the lease, that she is the eldest child, whether son or daughter, of the eldest child, and so on back to the beginning, when there were three daughters of old Amos. Thea comes from the second of these daughters, for where the first one is the Lord only knows. Aleck Grady descends from old Amos's third daughter, and has no chance while Thea lives. Nor does he pretend to want any, as he has money enough of his own. He joined our party uninvited in Egypt, and has bored us to death with his family tree, and the missing link, which link means the eldest daughter of old Hepburn, of whom nothing is known after a certain date. And it is she and her descendants, if there are any, he is trying to hunt up. He is a shrewd fellow, and a kind of quack lawyer, too, and once told me that he did not think the long lease would hold water a minute in the United States, and asked if Aunt Keziah had consulted a first-class lawyer, and when I told him that she had not,—that it had been a rule in our family not to talk about the lease to any one until compelled to do so, and that even if she knew the document was invalid she would consider herself bound in honor to respect it as her father had done before her and enjoined her to do,—he shrugged his shoulders and said, "*Chacun à son goût* ; but I should dispute that lease inch by inch, and beat the Hepburns too."

"Why, then," I asked, "are you so anxious to find the *missing link*, as you call it? I always supposed that for some reason you wanted to throw Thea out of the property."

With that insinuating smile of his which Thea thinks so winning and I think so disgusting, he replied, "My dear fellow, how you mistake me! I don't care a picayune who gets the Morton money, if you are fools enough to give it up. But I do care for my ancestors; in fact, I have a real affection for my great-aunt Octavia, and am most anxious to know what became of her and her progeny. I have her as far as New York, where all trace of her is lost. Would you like to see the family tree?"

As I had seen it half a dozen times and knew exactly where Octavia failed to connect, I declined, and then the conversation turned upon Thea, who, Aleck said, was a very nice girl, but a little too fast, and had about her too much gush and too much powder to suit him. It was strange why girls would gush and giggle and plaster their faces with cosmetics and blacken their eyebrows until they looked like

women of the town, he said, appealing to me for confirmation of his opinion. I had more than half suspected him of designs on Thea, and I flamed up at once in her defence, telling him she neither gushed, nor powdered, nor blackened,—three lies, as I knew,—but I was angry, and when, with that imperturbable good humor which never fails him, he continued, “Don’t get so mad, I beg. I am older than you, and know human nature better than you do, and I know you pretty well. Why, I’ve made you quite a study. Thea, in spite of her powder and gush, is a splendid girl, and will make a good wife to the man she loves and who loves her, but she is not your ideal, and pardon me for suggesting that I don’t believe that you would marry her if it were not for that clause about the eldest heir, which I don’t think is worth the paper it is written on,”—I could have knocked him down, he was so cool and patronizing, and was also telling me a good deal of truth. But I would not admit it, and insisted that I would marry Thea if there had never been any Hepburn line and she had not a dollar in the world.

“Why don’t you propose, then, and done with it? She is dying to have you,” he said; and I declared I would, and that night I asked her to be my wife, and I have not regretted it, either, although I know she is not my ideal.

But who is my ideal, and where is she, if I have one? I am sure I don’t know, unless it is the owner of a face which I have seen but twice, but which comes back to me over and over again, and which I would not forget if I could, and could not if I would. The first time I saw it was at a concert in Boston, not long before I left college. I was in the dress-circle, and diagonally to my right was an immense bonnet or hat which hid half the audience from me. Late in the evening it moved, and I saw beyond it a face which has haunted me ever since. It was that of a young and beautiful girl, who I instinctively felt belonged to a type entirely different from the class of girls whom I had known while at Harvard, and who, without being exactly fast in the worst acceptation of the term, had come so near the boundary-line between propriety and impropriety that it was difficult to tell on which side they stood. But this girl was different, with her deep-blue eyes and her wavy hair which I was sure had never come in contact with the hot curling-tongs, as Thea’s does, while her complexion, which reminded me of the roses and lilies in Aunt Keziah’s garden, owed none of its brilliancy to cosmetics, as Aleck says most complexions do. She was real, and inexpressibly lovely, especially when she smiled, as she sometimes did upon the lady who sat beside her, and who might have been her mother, or her chaperon, or some elderly relative. When the concert was over I hurried out, hoping to get near her, but she was lost in the crowd, and I only saw her once again, three weeks later, in an open street-car going in the opposite direction from the one in which I was seated. In her hand she held a paper parcel, which made me think she might possibly be a seamstress or a saleslady, and I spent a great deal of time haunting the establishments in Boston which employed girls as clerks, but I never found her, nor heard of her. She certainly was not at Lasell, and I don’t think she was at Wellesley,

as I am sure I should have heard of her through Fred, who had a sister there. Once I thought I would tell him about her, but was kept from doing so by a wish to discover her myself, and when discovered to keep her to myself. But I have never seen her since the day she went riding so serenely past me, unconscious of the admiration and strange emotions she was exciting in me. Who was she, I wonder; and shall I ever see her again? It is not likely; and if I do, what can it matter to me, now that I am engaged to Thea?

In her letter of congratulation Aunt Keziah, who was wild with delight, wrote to me that nothing could make her so happy as my marriage with Thea, and that she knew I would keep my promise, no matter whom I might meet, for no one of Morton blood ever proved untrue to the woman he loved. Of course I shall prove true; and who is there to meet, unless it is my Lost Star, as I call her, for whom I believe I am as persistently searching as Aleck is for the missing link, for I never see a group of young American girls that I do not manage to get near enough to see if she is among them, and I never see a head of chestnut-brown hair set on shoulders just as hers was that I don't follow it until I see the face, which as yet has not been hers. And in this I am not disloyal to Thea, whom I love better than any girl I have ever known, and whom I will make happy, if possible. She has been ill now nearly four weeks, but in a few days we hope to move on to Paris, where we shall stay until June, then go to Switzerland, and some time in the autumn sail for home, and the aunts who have vied with each other in spoiling me and are the dearest aunts in the world, although so unlike each other,—Aunt Keziah, with her iron will but really kind heart, Aunt Dizzy, with her invalid airs and pretty youthful ways which suit her so well in spite of her years, and Aunt Brier, whose name is a misnomer, she is so soft and gentle, with nothing scratchy about her, and who has such a sad, sweet face, with a look in her brown eyes as if she were always waiting or listening for something. I believe she has a history, and that it is in some way connected with that queer chap, Bey Atkins they called him, whose dress was half Oriental and half European, and whom I met at Shephard's in Cairo. I first saw him the night after our return from the trip up the Nile. He registered just after I had written the names of our party, at which he looked a long time, and then fairly shadowed me until he had a chance to speak to me alone. It was after dinner, and we were sitting near each other in front of the hotel, when he began to talk to me, and in an inconceivably short space of time had learned who I was, and where I lived, and about my aunts, in whom he seemed so greatly interested, especially Aunt Brier, that I finally asked if he had ever been to Morton Park.

"Yes," he answered, knocking the ashes from his cigar and leaning back in the bamboo chair in the graceful, lounging way he has,—“yes, years ago I was in Versailles and visited at Morton Park. Your aunt Beriah and I were great friends. Tell her when you go home that you saw Tom Atkins in Cairo, and that he has become a kind of wandering Ishmael and wears a red fez and white flannel suit. Tell her, too——” but here he stopped suddenly, and, rising, went into the street,

where his dragoman was holding the white donkey he always rode, sometimes alone and sometimes with a little girl beside him, who called him father.

Of course, then, he is married, and his wife must be an Arab, for the child was certainly of that race, with her great dark eyes and her tawny hair all in a tangle. I meant to ask him about her, but when next day I inquired for him I was told that he had gone to his home near Alexandria, where, I dare say, there is a host of little Arabs, and a woman with a veil stretched across her nose, whom he calls his wife.

Alas for Aunt Brier if my conjecture is right!

CHAPTER V.

BERIAH'S STORY.

DORIS AND THE GLORY HOLE.

It is a long time since I have opened my journal, for there is so little to record. Life at Morton Park goes on in the same monotonous routine, with no change except of servants, of which we have had a sufficiency ever since the negroes became "ekels," as our last importation from Louisville, who rejoiced in the high-sounding name of Helena Maude, informed us they were. Such things make Keziah furious, for she is a regular fire-eater, but I shall admit their equality provided they spare my best bonnet and do not insist upon putting their knives into our butter. Helena Maude is a pretty good girl, and when some of her friends come to the front door and ask if Miss Smithson lives here I tell them yes, and send them round to the cabins and say nothing to Keziah, who for the last few weeks has been wholly absorbed in other matters than colored gentry.

Doris is coming home to-morrow, and just the thought of it makes me so nervous with gladness that I can scarcely write legibly. I think it was a struggle for Keziah to consent to her coming, and she only did so after she heard Grant was engaged to Dorothea. I never saw Keziah as happy as she was upon the receipt of Grant's letter, for his marriage with Dorothea means keeping our old home, and she allowed Helena Maude to whistle "Marching through Georgia" as she cleared the table, and did not reprove her. It was soon after this that she announced her intention to bring Doris to Morton Park after her graduation, and that night Dizzy and I held a kind of jubilee in our sitting-room, we were so glad that at last Gerold's daughter was coming to her father's old home.

We need young blood here to keep us from stagnating; and although Grantley will be with us in the autumn, and possibly Dorothea, we know what they are, and are anxious for something new and fresh and pretty like Doris. I have a photograph of her, and it stands before me as I write, a picture of a wondrously beautiful young girl, with great earnest eyes confronting mine so steadfastly, and masses of soft natural curls all over her head after the fashion of the present day. I know they are natural, although Keziah says they are the result of hot tongs, and that she shall stop it at once, for she will

not have the gas turned on half the time while the irons are heating. That is Dorothea's style; but she is in the Hepburn line, and is to marry Grant, which makes a difference.

Doris sent such a nice letter to Keziah, asking pardon for the saucy things she wrote to her years ago, and begging that some one of us would come to see her graduated. How I wanted to go! but Keziah said we could not afford it, as she intended buying a new upright Steinway in place of the old spindle-legged thing on which she used to thrum when a girl. We have heard that Doris is a fine musician, but Keziah will not admit that the piano was bought for her. Dorothea will visit us in the autumn, she says, and she wishes to make it as pleasant as possible for her. Dizzy and I both know what Dorothea's playing is like, and that it does not matter much whether it is on a Steinway or a tin pan, but we are glad for something modern in our ancient drawing-room, where every article of furniture is nearly as old as I am, and where the new Steinway is now standing with one of Keziah's shawls thrown over it to keep it from the dust.

For once in our lives Dizzy and I have waged a fierce battle with Keziah, who came off victor as usual. The battle was over Doris's room, which Keziah thinks is of little consequence. Looking at our house from the outside, one would say it was large enough to accommodate a dozen school-girls; but looks are deceptive, and it seems it can hardly accommodate one. There is a broad piazza in front, and through the centre a long and wide hall, after the fashion of most Southern houses. On the south side of the hall are the drawing-room and sitting-room, with fireplaces in each. On the north side are the dining-room and Keziah's sleeping-room, where she usually sits and receives her intimate friends. On the floor above are also four rooms,—Dizzy's and mine, which open together on the north side of the hall, and on the other side Grantley's, and the guest-room, which has not been occupied in fifteen years, for when Dorothea is here she has always had a cot in my room or Dizzy's. At the end of the hall is a small room, ten by twelve perhaps, and communicating with the guest-chamber, for which it was originally intended as a dressing-room, but which we use as a store-room for a most heterogeneous mass of rubbish, such as broken chairs and stands and trunks and chests, and old clothes and warming-pans and water-bags and Grantley's fishing-tackle. The Glory Hole we call it, though what the name has to do with the room I have no idea. There is a tradition that Gerold, when he first looked into it, exclaimed, "Oh, glory, what a hole!" and hence the name, which clung to it even after it was cleared of its rubbish for him, for he once occupied it when a little boy, and now it is to be his daughter's.

Dizzy and I pleaded for the large guest-chamber, but Keziah said that was reserved for Dorothea, who, as an engaged young lady, was too old to sleep in a cot. And nothing we could say was of any avail to turn her from her purpose. The Glory Hole was good enough for the daughter of a cook, she said, and so the room has been emptied of its contents, and, except that it is so small, it is quite presentable, with

its matting and muslin hangings and willow chair and table by the window, under which there is a box of flowers, as one often sees in London. Just where she will put her trunk or hang her dresses I don't know,—possibly in my closet, which is large enough for us both. She will be here to-morrow afternoon, and Keziah is nearly ill with dread of her coming, and worrying as to what she will be like, and whether she will bring a banjo, and, worst of all, if she will want to ride a bicycle! This bicycle-riding is in Kizzy's mind the most disreputable thing a woman can do, and the sight of a girl on a wheel, or a boy either, for that matter, is like a red flag to a bull, especially since the riders have taken to the side-walks. She will never turn out, she declares, and I have seen her stand like a rock and face the enemy bearing down upon her, and once she raised her umbrella with a hiss and a shoo, as if she were scaring chickens. I dare say Thea will have one as soon as she lands in America, but for Doris there are no bicycles, or banjos, or hot irons,—nothing but the Glory Hole. Poor little Doris!

I hope she will be happy with us, and I know I am glad because she is coming. So few have ever come home to make me glad, and the one who could make me the gladdest will never come again, for somewhere in the wide world the sun is shining on his grave, I am sure, or he would come back to me, and I should bid him stay, or rather go with him, whether to the sands of Arabia or to the shores of the Arctic Sea. My hair is growing gray, the bloom has faded from my cheek, and I shall be forty-four my next birthday, and it is twenty-four years since I saw Tom; but a woman's love at forty-four is just as strong, I think, as a girl's at twenty, and there is scarcely a night that I do not hear in my dreams the peculiar whistle with which he used to summon me to our trysting-place after Kizzy had forbidden him the house, and I see again his great dark eyes full of entreaty and love, and hear his voice urging me to do what, if it were to do over again, I would do. That is an oddly-worded sentence; but I am too tired to change it, and will close my journal until after I have seen Doris.

CHAPTER VI.

DORIS'S STORY.

MORTON PARK.

I HAVE been here four weeks, and begin to feel quite like the daughter of the house, with some exceptions. I am in love with Aunt Beriah, very intimate with Aunt Desire, and not as much in awe of Aunt Keziah as I was at first. It was a lovely afternoon when the coach from Frankfort set me down at the gate to the Morton grounds, where a little, brown-eyed, brown-haired lady was waiting for me. She had one of the sweetest faces I ever saw, and one of the sweetest voices, too, as she came towards me, holding out both her soft white hands and saying to me, "I am sure you are Doris, and I am your aunt Beriah. Welcome to Morton Park!"

It was not so much what she said as the way she said it, which

stirred me so strangely. It was the first word of affection I had heard from my own kin since my mother died, and, taking her hands in mine, I kissed them passionately, and cried like a child. I think she cried a little, too, but am not sure. I only know that she put her arm around my neck and said, soothingly, "There, there, dear. Don't cry, when I am so glad."

Then, taking my bag and umbrella, she gave them to a colored girl, whom she called Vine, and who, after bobbing me a courtesy, disappeared through the gate-way.

"It is not far, and I thought you would like to walk," Aunt Brier said, leading the way, while I followed her into the park, at the rear of which stood the house, with its white walls and Corinthian pillars, looking so cool and pleasant in the midst of grass and flowers and maples and elms, with an immense hawthorn-tree in full bloom.

"Oh, this is lovely, and just as papa told me it was," I exclaimed, and then, stopping short, Aunt Brier drew me close to her, and, scrutinizing me earnestly, said, with a tremor in her voice, "Yes, Gerold told you of his old home. I was so fond of him. We were like brother and sister, and I was so sorry when he died. You are not as much like him as I fancied you were from your photograph."

"No?" I said, interrogatively, wondering if she were disappointed in me; but she soon set me right on that point by saying, "Gerold was good-looking, but you are beautiful."

I had been told that so often, and I knew it so well without being told, that I did not feel at all elated. I was only glad that she liked my looks, and replied, "And you are lovely, and so young, too. My great-aunt ought to look older."

She smiled at that, and said, "I am nearly forty-four, and feel sometimes as if I were a hundred. But there is Kizzy on the piazza. I think we'd better hurry. She does not like to wait for anything."

I had never really known what fear of any person was, but I felt it now, and my heart beat violently as I hastened my steps towards the spot where Aunt Keziah stood, stiff and tall and straight, and looking very imposing in her black silk gown and lace cap set on a smooth band of false hair, a bunch of keys dangling at her belt, and a dainty hemstitched handkerchief clasped in her hands. In spite of her sixty-odd years, she was a handsome woman to look at, with her shoulders thrown back and her chin in the air as if she were on the alert and the defensive. Her features were clearly cut, her face smooth and pale, while her bright black eyes seemed to look me through as they travelled rapidly from my hat to my boots and back again, evidently taking in every detail of my dress, and resting finally on my face with what seemed to be disapproval.

"How do you do, Miss Doris?" she said, with a quick shutting together of her thin lips, and without the shadow of a smile.

I had cried when Aunt Brier spoke to me, but I did not want to cry now, for something of the woman's nature must have communicated itself to mine and frozen me into a figure as hard and stiff as she was. It was a trick of mine to imitate any motion or gesture which struck

me forcibly, and I involuntarily threw my shoulders back and my chin in the air, and gave her two fingers just as she had given me, and told her I was quite well and hoped she was the same. For a moment she looked at me curiously, while it seemed to me that her features did relax a little as she asked if I were not very tired with the journey and the dusty ride in the coach from Frankfort.

"It always upsets me," she said, suggesting that I go at once to my room and rest until dinner, which would be served sharp at six, "and," she added, "we never wait for meals; breakfast at half-past seven in the summer, lunch at half-past twelve, dinner at six."

Then she made a stately bow, and I felt that I was dismissed from her presence, and started to follow Aunt Beriah into the hall just as two negroes came up the walk bringing one of my trunks, which had been deposited at the entrance to the park.

"Mass'r Hinton's man done fatchin' t'other trunk on his barrer," the taller negro said, in response to a look of inquiry he must have seen on my face, and instantly Aunt Kizzy's lips came together just as they had done when she said, "How do you do, Miss Doris?"

"Two trunks?" she asked, in a tone which told me that I had brought altogether too much luggage.

"Yes," I replied, stopping until the negroes came up the steps. "Perhaps I ought to have brought but one, but I have so many books and things, and, besides, one trunk was father's and one mother's, and I could not give either up. This was father's, which he said you gave him when he went to college. See, here is his name." And I pointed to "Gerald Morton, Versailles, Ky.," on the end of the stout leather trunk, which had withstood the wear of years.

"Yes, I remember it," she said, in a voice so changed and with so different an expression on her face that I scarcely knew her as she bent over the trunk, which she touched caressingly with her hand. "You have kept it well," she continued; then, to the negroes, "Take it upstairs, and mind you don't mar the wall nor the banisters. Look sharp, now."

"Mass'r Hinton's man" had arrived by this time with the wheelbarrow and the other trunk, a huge Saratoga, with mother's name upon it, "Doris Morton, New Haven, Ct.," but this Aunt Keziah did not touch. Indeed, it seemed to me that she recoiled from it, and there was an added severity in her tone as she told the man to be careful and chided him for cutting up the gravel with the wheelbarrow.

"I's couldn't tote it, missis; it's too heavy," he said, as he waited for one of the other blacks to help him take it up the stairs.

I had reached the upper hall by this time, and was standing by the door of my room, while Aunt Beriah said, apologetically, "I am sorry it is so small: perhaps we can change it by and by."

It was really a very pretty room, but quite too small for my trunks unless I moved out either the bedstead, or the bureau, or the washstand, and, as I could not well dispense with either of these, I looked rather ruefully at my aunt, who said, "There is a big closet in my room where you can hang your dresses and put both your trunks when they are unpacked." And that was where I did put them, but not until

after two days, for I awoke the next morning with the worst headache I ever had in my life, and which, I suppose, was induced by the long and rapid journey from Meadowbrook, added to homesickness and crying myself to sleep. I could not even sit up, and was compelled to keep my room, where Aunt Beriah nursed me so tenderly and lovingly, while Aunt Kizzy came three times a day to ask how I was, and where I first saw my aunt Desire, who had been suffering with neuralgia and was not present at dinner on the night of my arrival. She sent me her love, however, and the next day came into my room, languid and graceful, with a pretty air of invalidism about her, and a good deal of powder on her face, reminding me of a beautiful ball-dress which has done service through several seasons and been turned and made over and freshened up until it looks almost as well as new. Her dress, of some soft cream-colored material, was artistically draped around her fine figure and fastened on the left side, with a ribbon bow of baby blue, and her fair hair, in which there was very little gray, was worn low on her neck in a large flat knot, from which a few curls were escaping and adding to her youthful appearance. If I had not known that she was over fifty, I might, in my darkened room, easily have mistaken her for a young girl, and I told her so when, after kissing me and telling me who she was, she sank languidly into the rocking-chair and asked me if she looked at all as I thought she would.

With a merry laugh, which showed her white, even teeth, she said, "I like that. I like to look young, if I am fifty, which I will confess to you just because Kizzy will be sure to tell you; otherwise, torture could not wring it from me. A woman is as old as she feels, and I feel about twenty-five. Nor do I think it necessary to blurt out my age all the time, as Kizzy does. It's no crime to be old, but public opinion and women themselves have made it so. Let two of them get to saying nasty things about a third, and they are sure to add several years to her age, while even men call a girl right old before she is thirty, and doesn't that prove that although age may be honorable it is not desirable, and should be fought against as long as possible? And I intend to fight it, too, and thus far have succeeded pretty well, or should, if it were not for Kizzy, who has the most aggravating way of saying to me, 'You ought not to do so at your time of life,' and 'at your age,' as if I were a hundred."

I listened to her in amazement and admiration too. She was so pretty and graceful and earnest that, although I thought her rather silly, and wished that in her fight against time she did not make up quite so much as I knew she did, I was greatly drawn towards her, and for a while forgot my headache as she told me of her ailments, which were legion, and with which Aunt Kizzy had little sympathy. "Kizzy thinks all one has to do is to exercise his will and make an effort, as Mrs. Chick insisted poor Fanny should do in 'Dombey and Son,'" she said, and then went on to give me glimpses of their family life and bits of family history, all of which were of course very interesting to me. Aunt Brier, I heard, had been engaged, when young, to a very fine young man, but Aunt Kizzy broke up the match because

she wished Beriah to marry some one in the Hepburn line, which was frightfully tangled up with the Morton line.

"It would take too long to explain the tangle," she said, "and so I shall not try. It estranged your father from us, and his father before him, because each took the woman of his choice in spite of the line."

Then she told me of her own dead love, to whose memory she had been faithful thirty years, and who so often visited her in her dreams that he was as much a reality now as the day he died.

"And that is why I try to keep young, for where he has gone they know no lapse of time, and if he can see me, as I believe he can, I do not want to look old to him," she said, with a pathetic sob, while her white hands worked nervously.

Then she told me that I was in the Glory Hole, which my father had so named, and told me, too, that she and Beriah had fought for the larger room, but had given in to Kizzy, as they always did.

"I believe she has an invisible cat-o'-nine-tails which makes us all afraid of her," she added; "but, really, when you get down to the kernel it is good as gold, and you can get there if you try. Don't seem afraid of her, or fond of her, either. She hates gush, and she hates cowardice and deceit; but she adores manner and etiquette as she knew it forty years ago, and dislikes everything modern and new."

She did not tell me all this at one sitting, for she came to see me twice during the two days I kept my bed, and at each visit told me so much that I felt pretty well informed with regard to the family history, and began to lose my dread of Aunt Keziah and to feel less nervous when I heard her quick step and sharp voice in the hall. I knew she meant to be kind, and knew, too, that she was watching me curiously and trying to make up her mind as to what manner of creature I was, and whether I was feigning sickness or not. As she had never had a hard headache in her life, she did not know how to sympathize with one who had, and at the close of the second day she made me understand that mine had lasted long enough and that all I required now was an effort and fresh air, and that she should expect me down to breakfast the next morning. And as I was better, I made the effort, and at precisely half-past seven followed my three aunts down the stairs in a methodical, military kind of way, which reminded me of the school in Meadowbrook, where we used to march to the sound of a drum and a leader's call of "Left, right; left, right," Aunt Kizzy in this case being the leader and putting her foot down with an energy which marked all her movements.

The table was laid with great care, and Aunt Keziah said grace with her eyes open and upon black Tom, who was slyly purloining a lump of sugar from the bowl on the sideboard, and who nearly choked himself in his efforts to swallow it in time for his Amen, which was very audible and made me laugh in spite of my fear of Aunt Kizzy. When breakfast was over I was invited into her room, where I underwent a rigid cross-examination as to what I had learned at school, as well as done and left undone. I was also told what I could do and not do at Morton Park. There was a new Steinway in the drawing-

room, on which I could practise each day from nine to ten and from three to four, but at no other time unless specially invited. Nor was I to sing unless asked to do so, while humming to myself was out of the question, as something very reprehensible. I was never to cross my feet when I sat down, nor lean back in my chair, nor put my hands upon the table, and above all things she hoped I did not whistle, and had not acquired a taste for banjoes and bicycles, as she heard some young ladies had.

With her sharp eyes upon me I was forced to confess that I could whistle a little and play the banjo, and had only been kept from buying one by lack of means, and also that when in Meadowbrook I had tried to ride a wheel.

"A Morton on a wheel and playing a banjo!" she exclaimed, in horror. "Surely, surely, you did not inherit this low taste from your father's family. It is not the Morton blood which whistles and rides on wheels. It is your——"

Something in my face must have checked her, for she stopped suddenly and stared at me, while I said, "Aunt Kizzy, I know you mean my mother, and I want to tell you now that in every respect she was my father's equal, and was the sweetest, loveliest woman I ever saw, and my father was so fond of her. I know you were angry because he married her, and you were very unjust to her, but she never said a word against you, and now she is dead I will hear nothing against her. She was my mother, and I am more like her than like the Mortons, and I am glad of it."

This was not very respectful language, I knew, and I half expected her to box my ears, but she did nothing of the kind, and it seemed to me as if her expression softened towards me as she went on asking questions about other and different matters, and finally dismissed me with the advice that I should lie down awhile, as I looked pale and tired. That was four weeks ago, and since that time I have learned to know her better, and have found many good points which I admire. She has never mentioned my mother to me since that day, but has asked me many questions about my father and our home in Meadowbrook. In most things, too, I have my own way and am very happy, for Aunt Keziah has withdrawn some of her restrictions. I practise now when I like, and sing when I please, and even hum a little to myself, and once, when she was gone, I whistled "Annie Rooney" to my own accompaniment, with Aunts Dizzy and Brier for audience. I have seen a good many of the Versailles people, and have had compliments enough on my beauty to turn any girl's head. I have learned every nook and corner of the house and park, and become quite attached to my Glory Hole, which I really prefer to the great room adjoining it, with its high-post bedstead and canopy and its stiff mahogany furniture, which Aunt Kizzy says is nearly a hundred years old. It looks a thousand, as does the furniture in the next room beyond, which puzzles me a little, it smells so like a man, and a young man, too. By this I mean that there is in it a decided odor of tobacco and cigars, and the leather-covered easy-chair looks to me as if some man had often lounged in it, while I know there are a smoking-jacket and a pair of

men's slippers there. Funny that such things should be in this house of the Vestal Virgins, as I call them, and by and by I shall get to be one, I suppose, and tend the sacred fires, and go on errands of mercy, unless, indeed, I fall in love and am buried alive, as were the erring Vestals of old, which God forbid.

I wish that room did not bother me as it does. I think it is kept locked most of the time, but two days ago I saw Rache cleaning it, and walked in, as a matter of course, and smelled the cigars, and saw the jacket and the slippers in the closet, and asked Rache whose room it was. She stammers a little, and I could not quite make out what she said; and just as I was going to repeat my question Aunt Kizzy appeared and with a gesture of her hand waved me from the room, which remains to me as much a mystery as ever. I could, of course, ask one or all of my aunts about it, but by some intuition I seem to know that they do not care to talk about it. Indeed, I have felt ever since I have been here that there is something they are keeping from me, and I believe it is connected with this room, which may have been my father's, or grandfather's, or great-grandfather's, although the smell is very much like the cigars of the Harvard boys, and that smoking-jacket had a modern look. But, whatever the mystery is, I mean in time to find it out.

CHAPTER VII.

KEZIAH'S STORY.

A SOLILOQUY.

DORIS is here, and has been for four weeks, and in spite of myself I am drawn to her more and more every day. I did not want her to come, and I meant to be cold and distant to her, but when she looked at me with something in her blue eyes like Gerold, I began to soften, while the sight of Gerold's trunk unnerved me wholly. I gave it to him when he first went away to college, and I remember so well how pleased he was, and how he put his arms around me and kissed me, as he thanked me for it, and said, "Auntie, the trunk is so big that I shall not bring it home at my vacations, but leave it in New Haven. So when you see it again it will be full of honors, and I shall be an A.B., of whom you will be so proud."

God forgive me if I have done wrong; that was twenty-five years ago, and Gerold is dead, and his trunk was brought back to me by his daughter, whose face is not his face, although very, very beautiful. I acknowledge that to myself, and rebel against it a little, as I mentally contrast it with Dorothea's and wonder what Grant will think of it. I have surely done well to keep him from all knowledge of her until he was engaged to Dorothea, and even now I tremble a little for the result when he is thrown in contact with her every day, for aside from her wonderful beauty there is a grace and charm about her which Dorothea lacks, and had I seen her before she came here I should have kept her at the North until after Grant's marriage, which I mean shall take place as early as Christmas.

He is coming home sooner than I expected; indeed, he sails in two

or three days, and I must tell her at once that she has a cousin, and in some way put her on her honor not to try to attract him. It is a difficult thing to do, for the girl has a spirit of her own, and there is sometimes a flash in her eyes which I do not like to meet. I saw it first when I said something derogatory of her mother. How her eyes blazed, and how grand she was in her defence, and how I respected her for it!

Ah me, that Hepburn lease! What mischief it has wrought, and how the ghosts of the past haunt me at times, when I remember the stand I have taken to save our house from ruin! Beriah says I am a monomaniac on the subject, and also that she doubts the validity of the lease. But that does not matter. My father bade me respect Amos Hepburn's wishes, and I shall, to the letter, if Grant does not marry Dorothea.

I must stop now and superintend the opening of a box which by some mistake Grant left at Cambridge and did not think necessary to have forwarded to us until recently, when he gave orders to have it sent us by express. It has in it a little of everything, he wrote, and among the rest a picture which he thinks will interest and puzzle us as it has him. I hear Tom hammering at the box, and must go and see to it.

CHAPTER VIII.

DORIS'S STORY.

MY COUSIN GRANTLEY.

I HAVE solved the mystery of that room with the smell of cigars and the smoking-jacket. It does belong to a man, and that man is Grantley Montague, and Grantley Montague is my second-cousin. Aunt Kizzy told me all about him this morning, and I am still so dazed and bewildered and glad and indignant that I can scarcely write connectedly about it. Why was the knowledge that Grant was my cousin kept from me so long, and from him, too, as he is still as ignorant as I was a few hours ago? Aunt Kizzy's explanation was very lame. She said if he had known that he had a cousin at Wellesley when he was in Harvard, nothing could have kept him from seeing me so often that we should both have been interrupted in our studies,—that she did not approve of students visiting the girls while they were in school,—and that she hardly knew why she did not tell me as soon as I came here. This was not very satisfactory, and I believe there is something behind; but when I appealed to Aunts Dizzy and Beriah, and said I was hurt and angry, Aunt Brier did not answer at all, but Aunt Dizzy said, "I don't blame you, and I'd have told you long ago if I had not been so afraid of Kizzy;" and that is all I could get from her.

But I know now that Grant is my cousin; and this is how it happened. This morning, as I was crossing the back piazza, I saw Tom opening a box which had come by express and which Aunt Kizzy was superintending. Taking a seat on the side piazza, I thought no more about it until I heard Aunt Kizzy say, very hurriedly and excitedly, "Go, boy, and call Miss Desire and Miss Beriah,—quick," and a

moment after I heard them both exclaim, and caught the sound of my father's name, Gerold. Then I arose, and, going around the corner, saw them bending over a picture which I recognized at once, and in a moment I was kneeling by it, and kissing it as I would have kissed my father's hand had it suddenly been reached to me.

"Oh, the picture!" I cried. "It is my father's; he painted it. I saw him do it. He said it was a picture of his aunties, and this is himself. Dear father!" And I touched the face of the young man who was standing behind the woman with the baby in her lap.

Aunt Kizzy was very white, and her voice shook as she asked me to explain, which I did rapidly and clearly, telling all I knew of the picture, which had been sold to some gentleman from Boston for fifty dollars; "and," I added, "that fifty dollars went to pay his funeral expenses, poor dear father. He was sick so long, and we were so poor."

I was crying, and in fact we were all crying together, Aunt Kizzy the hardest of all, so that the hemstitched handkerchief she always carried so gingerly was quite moist and limp. I was the first to recover myself, and asked, "How did it get here? Whose box is this?"

"Our nephew's, Grantley Montague, who was graduated at Harvard last year and is now in Europe. He left this box in Cambridge by mistake, and it was not sent to us until yesterday. We are expecting him home in a short time. He must have bought the picture for its resemblance to us, although he could not have known that it was painted for us."

It was Aunt Kizzy who told me this very rapidly, as if anxious to get it off her mind, and I noticed that she did not look at me as she spoke, and that she seemed embarrassed and anxious to avoid my gaze.

"Grantley Montague,—your nephew! Then he is my cousin!" I exclaimed, while every particular connected with the young man came back to me, and none more distinctly than the telegram *No*, sent in response to my request that I might attend his tea-party.

I know that my eyes were flashing as they confronted Aunt Kizzy, who stammered out, "Your second-cousin,—yes. Did you happen to see him while at Wellesley?"

She was trying to be very cool, but I was terribly excited, and, losing all fear of her, replied, "No: you took good care that I should meet no Harvard boys; but I saw Grantley Montague once on the train, and I heard so much about him, but I never dreamed he was my cousin. If I had, nothing would have kept me from him. Did he know I was there?"

"He knows nothing of you whatever," Aunt Kizzy said. "I did not think it best he should, as it might have interfered with the studies of you both. He is coming soon, and you will of course make his acquaintance."

I was sitting upon the box and crying bitterly, not only for the humiliation and injustice done to me, but from a sense of all I had lost by not knowing that Grantley was my cousin.

"Why didn't you tell me?" I said, when she asked why I cried. "It would have made me so happy, and I have been so lonely at

times, with no one of my own blood to care for me, and I should have been so proud of him; and when he invited me to his party, why didn't you let me go? I did everything to please you. You did nothing to please me!"

I must have been hysterical, for my voice sounded very loud and unnatural as I reproached her, while she tried to soothe me and explain. But I would not be soothed, and kept on crying until I could cry no longer, and still, in the midst of my pain, I was conscious of a great joy welling up in my heart, as I reflected that Grantley was my cousin and that I should soon see him in spite of Aunt Kizzy, who, I think, was really sorry for me and did not resent what I said to her. She had me in her room for an hour after lunch, and tried to smooth the matter over.

"You are very pretty," she said, "and Grant is very susceptible to a pretty face, and if he had seen yours he might have paid you attentions which would have turned your head, and perhaps have done you harm, as they would have meant nothing. They couldn't mean anything; they must mean nothing."

She was getting more and more excited, and began to walk the floor as she went on: "I may as well tell you that I dread his coming. He is very magnetic,—with something about him which attracts every one. Your father had it, and your grandfather before him, and Grant has it, and you will be influenced by it, but it must not be. Oh, why did I let you come here, with your fatal beauty, which is sure to work us evil? or, having come, why are you not in the Hepburn line?"

I thought she had gone crazy, and stared at her wonderingly as she continued, "I can't explain now what I mean, except that Grant *must* marry money, and you have none. You have only your beauty, which is sure to impress him, but it must not be. Promise me, Doris, to be discreet, and not try to attract him,—not try to win his love."

"Aunt Keziah! What do you take me for?" I exclaimed, indignantly, and she replied, "Forgive me; I hardly know what I am saying; only it must not be. You must not mar my scheme, though if you were in the line I'd accept you so gladly as Grantley's wife." And then, to my utter amazement, she stooped and kissed me, for the first time since I had known her.

A great deal more she said to me, and when the interview was over there was on my mind a confused impression that I was not to interfere with her plan of marrying Grantley to a rich wife,—Dorothea Haynes, probably, although no mention was made of her,—and also that I was to treat him very coldly and not in any way try to attract him. The idea was so ludicrous that after a little it rather amused than displeased me, but did not in the least lessen my desire to see the young man who had been the lion at Harvard and whom I had seen in the car whistling an accompaniment to Dorothea's banjo.

I have told Aunts Desire and Beriah of that incident, and of nearly all I had heard with regard to Grantley and Dorothea, but the only comment they made was that they had known Miss Haynes since she was a child, that she had visited at Morton Park, and would prob-

ably come there again in the autumn. Once I thought to ask if she were engaged to Grantley, but the wall of reserve which they manage to throw about them when the occasion requires it kept me silent, and I can only speculate upon it and anticipate the time when I shall stand face to face with Grantley Montague.

CHAPTER IX.

THE AUTHOR'S STORY.

GRANTLEY AND DORIS.

It was one of those lovely summer days, neither too hot nor too cold, which sometimes occur in Kentucky even in August. The grounds at Morton Park were looking their best, for there had been a heavy shower the previous night, and since sunrise three negroes had been busy mowing and rolling and pruning and weeding until there was scarcely a twig or dead leaf to be seen upon the velvet lawn, while the air was sweet with the odor of the flowers in the beds and on the broad borders. Mas'r Grantley was expected home on the morrow, and that was incentive enough for the blacks to do their best, for the negroes worshipped their young master, who, while maintaining a proper dignity of manner, was always kind and considerate and even familiar with them to a certain extent. Within-doors everything was also ready for the young man. Keziah had indulged in a new cap, Dizzy in a pretty tea-gown, while Beriah had spent her surplus money for a new fur rug for Grant's room, which had been made very bright and attractive with the decorations which had come with the picture in the box from Cambridge. As for Doris, she had nothing new, nor did she need anything, and she made a very pretty picture in her simple muslin dress and big garden-hat, when about four o'clock she took a book and sauntered down to a summer-house in the rear of the grounds, near the little gate which opened upon the turnpike and was seldom used except when some one of the family wished to go out that way to call upon a neighbor or meet the stage.

Taking a seat in the arbor, Doris was soon so absorbed in her book as not to hear the stage from Frankfort when it stopped at the gate, or to see the tall young man with satchel in one hand and light walking-cane in the other who came up the walk at a rapid rate and quickened his steps when he caught a glimpse of a light dress among the green of the summer-house. Grantley, who had been spending a little time with Dorothea at Wilmot Terrace, which was a mile or more out of Cincinnati, had not intended to come home until the next day, but there had suddenly come over him an intense longing to see his aunts and the old place, which he could not resist, while, to say the truth, he was getting a little tired of constant companionship with Dorothea and wished to get away from her and rest. It was all very well, he said to himself, to be kissed and caressed and made much of by a nice girl for a while, but there was such a thing as too much of it, and a fellow would rather do some of the love-making himself. Dorothea was all right, of course, and he liked her better than any girl he had

ever seen, although she was not his ideal, which he should never find. He had given that up, and the *Lost Star* did not now flit across his memory as often as formerly, although he had not forgotten her, and still saw at times the face which had shone upon him for a brief moment and then been lost, as he believed, forever. He was not, however, thinking of it now, when, wishing to surprise his aunts, he dismounted from the stage at the gate and came hurrying up the walk, the short cut to the house. Catching sight of Doris's dress, and thinking it was his aunt Desire, he called out in his loud, cheery voice, "Halloo, Aunt Dizzy! You look just like a young girl in that blue gown and big hat with poppies on it. Are you glad to see me?"

In an instant Doris was on her feet and confronting him with the bright color staining her cheeks and a kindling light in her blue eyes as she went forward to meet him. She knew who it was, and, with a bright smile which made his heart beat rapidly, she offered him her hand and said, "I am not your aunt Dizzy, but if you are Grantley Montague I am your cousin, Doris Morton,—Gerold Morton's daughter,—and I am very glad to see you."

For the first time in his life Grantley's speech forsook him. Here was his *Lost Star*, declaring herself to be his cousin! What did it mean? Dropping his satchel and taking off his soft hat, with which he fanned himself furiously, he exclaimed, "Great Scott! My cousin Doris! Gerold Morton's daughter! I don't understand you. I never knew he had a daughter, or much about him anyway. Where have you kept yourself, that I have never seen or heard of you, and why haven't my aunts told me of you?"

He had her hand in his, as he led her back to the summer-house, while she said to him, "A part of the time I have been at Wellesley. I was there when you were at Harvard, and used to hear a great deal of you, although I never dreamed you were my cousin till I came here."

This took his breath away, and, sitting down beside her, he plied her with questions until he knew all that she knew of her past and why they had been kept apart so long.

"By Jove, I don't like it," he said. "Why, if I had known you were at Wellesley I should have spent half my time on the road between there and Harvard——"

"And the other half between Harvard and Lasell?" Doris said, archly, as she moved a little from him, for he had a hand on her shoulder now.

"What do you know of Lasell?" he asked, quickly, while something of the light faded from his eyes, and the eagerness from his voice.

"I heard a great deal about you from different sources, and about Miss Haynes, too; and I once saw you with her in the train whistling an accompaniment to her banjo," Doris replied.

"The dickens you did!" Grant said, dropping Doris's hand, which he had held so closely.

It is a strange thing to say of an engaged young man that the mention of his betrothed was like a breath of cold wind chilling him suddenly, but it was so in Grant's case. With the *Lost Star* sitting by him,

he had for a moment forgotten Dorothea, whose farewell kiss was only a few hours old.

"The dickens you did! Well, I suppose you thought me an idiot; but what did you think of Dorothea?" he asked, and Doris replied, "I thought her very nice, and wished I might know her, for I felt sure I should like her. And she is coming to Morton Park in the autumn. Aunt Brier told me."

"Yes, I believe she is to visit us then," Grant said, without a great deal of enthusiasm, and then, changing the conversation, he began to ask about his aunts, and what Doris thought of them, and if she were happy with them, and when she first heard he was her cousin, and how.

She told him of the box and the picture which had led to the disclosure, and which she had recognized at once.

"And your father was the artist!" he exclaimed. "By Jove, that's funny! How things come round! I found it in a dealer's shop and bought it because it looked so much like my aunts, although I did not really suppose they were the originals, as I never remembered them as they are on the canvas. And that moon-faced baby was meant for me, was it? What did you think of him?"

"I didn't think him very interesting," Doris replied; and then they both laughed, and said the pleasant nothings which two young people who are pleased with each other are apt to say, and on the strength of their cousinship became so confidential and familiar that at the end of half an hour Doris felt that she had known Grant all her life, while he could scarcely have told how he did feel.

Doris's beauty, freshness, and vivacity, so different from what he had been accustomed to in the class of girls he had known, charmed and intoxicated him, while the fact that she was his cousin and the Lost Star bewildered and confused him; and added to this was a feeling of indignation that he had so long been kept in ignorance of her existence.

"I don't like it in Aunt Kizzy, and I mean to tell her so," he said at last, as he rose to his feet, and, picking up his satchel, went striding up the walk towards the house, with Doris at his side.

It was now nearly six o'clock, and Aunt Kizzy was adjusting her cap and giving sundry other touches to her toilet preparatory to dinner, when, glancing from her window, she saw the young couple as they emerged from a side-path, Doris with her sun-hat in her hand and her hair blowing about her glowing face, which was lifted towards Grant, who was looking down at her and talking rapidly. Miss Kizzy knew Doris was pretty, but never had the girl's beauty struck her as it did now, when she saw her with Grant and felt an indefinable foreboding that the Hepburn line was in danger.

"Doris is a flirt, and Grant is no better, and I'll send for Dorothea at once. There is no need to wait until autumn," she said to herself, as she went down-stairs and out upon the piazza, where Beriah and Desire were already, for both had seen him from the parlor and had hurried out to meet him.

"Halloo, halloo, halloo," he said to each of the three aunts, as he

kissed them affectionately. "I know you didn't expect me," he continued, as, with the trio clinging to him and making much of him, he went into the house,—“I know you didn't expect me so soon, but the fact is I was homesick and wished to see you all, and so I came. I hope you are glad. And, I say, why in the name of all that is good didn't you ever tell me I had a cousin, and at Wellesley, too? And why did you never tell me more of Cousin Gerold, who, it seems, painted that picture of you all? It's awfully queer. Halloo, Tom, how d'ye?" he added, as a woolly head appeared in the door-way and a grinning negro answered, "Jes' tol'able, thanky, Mas'r Grant. How d'ye you-self?"

Keziah was evidently very glad of this diversion, which turned the conversation away from Doris, who had remained outside, with a feeling that for the present the aunts must have Grant to themselves. How handsome and bright and magnetic he was, and how gay he made the dinner with his jokes and merry laugh! Once, however, it seemed to Doris that a shadow flitted across his face, and that was when Miss Keziah asked after Dorothea.

"Oh, she's right well," he answered, indifferently, and when his aunt continued, "Didn't she hate to have you leave so abruptly?" he replied, laughingly, "She paid me the compliment of saying so, but I reckon Aleck Grady will console her for a while."

"Who is Aleck Grady?" Miss Morton asked, and Grant replied, "Have I never written you about Aleck Grady? A good fellow enough, but an awful bore, and a second-cousin of Thea's, who joined us in Egypt and has been with us ever since."

Beriah had heard of him, but Miss Morton could not recall him, and continued to ask questions about him, as if she scented danger from him as well as from Doris. Was he in the Hepburn line and really Thea's cousin, and did she like him?

At the mention of the Hepburn line Grant's face clouded, and he answered, rather stiffly, "He *is* in the Hepburn line, one degree removed from Thea, and he is hunting for a missing link, which, if found, will knock Thea into a cocked hat."

Miss Morton knew about the missing link herself; indeed, she had once tried to trace it, but had given it up with the conviction that it was extinct, and if she thought so, why, then it was so, and Aleck Grady would never find it. But he might be dangerous elsewhere, and she repeated her question as to whether Thea liked him or not.

"I dare say, as her cousin," Grant replied, adding, with a view to tease his aunt, "and she may get up a warmer feeling, for there is no guessing what will happen when a young man is teaching a girl to ride a bicycle, as he is teaching Thea."

"Ride a bicycle! Thea on a bicycle! Thea astride of a wheel!" Miss Morton exclaimed, horrified and aghast at the idea.

Was the world all topsy-turvy, or had she lived so long out of it that she had lost her balance and fallen off? She did not know, and she looked very white and worried, while Grant laughed at her distress and told her how picturesque Thea looked in her blue gown and red shoes and jockey cap, adding, "And she rides well, too, which is more

than can be said of all the girls. But it is of no use to kick at the bicycles; they have come to stay, and I mean to get Doris' one as soon as I can. She must not be left out in the cold when Thea and I go racing down the turnpike. She will be splendid on a wheel."

"God forbid!" came with a gasp from the highly scandalized lady, while Doris's eyes shone with a wonderful brilliancy as they looked their thanks at Grant.

With a view to change the conversation, Beriah began to question Grant of his trip to Egypt, without a suspicion of the deep waters into which she was sailing. After describing some of the excursions on the donkeys, Grant suddenly exclaimed, "By the way, Aunt Brier, I met an old acquaintance of yours in Cairo, Tom Atkins, who said he used to visit Morton Park. Do you remember him?"

Beriah was white to the roots of her hair, and her hand shook so that her coffee was spilled upon the damask cloth as she answered, faintly, "Tom Atkins? yes, I remember him."

It was Keziah who came to the rescue now by giving the signal to leave the table, and so put an end for the time being to the conversation concerning Tom Atkins; but that evening, after most of the family had retired, as Grant sat smoking in the moonlight at the end of the piazza, a slender figure clad in a gray wrapper with a white scarf on her head stole up to him and said, very softly and sadly, "Now, Grant, tell me about Tom."

Grant told her all he knew, and that night Beriah wrote in her diary as follows: "Tom is alive, and wears a fez and a white flannel suit, and has a little, dark-eyed, tawny-haired girl whom he calls Zaidee. Of course there is or has been an Oriental wife, and Tom is as much lost to me as if he were sleeping in his grave. I am glad he is alive, and think I am glad because of the little girl Zaidee. It is a pretty name, and if she were motherless I know I could love her dearly for Tom's sake, but such happiness is not for me. Ah, well, God knows best."

CHAPTER X.

DORIS'S STORY.

THEA AT MORTON PARK.

THEA is here, and has brought her wheel and her banjo and her pet dog, besides three trunks of clothes. The dog, whom she calls Cheek, has conceived an unaccountable dislike to Aunt Kizzy, at whom he barks so furiously whenever she is in sight that Thea keeps him tied in her room except when she takes him into the grounds for exercise. Even then he is on the lookout for the enemy, and once made a fierce charge at her shawl, which she had left in the summer-house and which was not rescued from him until one or two rents had been made in it. Thea laughs, and calls him a bad boy, and puts her arms around Aunt Kizzy's neck and kisses her and tells her she will send Cheek home as soon as she gets a chance, and then she sings "Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay," which she says is all the rage, and she dances the skirt dance with Grant, to whom she is teaching a new step, which shows

her pretty feet and ankles and consists mostly of "one-two-three-kick." And they do kick, or Grant does, so high that Aunt Kizzy asks in alarm if that is quite proper, and then Thea kisses her again and calls her "an unsophisticated old darling who doesn't know the ways of the world and must be taught." Her banjo lies round anywhere and everywhere, just as do her hat and her gloves and parasol, and Aunt Kizzy, who is so particular with me, never says a word, but herself picks up after the disorderly girl, who, with Grant, has turned the house upside down and filled it with laughter and frolic. Her wheel stays at night in a little room at the end of the piazza, with Grant's, for he has one for which he paid one hundred and fifty dollars, and with Thea he goes scurrying through the town, sometimes in the street and sometimes on the sidewalk, to the terror of the pedestrians. Thea has already knocked down two negroes and run into the stall of an old apple-woman, who would have brought a suit if Aunt Kizzy had not paid the damages claimed.

What do I think of Thea? I love her, and have loved her from the moment she came up to me so cordially and called me Cousin Doris, and told me Grant had written her all about me, and that because I was at Morton Park she had come earlier than she had intended doing, and had left her old Gardy and Aleck Grady disconsolate. "But," she added, quickly, "Aleck is coming soon, and then it will be jolly with four of us, Grant and you, Aleck and me, and if we can't paint the town red my name is not Thea."

I don't suppose she is really pretty, except her eyes, which are lovely, but her voice is so sweet and her manners so soft and kittenish and pleasing that you never stop to think if she is handsome, but take her as she is, and find her charming. She occupies the guest-room, of course, and I share it with her, for she insisted at once that my cot be moved in there, so we could "talk nights as late as we pleased." Aunt Kizzy, who does not believe in talking late, and always knocks on the wall if she hears me move in the Glory Hole after half-past nine, objected at first, saying it was more proper for young girls to room alone, but Thea told her that propriety had gone out of fashion with a lot of other stuff, and insisted, until the Glory Hole was abandoned and used only for toilet-purposes.

"Just what it was intended for," Thea said; "and the idea of penning you up there is ridiculous. I know Aunt Kizzy, as I always call her, and know exactly how to manage her."

And she does manage her beautifully, while I look on amazed. The first night after her arrival she invited me into her room, where I found her habited in a crimson dressing-gown, with her hair, which had grown very long, rippling down her back, and a silver-mounted brush in one hand and a hand-glass in the other. There was a light-wood fire on the hearth, for it was raining heavily, and the house was damp and chilly. Drawing a settee rocker before the fire, she made me sit down close by her, and, putting her arm around me and laying my head on her shoulder, she said, "Now, Chickie,—or rather Softie, which suits you better, as you seem just like the kind of girls who are softies,—now let's talk."

"But," I objected, "Aunt Kizzy's room is just below, and it's nearly ten o'clock, and she will hear us and rap."

"Let her rap! I am not afraid of Aunt Kizzy. She never raps me; and if you are so awfully particular, we'll whisper, while I tell you all my secrets, and you tell me yours,—about the boys, I mean. Girls don't count. Tell me of the fellows, and the scrapes you got into at school."

It was in vain that I protested that I had no secrets and knew nothing about fellows or scrapes. She knew better, she said, for no girl could go through Wellesley and not know something about them, unless she were a greater softie than I looked to be.

"I was always getting into a scrape, or out of one, at Lasell," she said, "and it was such fun. Why, I never learned a blessed thing while I was there. It was all my fault, though, for it is a splendid school, and if a girl chooses she can learn as much there as anywhere; but I didn't go to learn, and I kept the teachers so stirred up that their lives were a burden to them, and I know they must have made a special thank-offering to some missionary fund when I left. And yet I know they liked me in spite of my pranks. And to think you were stuffing your head with knowledge at Wellesley all the time, and I never knew it, nor Grant either! I tell you, he don't like it any better than I do. And Aunt Kizzy's excuse, that you would have neglected your studies if you had known he was at Harvard, is all rubbish. That was not the reason. Do you know what the real one was?"

I said I did not, and with a little laugh she continued, "You *are* a softie, sure enough;" then, pushing me a little from her, she regarded me attentively a moment, and continued, "Do you know how very, very beautiful you are?"

I might have disclaimed such knowledge, if something in her bright, searching eyes had not wrung the truth in part from me, and made me answer, "I have been told so a few times."

"Of course you have," she replied. "Who told you?"

"Oh, the girls at Wellesley," I answered, beginning to feel uneasy under the fire of her eyes.

"Humbug!" she exclaimed. "I tell you, girls don't count. I mean boys. What boy has told you you were handsome? Has Grant? Honor bright, has Grant?"

The question was so sudden that I was taken quite aback, while conscious guilt, if I can call it that, added to my embarrassment. It was three weeks since Grant came home, and in that time we had made rapid strides towards something warmer than friendship. We had ridden and driven together for miles around the country, had played and sung together, and walked together through the spacious grounds, and once when we sat in the summer-house and I had told him of my father's and mother's death and my life in Meadowbrook and Wellesley, and how lonely I had sometimes been because no one cared for me, he had put his arm around me, and, kissing my forehead, had said, "Poor little Dorey! I wish I had known you were at Wellesley. You should never have been lonely;" and then he told me that he had seen

me twice in Boston, once at a concert and once in a street-car, and had never forgotten my face, which he thought beautiful, and that he had called me his *Lost Star*, whom he had looked for so long and found at last. And as he talked I had listened with a heart so full of happiness that I could not speak, although with the happiness there was a pang of remorse when I remembered what Aunt Keziah had said about my not trying to win Grant's love. And I was not trying: the fault, if there were any, was on his side, and probably he meant nothing. At all events, the scene in the summer-house was not repeated, and I fancied that Grant's manner after it was somewhat constrained, as if he were a little sorry. But he had kissed me and told me I was beautiful, and when Thea put the question to me direct, I stammered out at last, "Ye-es, Grant thinks I am handsome."

"Of course he does. How can he help it? And I don't mind, even if we are engaged."

"Engaged!" I repeated, and drew back from her a little, for, although I had suspected the engagement, I had never been able to draw from my aunts any allusion to it or admission of it, and I had almost made myself believe that there was none.

But I knew it now, and for a moment I felt as if I were smothering, while Thea regarded me curiously, but with no jealousy or anger in her gaze.

"You are surprised," she said at last. "Has neither of the aunts told you?"

"No," I replied, "they have not, but I have sometimes suspected it. I used to hear of his attentions to you at Lasell, and I have reason to think that such a marriage would please Aunt Kizzy very much. Let me congratulate you."

"You needn't," she said, a little stiffly. "It is all a made-up affair. Shall I tell you about myself?" And, drawing me close to her again, she told me that at a very early age she became an orphan, with a large fortune as a certainty when she was twenty-one, as she would be at Christmas, and another fortune coming to her in the spring, if she did not marry Grant, and half in case she did. "It's an awful muddle," she continued, "and you can't understand it. I don't either, except that one of my ancestors, old Amos Hepburn, of Keswick, England, made a queer will, or condition, or something, by which the Mortons will lose their home unless I marry Grant, which is not a bad thing to do. I have known him all my life, and like him so much; and it is not a bad thing for him to marry me, either. Better do that than lose his home."

"Would he marry you just for money?" I asked, while the spot on my forehead, which he had kissed, burned so that I thought she must see it.

But she was brushing her long hair and twisting it into braids, and did not look at me as she went on rapidly: "No, I don't think he would marry me for my money unless he liked me some. Aleck wouldn't, and Grant thinks himself vastly superior to Aleck, whom he calls a bore and a crank; and perhaps he is, but he is very nice,—not handsome like Grant, and not like him in anything. He has red-

dish hair, and freckles on his nose, and big hands, and wears awful baggy clothes, and scolds me a good deal, which Grant never does, and tells me I am fast and slangy, and that I powder too much. He is my second-cousin, you know, and stands next to me in the Hepburn line, and if I should die he would come in for the Morton estate, unless he finds the missing link, as he calls it, which is ahead of us both. I am sure you will like him, and I shall be so glad when he comes. I am not half as silly with him as I am without him, because I am a little afraid of him, and I miss him so much."

As I knew nothing of Aleck, I did not reply, and after a moment, during which she finished braiding her hair and began to do up her bangs in curl-papers, she said, abruptly, "Why don't you speak? Don't you tumble?"

"What do you mean?" I asked, and with very expressive gestures of her hands, which she had learned abroad, she exclaimed, "Now, you are not so big a softie as not to know what *tumble* means, and you have been graduated at Wellesley, too! You are greener than I thought, and I give it up. But you just wait till I have coached you awhile, and you'll know what tumble means, and a good many more things of which you never dreamed."

I said I did not like slang,—in short, that I detested it,—and we were having rather a spirited discussion on the subject, and Thea was talking in anything but a whisper, when suddenly there came a tremendous knock on the door, which in response to Thea's prompt "*Entrez*" opened wide and disclosed to view the awful presence of Aunt Kizzy in her night-cap, without her false piece, felt slippers on her feet, a candle in her hand, and a look of stern disapproval on her face as she addressed herself to me, asking if I knew how late it was, and why I was keeping Thea up.

"She is not keeping me up. I am keeping her. I asked her to come in here, and when she said we should disturb you I told her we would whisper, and we have, until I was stupid enough to forget myself. I'm awfully sorry, but Doris is not to blame," Thea explained, generously defending me against Aunt Kizzy, towards whom she moved with a graceful, gliding step, adding, as she put her arm around her neck, "Now go back to bed, that's a dear, and Doris shall go too, and we'll never disturb you again. I wonder if you know how funny you look without your hair!"

I had never suspected Aunt Kizzy of caring much for her personal appearance, but at the mention of her hair she quickly put her hand to her head with a deprecatory look on her face, and without another word walked away, while Thea threw herself into a chair, shaking with laughter and declaring that it was a lark worthy of Lasell.

* * * * *

Four weeks have passed since I made my last entry in my journal, and so much has happened in that time that I feel as if I were years older than I was when Thea came, and, as she expressed it, "took me in hand." I am certainly a great deal wiser than I was, but am neither the better nor the happier for it, and although I know now what *tumble*

means, and all the flirtation signs, and a great deal more besides, I detest it all, and cannot help feeling that the girl who practises such things has lost something from her womanhood which good men prize. Old-maidish Thea calls me, and says I shall never be anything but a *softie*. And still we are great friends, for no one can help loving her, she is so bright and gay and kind. As for Grant, he puzzles me. I have tried to be distant towards him since Thea told me of her engagement, and once I spoke of it to him and asked why he did not tell me himself. I never knew before that Grant could scowl, as he did when he replied, "Oh, bother! there are some things a fellow does not care to talk about, and this is one of them. You and Thea gossip together quite too much."

After that I didn't speak to Grant for two whole days. But he made it up the third day in the summer-house where he had kissed me once, and would have kissed me again, but for an accident.

"Doris," he said, as he took my face between his hands and bent his own so close to it that I felt his breath on my cheek,—*"Doris, don't quarrel with me. I can't bear it. I——"*

What more he would have said I do not know, as just then we heard Thea's voice near by calling to Aleck Grady, who has been in town three weeks, stopping at the hotel, but spending most of his time at Morton Park, and I like him very much. He seems very plain-looking at first, but after you know him you forget his hair and his freckles and his hands and general awkwardness, and think only how thoroughly good-natured and kind and considerate he is, with a heap of common sense. Thea is not quite the same when he is with us. She is more quiet and ladylike, and does not use so much slang, and acts rather queer, it seems to me. Indeed, the three of them act queer, and I feel queer and unhappy, although I seem to be so gay, and the house and grounds resound with laughter and merriment all day long. Aleck comes early, and always stays to lunch, if invited, as he often is by Thea, but never by Aunt Kizzy, who has grown haggard and thin, and finds a great deal of fault with me because, as she says, I am flirting with Grant and trying to win him from Thea.

It is false. I am not flirting with Grant. I am not trying to win him from Thea, but rather to keep out of his way, which I cannot do, for he is always at my side, and when we go for a walk, or a ride, or a drive, it is Aleck and Thea first, and necessarily Grant is left for me, and, what is very strange, he seems to like it, while I——Oh, whither am I drifting, and what shall I do? I know now all about the Morton lease and the Hepburn line, for Aunt Kizzy has told me, and with tears streaming down her cheeks has begged me not to be her ruin. And I will not, even if I should love Grant far more than I do now, and should feel surer than I do that he loves me and would gladly be free from Thea, who laughs and sings and dances as gayly as if there were no troubled hearts around her, while Aleck watches her and Grant and me with a quizzical look on his face which makes me furious at times. He has talked to me about the missing link and the family tree, which he offered to show me, but I declined, and said impatiently that I had heard enough about old Amos Hepburn and that wretched

condition, and wished both had been in the bottom of the sea before they had done so much mischief. With a good-humored laugh he put up his family tree and told me not to be so hard on his poor old ancestor, saying he did not think either he or his condition would harm the Mortons much.

I don't know what he meant, and I don't know anything except that I am miserable, and Grant seems equally so, and I do not dare stay alone with him a moment, or look in his eyes for fear of what I may see there or he may see in mine.

Alas for us both, and alas for the Hepburn line!

CHAPTER XI.

THE AUTHOR'S STORY.

THE CRISIS.

It came sooner than the two who were watching the progress of affairs expected it, and the two were Kizzy and Dizzy. The first was looking at what she could not help, with a feeling like death in her heart, while the latter felt her youth come back to her as she saw one by one the signs she had once known so well. She knew what Grant's failure to marry Thea meant to them. But she did not worry about it. With all her fear of Keziah, she had a great respect for and confidence in her, and was sure she would manage somehow, no matter whom Grant married. And so in her white gown and blue ribbons she sat upon the wide piazza day after day and smiled upon the young people, who, recognizing an ally in her, made her a sort of queen around whose throne they gathered, all longing to tell her their secret, except Doris, who, hearing so often from her aunt Keziah that she was the cause of all the trouble, was very unhappy, and kept away from Grant as much as possible. But he found her one afternoon in the summer-house looking so inexpressibly sweet, and pathetic, too, with the traces of tears on her face, that, without a thought of the consequences, he sat down beside her, and, putting his arm around her, said, "My poor little darling, what is the matter, and why do you try to avoid me as you do?"

There was nothing of the coquette about Doris, and at the sound of Grant's voice speaking to her as he did, and the touch of his hand which had taken hers and was carrying it to his lips, she laid her head on his shoulder and sobbed, "Oh, Grant, I can't bear it. Aunt Kizzy scolds me so, and I—I can't help it, and I'm going to Meadowbrook to teach or do something, where I shall not trouble any one again."

"No, Doris," Grant said, in a voice more earnest and decided than any she had ever heard from him. "You are not going away from me. You are mine, and I intend to keep you. I will play a hypocrite's part no longer. I love *you*, and I do not love Thea as a man ought to love the girl he makes his wife, nor as she deserves to be loved; and even if you refuse me I shall not marry her. It would be a great sin to take her when my whole soul was longing for another."

"Grant, are you crazy? Don't you know you must marry Thea?"

Have you forgotten the Hepburn line?" Doris said, lifting her head from his shoulder and turning towards him a face which, although bathed in tears, was radiant with the light of a great joy.

Had Grant been in the habit of swearing, he would probably have consigned the Hepburn line to perdition. As it was, he said, "Confound the Hepburn line! Enough have been made miserable on account of it, and I don't propose to be added to the number, nor do I believe much in it, either. Aleck does not believe in it at all, and we are going to look up the law without Aunt Kizzy's knowledge. She is so cursed proud and reticent, too, or she would have found out for herself before this time whether we are likely to be beggared or not. And even if the lease holds good, don't you suppose that a great strapping fellow like me can take care of himself and four women?"

As he had never yet done anything but spend money, it seemed doubtful to Doris whether he could do anything or not. But she did not care. The fact that he loved her, that he held her in his arms and was covering her face with kisses, was enough for the present, and for a few moments Aunt Kizzy's wrath and the Hepburn line were forgotten, while she abandoned herself to her great happiness. Then she remembered, and, releasing herself from Grant, stood up before him and told him that it could not be.

"I am not ashamed to confess that I love you," she said, "and the knowing that you love me will always make me happier. But you are bound to Thea, and I will never separate you from her or bring ruin upon your family. I will go away, as I said, and never come again until you and Thea are married."

She was backing from the summer-house as she talked, and so absorbed were she and Grant both that neither saw nor heard anything until, having reached the door, Doris backed into Thea's arms.

"Halloo!" was her characteristic exclamation, as she looked curiously at Doris and then at Grant, who, greatly confused, had risen to his feet. "And so I have caught you," she continued, "and I suppose you think I am angry; but I am not. I am glad, as it makes easier what I am going to tell you. Sit down, Grant, and hear me," she continued, authoritatively, as she saw him moving towards the door-way, opposite to where she stood, still holding Doris tightly. "Sit down, and let's have it out, like sensible people who have been mistaken and discovered their mistake in time. I know you love Doris, and I know she loves you, and she just suits you, for she is beautiful and sweet and fresh, while I am neither; I am homely, and fast, and slangy, and sometimes loud and forward."

"Oh, Thea, Thea, you are not all this," Doris cried; but Thea went on, "Yes, I am; Aleck says so, and he knows, and that is why I like him so much. He tells me my faults straight out, which Grant never did. He simply endured me because he felt that he must, until he saw you, and then it was not in the nature of things that I could keep him any longer. I have seen it, and so has Aleck; and this morning, under the great elm in the far part of the grounds, we came to an understanding, and I told the great, awkward, ugly Aleck that I loved him better than I ever loved Grant; and I do,—I do!"

She was half crying, and breathing hard, and with each breath was severing some link which had bound her to Grant, who for once felt as awkward as Aleck himself, and stood abashed before the young girl who was so boldly declaring her preference for another. What could he say? he asked himself. He surely could not remonstrate with her, or protest against what would make him so happy, and so he kept silent, while, brushing the tears from her eyes, she continued, "I don't know when it began, or how, only it did begin, and now I don't care how ugly he is, nor how big his feet and hands are. He is just as good as he can be, and I am going to marry him. There!"

She stopped, quite out of breath, and looked at Doris, whose face was very white, and whose voice trembled as she said, "But, Thea, have you forgotten the *lease*?"

"The lease!" Thea repeated, bitterly. "I hate the very name. It has worked so much mischief, and all for nothing, Aleck says, and he knows, and don't believe it would stand a moment, and if it does we have arranged for it, and should the Morton estate ever come to me through Aunt Kizzy's foolish insistence, I shall deed it straight back to her, or to you and Grant, which will be better. It is time old Amos Hepburn was euchred, and I am glad to do it. Such trouble as he has brought to your grandfather, your father, and to me, thrusting me upon one who did not care a dime for me!"

"Thea, Thea, you are mistaken. I did care for you until I saw Doris, and I care for you yet," Grant said, and Thea replied, "In a way, yes. But you were driven to it by Aunt Kizzy, and so was I. Why, I do not remember a time when I did not think I was to marry you, and once I liked the idea, too, and threw myself at your head, and appropriated you in a way which makes me ashamed when I remember it. Aleck has told me, and he knows, and will keep me straight, while you would have let me run wild, and from a bold, pert, slangy girl I should have degenerated into a coarse, second-class woman, with only money and the Morton name to keep me up. You and Doris exactly suit each other, and your lives will glide along without a ripple, while Aleck's and mine will be stormy at times, for he has a will and I have a temper, but the making up will be grand, and that I should never have known with you. I am going to tell Aunt Kizzy now, and have it over. So, Grant, let's say good-by to all there has been between us, and if you want to kiss me once in memory of the past you can do so. Doris will not mind."

There was something very pathetic in Thea's manner as she lifted her face for the kiss which was to part her and Grant forever, and for an instant her arms clung tightly around his neck as if the olden love were dying hard in spite of what she had said of Aleck; then without a word she went swiftly up the walk, leaving Grant and Doris alone.

CHAPTER XII.

DORIS'S STORY.

THE MISSING LINK.

How can I write when my heart is so full that it seems as if it would burst with its load of surprise and happiness? Grant and I are engaged, and so are Thea and Aleck, and of the two I believe Thea is happier than I, who am still so stunned that I can scarcely realize what a few hours have brought to me,—Grant, and—and—a fortune! And this is how it happened.

Grant was saying things to me which I thought he ought not to say, when Thea came suddenly upon us and told us she loved Aleck better than she did Grant, whom she transferred to me in a rather bewildering fashion, while I accepted him on condition that Aunt Kizzy gave her consent. She did not appear at dinner that night, and the next morning she was suffering from a severe headache and kept her room, but sent word that she would see Thea and Grant after breakfast. This left me to Aleck, who came early and asked me to go with him to the summer-house, where we could "talk over the row," as he expressed it. Love had certainly wrought a great change in him, softening and refining his rugged features until he seemed almost handsome as he talked to me of Thea, whom he had fancied from the time he first saw her.

"She is full of faults, I know," he said, "but I believe I love her the better for them, as they will add variety to our lives. She and Grant would have stagnated, as he did not care enough for her to oppose her in any way. Theirs would have been a marriage of convenience; ours will be one of love."

And then he drifted off to the Morton lease and Hepburn line and family tree.

"You have never seen it, I believe," he said, taking from his pocket a sheet of foolscap and spreading it out upon his lap. He had offered to show it to me before, but I had declined examining it. Now, however, I affected to be interested, and glanced indifferently at the sheet, with its queer-looking diagrams and rows of names, which he called branches of the Hepburn tree. "I have not made it out quite ship-shape, like one I saw in London lately," he said, taking out his pencil and pointing to the name which headed the list, "but I think you will understand it. You have no idea what a fascination there has been to me in hunting up my ancestors and arranging them in shape and wondering what manner of people they were. First, here is Amos Hepburn, the old curmudgeon who leased that property to your grandfather ninety years ago. He married Dorothea Foster, and had three daughters, Octavia, Agrippina, and Poppæa."

"Octavia, Agrippina, and Poppæa," I exclaimed. "What could have induced him to give these names to his daughters?"

"Classical taste, I suppose," Aleck said. "No doubt the old gentleman was fond of Roman history, and the names took his fancy. If he had had a son he would probably have called him Nero. Poppæa,

the youngest, is my maternal ancestress. I inherit my beauty from her."

Here he laughed heartily, and then went on: "Agrippina, the second daughter, was Thea's great-grandmother, and called no doubt after the good Agrippina, and not the bad one, who had that ducking in the sea at the hands of her precious son. As to the eldest daughter, she ought to have felt honored to be named for the poor little abused Empress Octavia; and then it is a pretty name."

"Yes, indeed," I said, "and it is *my* middle name, which my grandmother and my great-grandmother bore before me."

"That's odd," he rejoined, looking curiously at me. "Yes, very odd. Suppose we go over Thea's branch of the tree first, as that is the oldest line to which a direct heir can be found, and consequently gives her the Morton estate. First, Agrippina Hepburn married John Austin, and had one child, Charlotte Poppæa, who married Tom Haynes, and bore him one daughter, Sophia, and two sons, James and John. This John, by the way, I have heard, was the young man whom Miss Keziah wished your aunt Beriah to marry, and failing in that she wished your father to marry Sophia. But neither plan worked, for both died, and James married Victoria Snead, of Louisville, and had one daughter, Dorothea Victoria, otherwise Thea, my promised wife, and the great-great-granddaughter of old Amos Hepburn. As I, although several years older than Thea, am in the third and youngest branch of the tree, I have no claim on the Morton estate; neither would Thea have, if I could find the missing link in the first and oldest branch, that of Octavia, who was married in Port Rush, Ireland, to Mr. McMahon, and had twins, Augustus Octavius, and Octavia Augusta. You see she, too, was classically inclined, like her father. Well, Augustus Octavius died, and Octavia Augusta married Henry Gale, a hatter, in Leamington, England, and emigrated to America in 18—, and settled in New York, where all trace of her is lost. Nor can I by any possible means find anything about her, except that Henry Gale died, but whether he left children I do not know. Presumably he did, and their descendants would be the real heirs to the Morton property, if that clause holds good. Do you see the point? or, as Thea would say, do you tumble?"

He repeated his question in a louder tone, as I did not answer him, but sat staring at the unfinished branch of the Hepburn tree. I did tumble nearly off the seat, and only kept myself from doing so entirely by clutching Aleck's arm and holding it so tightly that he winced a little as he moved away from me, and said, "What's the matter? Has something stung you?"

"No," I replied, with a gasp and a feeling that I was choking, or fainting, or both.

I had followed him closely through Agrippina's line and had felt a little bored when he began on Octavia's, but only for an instant, and then I was all attention, and felt my blood prickling in my veins and saw rings of fire dancing before my eyes, as I glanced at the names, as familiar to me as old friends.

"Aleck," I whispered, for I could not speak aloud, "these are all

my ancestors, I am sure, for do you think it possible for *two* Octavias and two McMahons to have been married in Port Rush and had twins whom they called Octavia Augusta and Augustus Octavius, and for Augustus to die and Octavia to marry a Mr. Gale, a hatter, in Leamington, and emigrate to New York?"

It was Aleck's turn now to stare and turn pale, as he exclaimed, "What do you mean?"

"I mean," I said, "that *my* great-grandmother's name was Octavia, but I never heard that it was also Hepburn, or if I did I have forgotten it. I know, though, that she married a McMahon and lived at Port Rush. I know, too, that Mrs. McMahon had twins, whose names were Augustus Octavius and Octavia Augusta. Augustus died, but Octavia, who was my grandmother, first married a Mr. Gale, a hatter, in Leamington, and then came to New York, where he died. She then went to Boston, married Charles Wilson, and moved to New Haven, where my mother, Dorothea Augusta, was born, and where she married my father. I have a record of it in an old English book, which, after my grandmother's death, was sent to my mother with some other things."

"Eureka! I have found the missing link, *and you are it!* Hurrah!" Aleck exclaimed, springing to his feet and catching me up as if I had been a feather's weight. "I was never more surprised in my life, or glad either. To think here is the link right in Miss Kizzy's hands! Wouldn't she have torn her hair if Grant had married Thea? By Jove, it would have been a joke, and a sort of retributive justice, too. I must tell her myself. But first let's be perfectly sure. You spoke of a record. Do you happen to have it with you?"

"Yes, in my trunk," I said, and, excusing myself for a few moments, I flew to the house, and soon returned with what had originally been a blank-book and which my grandmother had used for many purposes, such as recording family expenses, names of people who had boarded with her, and when they came, what they paid her, and when they left; dates, too, of various events in her life, together with receipts for cooking; and pinned to the last page was an old yellow sheet of foolscap, with the name of a Leamington bookseller just discernible upon it. On this sheet were records in two or three different handwritings. The first was the birth in Leamington of Augustus Octavius and Octavia Augusta, children of Patrick and Octavia McMahon, who were married in Port Rush, April 10th, 18—. Then followed the death of Augustus and the marriage of Octavia to William Gale, of Leamington. Then, in my grandmother's handwriting, the death of Mr. Gale in New York, followed by a masculine hand, presumably that of my grandfather, Charles Wilson, who married Mrs. Octavia Gale in Boston, and to whom my mother, Dorothea Augusta, was born in New Haven. I remembered perfectly well seeing my mother record the date of her marriage with my father and of my birth on the sheet of foolscap after it came to her with the other papers from my grandmother, but when or why it was pinned into the blank-book I could not tell. I only knew it was there, and that I had kept the book,

which I now handed to Aleck, whose face wore a puzzled look as, opening it at random, he began to read a receipt for ginger snaps.

"What the dickens has this to do with Cæsar Augustus and Augustus Cæsar?" he asked, while I showed him the sheet of paper, which he read very attentively twice, and compared with his family tree. "You *are* the Link, and no mistake!" he said. "Everything fits to a T, as far as my tree goes. Of course it will have to be proven, but that is easily done by beginning at this end and working back to where the branch failed to connect. And now I am going to tell Miss Morton and Grant. Will you come with me?"

"No," I replied, feeling that I had not strength to walk to the house.

I was so confused and stunned and weak that I could only sit still and think of nothing until Grant's arms were around me and he was covering my face with kisses and calling me his darling.

"Aleck has told us the strangest story," he said, "and I am so glad for you, and glad that I asked you to be my wife before I heard it, as you know it is yourself I want, and not what you may or may not bring me. Aunt Kizzy is in an awful collapse,—fainted dead away when she heard it."

"Oh, Grant, how could you leave her and come to me?" I asked, reproachfully, and he replied, "Because I could do no good. There were Aunts Dizzy and Brier, and Thea, and Aleck, and Vine, all throwing water and camphor and vinegar in her face, until she looked like a drowned rat. So I came out and left them."

"But I must go to her," I said, and with Grant's arm around me I went slowly to the house and into the room where Aunt Kizzy lay among her pillows, with an expression on her face such as I had never seen before. It was not anger, but rather one of intense relief, as if the tension of years had given way and left every nerve quivering from the long strain, but painless and almost restful. Thea was fanning her; Aunt Brier was bathing her forehead with cologne; Aunt Dizzy was arranging her false piece, which was somewhat awry; while Aleck was still energetically explaining his family tree and comparing it with the paper I had given him. At sight of me Aunt Kizzy's eyes grew blacker than their wont, while something like a smile flitted across her face as she said, "This is a strange story I have heard, and it will of course have to be proved."

"A task I take upon myself," Aleck interrupted, and she went on to catechise me rather sharply with regard to my ancestors.

"It is strange that your father did not find it out, if he saw this paper."

"He did not see it, for it was not sent to us until after his death," I said, while Aunt Dizzy rejoined, "And if he had it would have conveyed no meaning to him, as I do not suppose he ever troubled himself to trace the Hepburn line to its beginning or knew that Mrs. McMahon was a Hepburn. I have no idea what my great-grandmother's name was before she was married. For me, I need no confirmation whatever, but accept Doris as I have always accepted her, a dear little girl whose coming to us has brought a blessing with it, and although I

am very fond of Thea, and should have loved her as Grant's wife, I am still very glad it is to be Doris."

She was standing by me now, with her hand on my shoulder, while Aunt Brier and Thea both came to my side, the latter throwing her arms around my neck and saying, "And I am glad it is Doris, and that the Hepburn line is torn into shreds. I believe I hate that old Amos, who, by the way, is as much your ancestor as mine, for we are cousins, you know."

She kissed me lovingly, and, putting my hand in Aunt Kizzy's, said to her, "Aren't you glad it is Doris?"

Then Aunt Kizzy did a most extraordinary thing for her. She drew me close to her and cried like a child.

"Yes," she said, "I am glad it is Doris, and sorry that I have been so hard with everybody, first with Beriah, and then with Gerold, whom I loved as if he had been my own son, and who it seems married into the Hepburn line and I did not know it. And I have loved you, too, Doris, more than you guess, notwithstanding I have seemed so cross and cold and crabbed. I have been a monomaniac on the subject of the Hepburn lease. Can you forgive me?"

I could easily answer that question, for with her first kind word all the ill feeling I had ever cherished against her was swept away, and, putting my face to hers, I kissed her more than once, in token of peace between us.

That afternoon Aleck started North with his family tree and my family record, and, beginning at the date of my mother's marriage, worked backward until the branch which had been broken with the Gales in New York was united with the Wilsons of New Haven, "making a beautiful whole," as he wrote in a letter to Thea, who was to me like a dear sister, and who, with her perfect tact, treated Grant as if they had never been more to each other than friends. Those were very happy days which followed, and now, instead of being the least, I think I am the most considered of all in the household, and in her grave way Aunt Kizzy pets me more than any one else, except, of course, Grant, whose love grows stronger every day, until I sometimes tremble with fear lest my happiness may not last. We are to be married at Christmas-time, and are going abroad, and whether I shall ever write again in this journal I cannot tell. Years hence I may perhaps look at it and think how foolish I was ever to have kept it at all. There is Grant calling me to try a new wheel he has bought for me, and I must go. I can ride a wheel now, or do anything I like, and Aunt Kizzy does not object. But I don't think I care to do many things, and, except to please Grant, I do not care much for a wheel, being still, as Thea says, something of a *softie*.

CHAPTER XIII.

AUNT DESIRE'S STORY.

THE THREE BRIDES.

I AM too old now to commence a diary ; but the house is so lonely with only Keziah and myself in it that I must do something, and so I will record briefly the events of the last few weeks, or rather months, since the astounding disclosure that Doris and not Thea was the direct heir in the Hepburn line. Nothing ever broke Keziah up like that, transforming her whole nature and making her quite like other people and so fond of Doris that she could scarcely bear to have her out of sight a moment, and when Grant and Doris were married and gone she cried like a baby, although some of her tears, let us hope, were for Beriah, who will not come back to live with us again, while Doris will.

And right here let me speak of Beriah's little romance, which has ended so happily. Years ago she loved Tom Atkins, but Kizzy separated them, in the hope that Brier would marry John Haynes, of the Hepburn line, as possibly she might have done, for she was mortally afraid of Kizzy. But John had the good taste to die, and Brier remained in single blessedness until she was past forty, when Tom, who she supposed was dead, turned up unexpectedly in Cairo. Grant, who was there at the time, made his acquaintance and brought a message from him to Brier, who, after receiving it, never seemed herself, but sat for hours with her hands folded and a look on her face as if listening or waiting for some one, who came at last.

It was in November, and the maple-leaves were drifting down in great piles of scarlet in the park, and in the woods there was the sound of dropping nuts, and on the hills a smoky light, telling of "the melancholy days, the saddest of the year." But with us there was anything but sadness, for two brides-elect were in the house, Doris and Thea, who were to be married at Christmas, and whose trousseaus were making in Frankfort and Versailles. Thea had expressed a wish to be married at Morton Park on the same day with Doris, and, as her guardian did not object, she was staying with us altogether, while Aleck came every day. So we had a good deal of love-making, and the doors which used to be shut promptly at half-past nine were left open for the young people, who, in different parts of the grounds, or piazza, told over and over again the old story which, no matter how many times it is told, is ever new to her who hears and him who tells it.

One morning when Aleck came as usual, he said to Grant, "By the way, do you remember that chap, half Arab and half American, whom we met in Cairo? Atkins was the name. Well, he arrived at the hotel last night, with that wild-eyed little girl and two Arabian servants, one for him, one for the child. He used to know some of your people, and is coming this morning to call, with his little girl, who is not bad-looking in her English dress."

We had just come from breakfast, and were sitting on the piazza, Grant with Doris, and Brier with that preoccupied look on her face

which it had worn so long. But her expression changed suddenly as Aleck talked, and it seemed to me I could see the years roll off from her, leaving her young again; and she was certainly very pretty when, two hours later, in her gray serge gown with its trimmings of navy blue, and her brown hair, just tinged with white, waving softly around her forehead, she went down to meet Tom Atkins, from whom she parted more than twenty years ago. We had him to lunch and we had him to dinner, and we had him finally almost as much as we did Aleck, and I could scarcely walk in any direction that I did not see a pair of lovers, half hidden by shrub or tree.

"'Pears like dey's a love-makin' from mornin' till night, an' de ole ones is wuss dan de young," I heard Adam say to Vine, and I fully concurred with him, for, as if he would make up for lost time, Tom could not go near Brier without taking her hand or putting his arm around her.

Just what he said to her of the past I know not, except that he told her of dreary wanderings in foreign lands, of utter indifference as to whether he lived or died, until in Athens he met a pretty Greek, whom, under a sudden impulse, he made his wife, and who died when their little Zaidee was born, twelve years ago. After that he spent most of his time in Egypt, where he has a palatial home near Alexandria, with at least a dozen servants. Last winter he chanced to meet Grant at Shepheard's Hotel in Cairo, and, learning from him that Beriah was still unmarried, he decided to come home, and, if he found her as unchanged in her feelings as he was, he would ask her a second time to be his wife. So he came, and the vows of old were renewed, and little Zaidee stayed with us altogether, so as to get acquainted with her new mamma that was to be. She is a shy, timid child, who has been thrown mostly with Arabs and Egyptians, but she is very affectionate, and her love for Beriah was touching in its intensity.

When Thea heard of the engagement she begged for a triple wedding, and carried her point, as she usually does. "A blow-out, too," she said she wanted, as she should never marry but once, and a *blow-out* we had, with four hundred invitations, and people from Cincinnati, Lexington, Louisville, Frankfort, and Versailles. There were lanterns on all the trees in the park, and fire-works on the lawn, and two bands in different parts of the grounds, and the place looked the next morning as if a cyclone or the battle of Gettysburg had swept over it. The brides were lovely, although Doris, of course, bore off the palm for beauty, but Thea was exceedingly pretty, while Beriah reminded me of a Madonna, she looked so sweet and saintly, as she stood by Tom, who, the moment the ceremony was over, just took her in his arms and hugged her before us all. Zaidee was her bridesmaid, while Kizzy was Doris's, and I was Thea's, and in my cream-colored silk looked, they said, nearly as young as the girls.

The next morning the newly-married people left *en route* for Europe, and the last we heard from them they were at Brindisi, waiting for the *Hydaspes*, which was to take them to Alexandria. Doris will come back to live with us again in the autumn, but Brier never, and when I think of that, and remember all she was to me, and her

patience and gentleness and unselfishness, there is a bitter pain in my heart, and my tears fall so fast that I have blurred this sheet so that no one but myself can read it. I am glad she has Tom at last, although her going from us makes me so lonely and sad and brings back the dreary past and all I lost when Henry died. But some time, and that not very far in the future, I shall meet my love, dead now so many years that, counting by them, I am old, but, reckoned by my feelings, I am still young as he was when he died, and as he will be when he welcomes me inside the gate of the celestial city and says to me, in the voice I remember so well, "I am waiting for you, darling, and now come rest awhile before I show you some of the glories of the heavenly world, and the people who are here, Douglas, and Maria, and Gerold, and all the rest who loved you on earth, and who love you still with a more perfect love, because born of the Master whose name is love eternal."

CHAPTER XIV.

DORIS'S STORY.

TWO YEARS LATER.

It is just two years since that triple wedding, when six people were made as happy as it is possible to be in this world, Aunt Brier and Mr. Atkins, Aleck and Thea, and Grant and myself, on whom no shadow has fallen since I became Grant's wife and basked in the fulness of his love, which grows stronger and more tender as the days go on. He is now studying hard in a law-office in town, determined to fit himself for something useful, and if possible atone for the selfish, useless life he led before we were married. We spent a year abroad, going everywhere with Aleck and Thea, and staying a few weeks in Mr. Atkins's elegant villa near Alexandria, where everything is done in the most luxurious and Oriental manner and Aunt Brier was a very queen among her subjects. When the year of travel was ended we came back to Morton Park, where a royal welcome awaited us, and where Aunt Kizzy took me in her arms and cried over me a little and then led me to my room, or rather rooms, one of which was the Glory Hole, which had been fitted up as a boudoir, or dressing-room, while the large, airy chamber adjacent, where Thea used to sleep, had also been thoroughly repaired and refurnished, and was given to us in place of Grant's old room.

And here this Christmas morning I am finishing my journal, in which I have recorded so much of my life,—more, in fact, than I care to read. I wish I had left out a good deal about Aunt Kizzy. She is greatly changed from the grim woman who held me at arm's length when I first came from school, and of whom I stood in fear. We have talked that all over, and made it up, and every day she gives me some new proof of her affection. But the greatest transformation in her came some weeks ago, with the advent of a little boy, who is sleeping in his crib, with a yellow-turbaned negress keeping watch over him. Aunt Kizzy calls herself his grandmother, and tends him more,

if possible, than the nurse. Grant laments that it is not a girl, so as to bear some one or two of the queer names of its ancestors. But I am glad it is a boy, and next Sunday it will be christened Gerold Douglas, for my father and grandfather, and Aleck and Thea will stand for it. They have bought a beautiful place a little out of town and have settled down into a regular Darby and Joan, wholly satisfied with each other and lacking nothing to make them perfectly happy. Aunt Brier and Mr. Atkins are also here, staying in the house until spring, when they will build on a part of the Morton estate which Mr. Atkins has bought of Grant. Oriental life did not suit Aunt Brier, and, as her slightest wish is sacred to her husband, he has brought her to her old home, where, when Aleck and Thea are with us, we make a very merry party, talking of all we have seen in Europe, and sometimes of the Hepburn line, which Aleck says I straightened, always insisting, however, that it did not need straightening, and that the obnoxious clause in the lease would never have stood the test of the law. Whether it would or would not, I do not know, as we have never inquired.

THE END.

TWO BELLIGERENT SOUTHRONS.

WHEN Roanoke in Virginia, that curious bachelor's-hall, so full of the individuality of the master, was broken up by the death of John Randolph, its belongings were scattered among kinsfolk and friends. Of the valuable papers which have been preserved, not the least interesting is a packet of time-mottled letters, each carefully labelled and numbered. They do not tell of love, but of war,—a tale of political rancor and recrimination, ending in personal encounter. The names of Clay, Randolph, Jesup, and Tattnall, signed below the formal phrases, recall a certain April afternoon when these four, principals and seconds, rode out of Washington across the Potomac, and on a Virginian hill-side fought what has been called the last high-toned duel. By permission of the owner, the most important of these letters are now published; and to make them intelligible, one must turn backward the flight of time to the 30th day of March, 1826.

In the Capitol at Washington the Senate had under consideration the "right and competency of the President to have appointed ministers to the Congress of Panama without its advice and consent." Senator Branch, the author of the resolution, had just ended his speech, when there arose a tall, long-limbed, short-waisted man, spare and bony, with a small head haughtily poised, of which the scarcely turned gray hair was brushed smoothly back from a well-developed forehead. At a distance, the pale, beardless face looked almost youthful; but upon closer scrutiny it was seen to be seamed with fine furrows, indicative of mental and physical pain, as well as of time's ploughshare. The downward curves of the once handsome mouth bespoke the misanthrope and satirist, but the countenance was illumined by large, dark eyes full of unquenchable fire,—the eyes of a seer sadly penetrating the future or darting incisively into the very soul of a foe. He was carefully dressed in the height of the prevailing fashion, though without foppery; and there was in his bearing that indescribable mixture of *hauteur* and graceful suavity which always commands respect and enchains attention. The President of the Senate recognized Mr. Randolph, the admired and beloved, hated and caricatured Virginian statesman; that John of Roanoke, by friends termed "a Chatham in eloquence, a Cato in incorruptibility;" by enemies, "a nuisance and a scourge." His remarkable voice, pitched by nature in the treble key, yet of far-reaching quality and perfect modulation, was never heard in the Senate without a stir on the floor and in the galleries. On this occasion the subject of discussion, the limitations of the general government and the powers of the Executive, appealed directly to Randolph's



JOHN RANDOLPH.

well-known principles and prejudices; and with difficulty had he held himself in leash while Branch was speaking. That Senate was composed of foemen and friends, his intellectual peers: Vice-President Calhoun; two future Presidents, Van Buren and Harrison; Hayne of South Carolina, who was yet to cross swords with the immortal Webster; Benton of Missouri; Tazewell of Virginia, the author of the "Report on the Panama Mission;" Macon, so many years Speaker of the House, whose character shines from afar with "purest ray serene;" Seymour, Hendricks, Holmes, and others, who graced honors already won, and afterwards rose to higher distinction. These were variously affected, as this master of satire and invective arose. The New England men, feeling in the air the whiz of the missiles about to be launched at President Adams, fairly bristled with defiance. The Southern members, though deploring the aspic tongue of their colleague, were proud of his abilities, and with fine *esprit de corps* rallied around him. All listened.

Only a sentence or two of this famous speech is ever quoted, and the general reader knows little of the causes which led to its delivery. To understand properly the serious consequences, one should have more of the context, which we shall give, as set down in the *Congressional Record*, reviewing first very briefly some previous political events.

In the Presidential campaign of 1824 the votes of the people were divided among four candidates, John Quincy Adams, William H. Crawford, Andrew Jackson, and Henry Clay, the election being eventually thrown into the House of Representatives. Party lines were merged in personal predilections. Especially was this the case as to Clay and Jackson, the idols of the hour. Clay, representing the national idea, had a large following among the conservative and Union-loving classes. Jackson was undoubtedly the favorite of the masses, who were roused to enthusiasm by his prowess, audacity, and forceful character. But the more thoughtful, even in his own party, hesitated to place in the Executive chair a soldier, unversed in civil affairs and of such arbitrary temper that he might substitute his own will for the law of the land. Even the Sage of Monticello was reported to have said that "one might as well make a sailor of a cock, or a soldier of a goose, as a President of Andrew Jackson."

Whether actuated by these reasons or by personal hostility to Jackson, or a little of both, Mr. Clay determined, if not elected himself, to cast his vote and his influence in the House for Adams, his late political antagonist. In December, 1824, when Clay knew that his chance was gone, he wrote as much to a friend in Virginia. But early in the next year, just before the Presidential election was decided by the House, on the angry sea of politics began to float rumors of a bargain between Clay and Adams. These assumed concrete form in an anonymous letter published in the *Columbian Observer* of Philadelphia, and afterwards acknowledged by the author, Representative Kremer of Pennsylvania. Its main points were that the friends of Clay, like the Swiss, would fight for those who paid best; that, failing of overtures from the Jackson phalanx, Clay had transferred his interest to

Adams; and that should the "unholy coalition" prevail he was to be appointed Secretary of State. Clay made an indignant public denial, calling upon the author to avow himself, that he might "hold him responsible to all the laws which govern and regulate the conduct of men of honor." This Kremer immediately did; but, unhappily, Clay, the expedient-maker, "whose very nature," says his latest biographer, "was a compromise," instead of keeping his pledge, asked, from his seat as Speaker of the House, an investigation by that body. A committee, chosen by ballot, summoned Kremer to give his authorities. Kremer refused to be witness and accuser both, but stood by his letter. The committee, in its report, saw no reason for its investigation or for forcing Kremer, and the House took up the weightier matter of convening with the Senate to count the electoral votes for President and Vice-President. Thus failed Mr. Clay's effort to clear his fair name; and, unfortunately, subsequent events seemed to verify the accusation.



HENRY CLAY.

The Senate declaring no one of the candidates elected, save Mr. Calhoun for the Vice-Presidency, the choice was thrown into the House. In the Senatorial count of ballots, Jackson had led, Adams treading closely on his heels, Crawford third, and Clay bringing up the rear. In spite of this obvious intent of the people to have Andrew Jackson as their Executive, on the first ballot in the House, Adams was elected. It was the game of "Follow your Leader," played by the electors of the Western States, headed by Clay, going over solidly to Adams. This was mugwumpery with a vengeance. Clay knew, and his followers knew, that the people of the Western States, as between the New Englander and the military chieftain, were for "Old Hickory;" but they chose to judge for their constituents. These were put in a corner, face to the wall, as it were, and told to be seen and not heard until they had better sense. They did not like the snubbing, and took a sweet revenge four years after.

But the climax of public astonishment was reached when Clay accepted the Secretaryship of State from President Adams, whom he had criticised and ridiculed in a hundred stump speeches during the last canvass. By this single act he stamped as if with his own signet the charges already made. "Harry of the West," so brave, so aggressive in the past, thenceforth thrown on the defensive, spent weary years explaining why his body was in the enemy's camp if his heart was still true to its old faith. A Samson shorn of his strength, as Benton pertinently remarked, "Clay thereafter presented the disheartening spectacle of a former great leader figuring at the head of his ancient foes in all their defeats, and lingering on their rear in their victories."

At the time of Randolph's speech, Adams's administration had been on trial for a year. It is a heavy burden that is carried by the President of the United States when borne into office by a popular majority and a devoted party, but woe betide the man who assumes that

high position unpropped by the one or the other. Every jot and tittle of the law had been obeyed in the election of Adams, yet the *vox populi* had been rebuked thereby, and the people sulked in their tents. The Panama Mission was one of the chief measures of the administration for courting popularity. This was a proposition to the United States from the South American republics, just on their feet after long servitude to Spain, to join them in a Congress at Panama, to discuss, if not to enter into, a commercial league,—a league defensive also, should any one of them be warred upon by a foreign power. The idea of sister republics thus clasping hands in unity of interests, thus combining to hold aloft the torch of liberty in the Western world as a beacon to the oppressed and a warning to despots, was alluring to some minds; to others it seemed dangerous, as subversive of the doctrine of non-entangling alliances. It was a puny, untimely shoot, nipped in the bud, which in our day of broader scope may yet leaf and flower; but at the epoch of which we write, the plan was chimerical and premature. Before our envoys arrived at their destination, the Panama Congress had dissolved, and the embryo republics were rent by domestic strife. But the scheme was fathered by Secretary Clay with such ardor that it well-nigh merited Randolph's sarcastic nickname, "a Kentucky cuckoo's egg laid in a Spanish-American nest." There was much division of sentiment among the people about it. The arbitrary attitude of President Adams in regard to the measure aroused the ire of the Senate, which felt its dignity insulted and its rights invaded. During weeks of heated discussion, Randolph had been silent; now chief and lieutenant were both to be smitten, not only for present turpitude, but for past crookedness. The Virginian Senator, having alluded to the recent high play for the Presidency, spoke thus:

"This is the first administration that has unblushingly avowed, ay, and executed, its purpose of buying us up with our own money. The question was settled as far back as January, 1824. An alliance offensive and defensive had been got up between old Massachusetts and Kentucky,—between the frost of January and young, blithe, buxom, and blooming May, the eldest daughter of Virginia; not so young, however, as not to make a prudent match and sell her charms for their full value. Sir, there is honor among thieves: shall it be wanting, then, among the chief captains of our administration? Let Judas have his thirty pieces of silver, whatever disposition he may choose to make of them hereafter; whether they shall go to buy a potter's field, in which to inter this miserable Constitution of ours, crucified between two gentlemen suffering for conscience' sake under the burden of the two first offices of this government, forced upon one of them by the forms of the Constitution against its spirit and his own, which is grieved that the question cannot be submitted to the people; or whether Judas should make away with himself, is immaterial: he should have had his wages. I, sir, have no personal resentments against these unfortunate gentlemen,—as they say of every man who is unmasked. My resentments are entirely political; they are for my country's enemies, not my own."

Leading up to the Panama Mission, Mr. Randolph then turned his batteries full upon Mr. Clay, who had been accused of "coaching" the South American diplomats. "The first thing, sir," he trebled forth, "that struck me in these documents" (the Spanish-American correspondence) "was how wonderfully these Spaniards have improved in English in their short residence in the United States. I shall be told that these English letters were translations from the Spanish, made in the office of the Secretary of State: . . . they have the footprints and flesh-marks of the style of that office. . . . One thing has my attention been turned to: language, words,—the counters of wise men, the money of fools. Do you read the letters of these South American missionaries over again, and compare them with the tone of the messages and letters which we have received; put them in column one against the other, and mark the similitude."

Continuing in the same vein, Randolph arraigned the President for his message to the Senate in answer to a request to make public certain documents (considered in secret session) relative to the Panama Mission, in which President Adams had adverted to the "motives" which induced such action. "Who made him judge of our usages? Who made him *ensor morum* of this body? Here I plant my foot, here I fling defiance right in his teeth before the American people. Here I throw the gauntlet to him and his bravest compeers to come forward and defend these miserable dirty lines." When the vote was taken on this and other questions connected with this mission, the Senator went on to say, "I was defeated, horse, foot, and dragoons; cut up, clean broke down, by the coalition of Blifil and Black George; by the combination, unheard of till then, of the Puritan and the blackleg." At this there was a sensation in the chamber; but Randolph, unheeding, after a few stray shots returned to the charge, his eyes blazing as if lighted from volcanic fires within. Shaking his long forefinger, that "javelin of rhetoric," as it was called, he added, "I will show that the President and his Ministers have Jonathan-Russelled the Congress of the United States; that he has held one language to one House, while to another House he has held a different language on the same subject. And how has he Jonathan-Russelled himself? He has done it by the aid and instrumentality of this very new ally. I shall not say which is Blifil and which is Black George."

Tale-bearers were not lacking to carry to Secretary Clay a garbled report of this speech. Mr. Randolph was made to say that Mr. Clay had forged, or falsified, a certain report of the Panama Mission negotiation; that he was a blackleg; and, moreover, that he, Randolph, waiving his privilege as a Senator, held himself personally responsible for these statements; in short, that Randolph, in the spirit of a bully brandishing his bowie-knife, had dared the enemy to fight,—this, too, despite the express avowal that his resentments were not personal, but purely political. Even the defiance flung in the teeth of President Adams was simply a summons to "him and his bravest compeers" to defend their political acts; in it was no hint of individual combat.

The seeds of dissension fell upon soil ready to fructify. For more than a year Clay had been at bay, explaining, defending, parrying, to

no purpose. *Qui s'excuse s'accuse*. For one doubting Thomas convinced, arose twenty sceptics asking the why and the wherefore of that Secretaryship of State. Politically he was vacillating and a compromiser; but personally he was a brave man, Virginian born, Kentuckian bred, of that school which taught, "Avenge thee of thine adversary quickly." Only a few months previous, policy had withheld his hand; indeed, he had written that he abhorred duelling; yet now, writhing under the thrusts of a fellow-Virginian, a foeman worthy of him, he cast principle, policy, and self-restraint to the winds, and sent Randolph the following note, never till now made public. It is marked No. 1 of the packet, and endorsed "Mr. Clay's Challenge, deliver'd to Mr. R. by Gen'l Jesup on the 1st April, 1826."

"WASHINGTON, 31 March, 1826.

"SIR,—Your unprovoked attack of my character, in the Senate of the U. States, on yesterday, allows me no other alternative than that of demanding personal satisfaction. The necessity of any preliminary discussions or explanations being superseded by the notoriety and the indisputable existence of the injury to which I refer, my friend General Jesup, who will present you this note, is fully authorized by me forthwith to agree to the arrangements suited to the interview proposed.

"I am your obedient servant,

"H. CLAY.

"THE HONORABLE JOHN RANDOLPH."

As Clay was happy in the choice of his second, General Thomas H. Jesup, a Virginian, who had risen to high distinction in the army, so Randolph was no less fortunate in the friendship of Edward F. Tattnall, of Georgia, a name the synonyme of honor and courage. Colonel Tattnall was then in Congress; and we can fancy Senator Randolph, the day after receiving the challenge, handing a page the little note with its big armorial seal which next claims our attention.

"DEAR COLONEL,—Many thanks for Andrew. May I speak with you a few moments in the Senate-Chamber?

"J. R. OF R.

"Saturday, 2 o'clock."

The two gentlemen evidently found the Senate-chamber too public a place for their conference, and adjourned to "Kervand's." Will the "oldest inhabitant" of Washington tell us whether it was club, restaurant, or boarding-house? The outcome of their conversation is given below, in Randolph's fine pointed hand.

"KERVAND'S, Saturday, April 1st, 1826.

"Mr. Randolph presents his most respectful compliments to General Jesup, and refers him to his friend, Col. Edward F. Tattnall, on the subject of the note from Mr. Henry Clay, Secretary of State, of which Gen'l Jesup was the bearer this morning."

One might well wish to have been present at this first conference, and those succeeding, of these high-toned seconds. The stately cour-

tesy, the military precision, the jealous tenacity with which each upheld the honor of his principal and the laws of "the code," must have been like a dramatized chapter of Sir Charles Grandison. General Jesup evidently lost no time that busy afternoon in communicating with Mr. Clay, as paper No. 3 shows :

"Mr. Clay's respects to Mr. Tattnall, and he will be glad to see him, if convenient, this evening at his (Mr. C.'s) house, at eight o'clock.

"Saturday, 1st April."

And now the packet discloses an interesting document, the cream of the whole correspondence. It is the first rough draught of Randolph's reply to Clay. Though, with characteristic honesty, the writer has crossed out that part, here given in brackets, which he was afterwards influenced to modify or discard, he carefully preserved this text, the expression of his real sentiments.

"KERVAND'S, NEAR THE 7 BUILDINGS,
Saturday, April 1st.

"Mr. Randolph accepts the challenge of Mr. Clay ; at the same time that he protests against the right of any minister of the Executive Government to hold him responsible for words spoken in debate as a Senator of Virginia in crimination of such minister, or of the Government (Administration) under which he shall have taken office, however honourable the manner of his induction may have been.

["Mr. Randolph also protests against Mr. Clay's right as a private man to hold him responsible in a court of honour, until Mr. Clay himself shall stand *rectus in curia*, and in that court ; until Mr. Clay shall have redeemed his publick pledge under his own proper signature to call out to the field of honour any member of the House of Representatives who should acknowledge himself to be the author of a certain letter ; which avowal was publickly made, and on the floor of that House, by Mr. Kremer, then and now a member of that body from the State of Pennsylvania.]

"Col. Tattnall of Georgia, the bearer of this letter, is authorized to arrange with General Jesup, the bearer of Mr. Clay's challenge, the terms of the meeting to which Mr. Randolph is invited by that note.

"TO HENRY CLAY, Esq.,
"Secretary of State."

Probably Colonel Tattnall and other friends induced Randolph to withdraw the additional thrust ; although the preservation of the document shows the opinion which he held at the time, and which he continued to hold to the end of his life.

An eminent statesman and biographer of Mr. Clay has said that "the explanation which might have averted the duel Randolph refused to give." Why did he refuse ? Because, acting upon principle and constitutional right as a United States Senator, he declined being forced to explain, outside of the Senate, words spoken in debate within it. As an individual, he was ready to give the personal satisfaction

demand, but not the explanation, for he honestly believed what he had stated. His accusations, stripped of their satiric-oratoric garb, probably meant that Clay's adherents had demanded, and a grateful President tendered to this American Warwick, the "wages" of his service; that Adams, in his liberal construction of the Constitution, was "crucifying" that instrument; and that the Secretary of State, zealous for the success of the Panama Mission measure before Congress, had diplomatically assisted the Spanish-Americans, ignorant of our language and politics, to present their proposals in the most attractive manner. The oft-quoted epigram of "Puritan and blackleg," used by Randolph, was only the carrying on of the metaphor of political gambling for the Presidency, with which he had opened his speech.

That he was justified in the position taken with regard to his privilege as a Senator, the anxiety of Mr. Clay on the subject will show.

Mr. Randolph's insistence that he did not waive his privilege as a Senator until after the challenge was received having been clearly set forth, the seconds fell to work in deadly earnest, as the subjoined paper will testify. We give it in full, as a relic of the manners and men of long ago.

"Memorandum of the Terms of the Contemplated Meeting between Messrs. Randolph and Clay.

"The weapons shall be pistols; each party to have one. The pistols to be of smooth bore.

"The distance shall be *ten paces*, or thirty feet.

"The time of meeting shall be Saturday, April 8, 1826, at half-past four o'clock P.M.

"The place of meeting* shall be immediately out of the District of Columbia, and the first private spot after passing the toll bridge on the New Turnpike road leading from Alexandria.

"The manner of holding the pistols shall be perpendicularly up or down; the word 'perpendicularly' to be understood in its strict and literal sense.

"The word shall be, 'Are you ready? *Fire!* One—two—three. Stop!' The pistols are not to be raised or dropped until the word 'Fire!' At the word 'Fire!' the parties may fire as quickly as either may please. At the word 'Stop!' should either party not have fired, he shall be deemed to have lost his fire.

"The right of giving the word and the choice of stands shall be determined by lot; it being, however, understood that he who wins the one shall be considered as losing the other.

"The posture of each party shall be such as the convenience of either may dictate.

"The persons who shall be present at the meeting shall be two friends and a surgeon with each party.

"(Signed)

TH. S. JESUP,
EDWD. F. TATNALL."

* "The place of meeting was subsequently altered, having in view the convenience of the parties.—E. F. T."

The first friend to whom Randolph applied after receiving Clay's challenge was Senator Thomas H. Benton; but, upon finding that his wife was related to Mr. Clay, Randolph refrained from asking his aid. He, however, told Benton confidentially, not only then, but also on the day of the duel, that he did not intend to fire on Clay, because "To return the fire would be to answer, and be an implied acknowledgment of Mr. Clay's right to make him answer."

The next three letters, which end the correspondence, have an important bearing on his change of determination.

"WASHINGTON CITY, Apl. 6, 1826.

"DEAR SIR,—Since I rec^d your note,* yesterday, I have not seen Mr. Clay; and I am so much indisposed that it is possible I may not see him to-day. Before I return the paper I wish to see him. He expressed to me, yesterday morning, a wish that the word 'four' should be added, to precede the word 'stop!' Will you inform me, by note, whether it can be added?

"It would be equally agreeable to me to go down in a gig to-morrow, provided you can drive. I have neither hands nor eyes to enable me to do so without danger to our limbs.

"Yrs. most cordially,

"TH. S. JESUP.

"COL. TATTNALL."

"HOMAN'S, 6th April, 1826, 4 P.M.

"DEAR GENERAL,—The proposition to add the word 'four,' if intended to be official, I accede to, and in such case feel it my duty to say I am willing to extend it, if desired, still more. If, however, I am to regard it as unofficial (and it must rest with you to say which), I am disposed, for the reasons which have influenced that part of our conduct which has been unofficial, to suggest the propriety of rejecting the alteration. This rejection is, however, to be a matter between you and myself. I have not consulted with Mr. R. on the matter, and shall not. Acting in an unofficial character, I am not inclined to accept the alteration, but when acting in an official one I am compelled to do so, for the proposition contains in itself, necessarily, an intimation to place the matter upon a more serious footing, which proposition we therefore could not decline. I regret that you did not endeavor to overrule the proposed alteration, as it would be competent for you alone to do it. Is it yet too late? Could not you urge upon Mr. C. that these are the usual words, and that further extension of them might subject us all to severe animadversion? I am a very good driver, and will thank you to say when and where I shall join you.

"With high esteem,

"Yrs., &c.,

"EDWD. F. TATTNALL.

"GEN'L JESUP."

* Letter No. 10, missing from the packet, is probably the "note" here referred to by Jesup.

"WASHINGTON, 7th April, 1826.

"DEAR SIR,—When I wrote to you yesterday, I had not seen Mr. C., and merely mentioned to you, unofficially, a suggestion made by him the day preceding. On presenting to him, yesterday evening, the articles agreed on by us, he said he was perfectly satisfied. I shall, therefore, sign the papers, and, when we meet, hand one of them to you. Were you to call for me at my house, it would perhaps excite less suspicion,—say ten o'clock.

"Yrs. sincerely,

"TH. S. JESUP.

"COLONEL TATNALL."

History does not explain the object of this secret expedition; but it is presumed that the seconds, officially so punctilious, unofficially such good comrades, drove down cosily in the gig to select the place of meeting, crossing Little Falls bridge to the right bank of the Potomac. There, in a lonely hollow shut in by trees, the duel was fought at half-past four P.M., Saturday, April 9, 1826. Mr. Clay was attended by General Jesup and Senator Josiah Johnston. Mr. Randolph, accompanied by Colonels Tattnall and Hamilton, drove to the spot. In that drive, Colonel Tattnall unfortunately told him of Clay's desire to extend the "word" of the cartel. Immediately Randolph took fire, and, in his wrath unheeding Tattnall's explanation that the proposal had been withdrawn, scribbled a note to Senator Benton, who had been asked to witness the duel, saying, "I seek not his [Clay's] death. I would not have his blood upon my hands—it will not be upon my soul if shed in self-defence—for the world. He has determined, by the use of a long preparatory caution by words, to get time to kill me. May I not then disable him? Yes, if I please."

Torn with such internal conflict, he took his place opposite Clay. It was a striking picture. The principals—men, once seen, never forgotten—faced each other and possible death, with the composure born of physical courage and mental strength. The military seconds, with becoming gravity, arranged the preliminaries. Grouped in the shadow of the forest, awaiting the event, were the surgeons and Senator Benton; and not far away, the stray sunbeams glinting across his dusky face, Johnny, Randolph's faithful negro body-servant.

And now an accident happened which completed Randolph's chagrin. General Jesup was rehearsing the "word" as he would give it to Mr. Randolph, when the pistol of the latter, which he was fitting to his grasp, holding it downward, went off. He turned to Tattnall, saying, "I told you so." Tattnall immediately explained to Jesup that the fault was his, Mr. Randolph having strenuously objected to the use of the hair-trigger. Here Mr. Clay interposed, cutting short further parley by saying, "It was obviously an accident." So all agreed; and Mr. Randolph was given another pistol. There was an exchange of shots without effect. In the pause which followed, efforts were made to end the affair, but the opponents were obdurate. Clay demanded another shot, not having received the wished-for explanation. Randolph, on the other hand, moved by the generosity of Clay at the

moment of the untoward discharge of his weapon, and regretting his inconsistency in firing at him at all, sought eagerly the chance of acting on his first intention, to receive but not return the fire.

Taking their stands again, Mr. Clay's ball passed through his adversary's clothes; Mr. Randolph, holding his pistol upward, discharged it in the air, remarking, "I do not fire at you, Mr. Clay. It was not my intention to fire at you at all: the unfortunate circumstance of my pistol going off accidentally changed my determination."

Benton hastened to say, "Yes; Mr. Randolph told me so eight days ago." The two gentlemen then, as if moved by a single impulse, advanced toward each other, Randolph exclaiming, "Sir, I give you my hand;" which Mr. Clay cordially grasped.

Thus ended an old-fashioned model affair of honor, in the conduct of which and the high character of the participants the duello found its best expression. Indeed, the only apology for the practice of the code is that it was countenanced by a generation which held personal uprightness, courage, courtesy, and honor very dear. May we, who deplore the methods of our grandsires in the settling of disputes, see to it that our standard of manhood is as elevated as theirs.

History has failed to convict Henry Clay of corruption in public life; and to-day he and Randolph stand forth as eminent types of American statesmen. They lived and died opponents in politics, though each entertained a cordial admiration of the talents of the other. A few weeks before Randolph's death, he was borne into the Senate-chamber, the scene of so many forensic triumphs. When he entered, Clay was speaking. "Let me hear that voice once more," gasped the dying Virginian, as he sank wearily on a sofa and greedily drank in the dulcet tones of his old adversary. Perhaps in some higher sphere these two men, refined from earthly dross, have met, the explanation refused here been given, and "that voice" sealed a compact of eternal peace and good will.

Florence Waller.

NOTE.—Since the above was written, a grandson of Henry Clay, Mr. Thos. H. Clay, of Boston, has courteously furnished the following version of the duel, given by Henry Clay to his son, James B. Clay, in 1851, and written by the latter on the margin of Garland's "Life of John Randolph:"

"That they (the principals) were placed upon the ground, and the pistols, which were hair-triggered, were handed them; that Mr. Randolph was swaying his weapon back and forth in front of him, when it went off. Mr. R. exclaimed, 'There, I told you I could not use hair-triggers.' Quite a commotion ensued between the seconds, to which my father put an end by stating that no doubt it was accidental, and they were again placed, and both fired. My father says he distinctly heard Mr. R.'s ball, and that it struck some object behind him. They were again placed for the third time, when Mr. R. fired in the air, and my father then declined to continue a contest with one who seemed determined not to fire at him. He states that the received impression at the time as to the cause of Mr. Randolph firing at him the first shot was that, having accidentally discharged his weapon, want of nerve might

be attributed to him. He (Henry Clay) states that Gen. Jesup well recollects the circumstances, and that in a recent conversation with Gen. Hamilton he recalled to his recollection the fact of the exchange of two shots instead of one, as is generally believed. Mr. R., much to the surprise of all, when he threw off his cloak, was found to be covered from head to foot in a white flannel gown, which was perforated by one of my father's shots."

This testimony fully corroborates my own account of the duel.

F. W.

RETROSPECT.

THE roses were not just so sweet, perhaps,
As we thought they would surely be,
And the blossoms were not so pearly white
As of yore, on the orchard tree ;
But the summer has gone, for all of that,
And with sad reluctant heart
We stand at rich autumn's open door
And watch its form depart.

The skies were not just so blue, perhaps,
As we hoped they would surely be,
And the waters were rough that washed our boat,
Instead of the old calm sea ;
But the summer has gone, for all of that,
And the golden-rod is here :
We can see the gleam of its golden sheen
In the hand of the aging year.

The rest was not quite so real, perhaps,
As we hoped it might prove to be,
For instead of leisure came work sometimes,
And the days dragged wearily ;
But the summer has gone, for all of that,
The holiday time is o'er,
And busy hands in the harvest-field
Have garnered their golden store.

The summer was not such a dream, perhaps,
Of bliss as we thought 'twould be,
And the beautiful things we planned to do
Went amiss, for you and me ;
Yet still it has gone, for all of that,
And we lift our wistful eyes
To the land where beyond the winter snows
Another summer lies.

Kathleen R. Wheeler.

"POOR YORICK."

THE name by which he was indicated on the play-bills was Overfield. His real name was buried in the far past. By several members of the company to which he belonged he was often called "Poor Yorick."

I asked the "leading juvenile" of the company—young Bridges, who was supposed to attract women to the theatre, and for whose glorification "The Lady of Lyons" was sometimes revived at matinées—how the old man had acquired the nickname.

"I gave it to him myself last season," replied Bridges, loftily. "Can't you guess why? You remember the grave-yard scene in Hamlet. The skull of Yorick, you know, had lain in the earth three-and-twenty years. Yorick had been dead that long. Well, the old man had been dead for about the same length of time,—professionally dead, I mean. See?"

It was true that, so far as being known by the world went, the old man was as good, or as bad, as dead. He no longer played other than quite unimportant parts.

It was said by some one that he was the poorest actor and the noblest man in the company; a statement amended by Jennison, an Englishman who usually played villains, to this, that his were the worst art and best heart in the profession.

Poor Yorick was a thin man, with a smooth, gentle face, lamb-like blue eyes, and curling gray locks that receded gracefully from his forehead. He had just an individualizing amount of the pomposity characteristic of many old-time actors. He was not known to have any living kin. He permitted himself one weakness, a liking for whiskey, an indulgence which was never noticed to have wrought appreciable harm upon him.

Once I asked him when he had made his *début*. He answered, "When Joe Jefferson was still young, and before Billy Crane was heard of."

"In what rôle?"

"As four soldiers," he replied.

"How could that be?"

He explained that he had first appeared as a "super" in a military drama, marching as a soldier. The procession, in order to create an illusion of length, had passed across the stage and back, the return



POOR YORICK WAS A THIN MAN.

being made behind the scenes four times continuously in the same direction.

The old man took uncomplainingly to the name applied to him by Bridges. He must have known what it implied, for surely he could not have mistaken himself for "a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy." His non-resentment was but an evidence of his good nature, for he was aware that it is not a very general custom of actors to give each other nicknames, and that his case was an exception.

When he was playing the insignificant part of the old family servant of a New York banker, in the most successful comedy of that season, he came to know Bridges better than ever before. Poor Yorick had little more to do in the play than to "come on" and turn up some lights, arrange some papers on a desk, go off, and afterwards return and lower the lights. Bridges was doing the rôle of the bank-clerk in love with the banker's daughter. Yorick and Bridges, through some set of circumstances or other, were sharers of the same dressing-room.

Upon a certain Wednesday, and after a *matinée*, the two were in their dressing-room, hastily "washing up" their faces and putting on their street clothes. Said the old man,—

"Did you notice the pretty little girl in the upper box? She reminds me of—" here his voice fell and took on suddenly a tone of sadness—"of some one I knew once, long ago."

Bridges, drying his face with a towel before the big mirror, did not observe the old man's change of voice, nor did he heed the last part of the sentence.

"Notice her?" he answered, with a touch of triumphant vanity in his manner of speech. "I should say I did. She was there on my account. I'm going to make a date with her for supper after the performance to-night."

Old Overfield, sitting on a trunk, stared at Bridges in surprise.

"Do you know her?" he asked.

"No," replied the "leading juvenile." "That is, I've never met her. But she's been writing me mash notes lately, asking for a meeting. In the last one she said she could get away from her house this evening, as her father's out of town and her mother is going over to Philadelphia this afternoon. So she invited me to have supper with her to-night, and was good enough to say she'd occupy that box this afternoon, so I could see what she's like. Didn't you observe her embarrassment when I came on the stage? I paid no attention to her first letter. But, having seen her, you bet I'll answer the last one right away. Don't you wish you were me, old fellow?"

The "old fellow" stood up and looked at Bridges severely.

"Yes, I do wish I were you,—just long enough to see that you don't answer that girl's letter. Surely you don't mean to!"

"Hello! What have you got to do with it? Do you know the young woman?"

"No, I don't. But I can easily guess all about her. She's some romantic little girl, still pure and good, afflicted with one of those idiotic infatuations for an actor, which is sure to bring trouble to her if

you don't behave like a white man. You want to show her the idiocy of her writing those letters, by ignoring them. You know that actors who care to do themselves and the profession credit make it a rule never to answer a letter from a girl like that, unless to give her a word of advice. Come, my boy, don't disgrace yourself and the profession. Don't spoil the life of a pretty but foolish girl, who, if you do the right thing, will soon repent her silliness and will make some square young fellow a good wife."

Bridges had continued to dress himself during this long speech, assuming a show of contemptuous indignation as it progressed. When Overfield, astonished at his own eloquence, had subsided, the young man replied, in a quiet but rather insolent tone,—

"Look here, old man, don't try to work the Polonius racket on me. I don't like advice, and I'm going to meet that girl. See? She arranged the whole thing herself; she's to be at a certain spot at eleven-thirty P.M. with a cab. All I've got to do is to signify my assent in a single line, which I'm going to write and send by messenger as soon as I get out of here. Of course, if the girl was a friend of yours it would be different. But she isn't, and if you want to remain on good terms with me you won't put in your oar. Now that's all settled."

"Is it? Well, young man, I don't want to remain on good terms with anybody I can't respect. I can't respect a man who'd take advantage of a love-struck girl's ignorance of life. If you meet her you will simply be obtaining favors on false pretences anyhow, for you know you're not really half the fascinating, romantic, clever youth that you seem when you're on the stage speaking another man's thoughts. That girl is probably good, and she looks like some one I used to know. If I can save her, I will, by thunder!"

"Really, old man, you're quite worked up. If you could act half that well on the stage, you'd be doing 'leads,' instead of dusting furniture while the audience gets settled in its seats."

Old Yorick stood for a moment speechless, stung by the insult. Then he took up his hat excitedly and left the dressing-room without a word.

Some of the other members of the company wondered at the angry, flushed look on his face when he hurried through the corridor to the stage door. A few minutes later he was seen walking down the street, apparently much heated in mind. When he reached a certain café, he went in, sat down, and called for whiskey. He remained alone in deep thought, mechanically and unconsciously answering the salutations bestowed upon him by two or three acquaintances who strolled in.

Suddenly he nodded decidedly thrice, as if denoting the acquiescence of his judgment in some plan of action formed by his inventive faculties. He rose quickly, paid his bill at the cashier's desk, and moved rapidly across the street to the——Hotel. Passing in through a broad entrance, he turned aside to a writing-room, where, without removing his soft hat, he sat down at a desk.

He was soon immersed in the composition of a letter, which caused him many contractions of the brow, many lapses during which he

abstractedly stared at vacancy, many fresh beginnings, and the whole of the two hours allowed him, before the evening performance, for dinner.

When he had finished the letter, he carefully read it and made a few corrections. Then he folded it up, put it in an envelope, and placed it unsealed in his inside coat-pocket. He rose with an expression of resolution about his eyes that was quite new there.

Ascertaining by the clock in the thronged main corridor that the time was ten minutes after seven, the old man rushed into the café, where he devoured hastily a chicken croquette and swallowed a cup of coffee and a glass of whiskey before starting to the theatre. He was in his dressing-room and in his shirt-sleeves, touching up his eyebrows, when Bridges arrived. A cool greeting passed between the two.

"You sent the note?" asked the old man.

"What note?" gruffly queried Bridges, taking off his coat.

"To that girl."

"Most certainly."

A curious look, unobserved by Bridges, shot from Poor Yorick's eyes. It seemed to say, "Wait! Things may happen that you're not looking for."

At about the time when Bridges and Yorick were dressing for the performance, a newspaper reporter, wishing to make a few notes of an interview that had been accorded him by a politician staying in the hotel at which the old man had written his long letter, went into the writing-room and made use of the desk where the actor had sat earlier in the evening. Several sheets of blank paper were scattered over it. One of them contained almost a page of writing. Yorick had negligently left it there. It was a beginning made by him before he had succeeded in attaining a satisfactory wording for his thoughts. This rejected opening read,—

"My dear foolish young lady,—Something has happened which prevents Mr. Bridges from keeping his appointment with you, and you are much better off on that account, for nothing but unhappiness can come to you if you allow yourself to be carried out of your senses by your infatuation for a man who has neither the brains nor the manliness which he seems to have when playing parts that call for the mere simulation of these gifts. Never make an appointment with a man you do not know, especially a young and vain actor who has once got the worst of it in a divorce suit. You will be thankful some day for this advice, for I know what I speak of. I was once, years ago, just such an actor. The woman who got into all sorts of trouble because she wrote me such letters as you have written Bridges, and who brought to an early end a life that might have been very happy and useful, looked like you, and it is the memory of what she lost and suffered that makes me wish to save you. My dear young—"

There were yet two lines to spare at the foot of the page. The newspaper man, interested by the fragment, thrust it into his pocket.

When Poor Yorick had finished his final scene in the comedy at the — Theatre that night, he made haste to dress and to leave the playhouse. But he loitered near the stage entrance, keeping in the

shadow on the other side of the alley, out of the range of the light from the incandescent globe over the door.

Bridges was slightly surprised, on returning to his dressing-room, to find that Yorick had already gone. But he attributed this to the ill feeling that had arisen on account of the intended meeting with the girl of the letters and the box.

The leading juvenile attired himself for the conquest carefully but rapidly. When he was ready he surveyed his reflection complacently in the long mirror, assuming the slightly languid look that he intended to maintain during the first half-hour of the supper. He retained the dress-suit which he wore in the second and third acts of the play, and which he rarely displayed outside the theatre. He flattered himself that he was quite irresistible, and wondered whether she would take him to Delmonico's or to some quiet little place. He indulged, too, in some vague speculations as to what the supper might result in. The girl was evidently of a rich family, but her people would doubtless never hear of her making a match with him, that divorce affair being in recent memory. A marriage was probably out of the question. However, the girl was a beauty, and this meeting was at the least worth the trouble. So he donned his coat and hat, and swaggered out of the theatre.

He had no sooner turned from the alley upon which the stage door opened, than Yorick, unnoticed by him, darted out in pursuit.

Ten minutes' walking brought the leading juvenile near the spot where he was to be awaited by the girl in the cab. Yorick, whose only means of ascertaining the place of meeting was to follow Bridges, kept as near the young actor as was compatible with safety from discovery by the latter. Bridges, strutting along unconscious of Yorick's presence a few yards behind, had half traversed a deserted block of tall brown-stone residences, when he saw a cab standing at the corner ahead of him. He quickened his pace in such a way as to warn the old man that the eventful moment was at hand. The cab stood under an electric light before an ivy-grown church.

Yorick, with noiseless steps, accelerated his gait. Bridges, as he neared the cab, deflected his course towards the curb-stone and threw his head back impressively. This little action, interpreted rightly by the pursuer, was the old man's cue. Yorick suddenly rushed forward with surprising agility.



HE FLATTERED HIMSELF THAT HE WAS QUITE IRRESISTIBLE.

Before Bridges could have been seen by the occupant of the cab for which he was making, he was dazed by a blow on the side of the head just beneath the ear, and knocked off his feet by a second thump on the same spot. He reeled, clutched at the air, and fell heavily upon the sidewalk. There he lay stunned and silent.



BRIDGES, STRUTTING ALONG UNCONSCIOUS OF YORICK'S PRESENCE.

Yorick, not waiting to see what became of the man whom he had felled, dashed forward to the cab. Opening the door, he caught a momentary vision of a white round face with big scared eyes, above a palpitating mass of soft silk and fur, and against a black background. He thrust towards her the letter, which he had quickly drawn from his pocket, and whispered, huskily,—

"Mr. Bridges couldn't come. Here's a note."

Then he slammed the cab-door, and called out, in a commanding tone,—

"Drive on there! Quick!"

The cabman, who had evidently received directions in advance from

the girl, jerked his reins, and the cab moved forward, turned, and rattled away, the horses at a brisk trot.

Yorick speedily left the scene. At the next corner he met a policeman, to whom he said,—

"There's a man lying on the sidewalk back there by the church. I don't know whether he's drunk or not."

He was off before the officer could detain him.

Bridges spent the night in a station-house, recovering from the effects of a fall which the police attributed to drunkenness. Assuming that he had received his blows from some masculine relative or admirer of the girl, he gave a false account of his bruises when, the next day, he asked the manager for a few nights of rest, and enabled his understudy to obtain a chance long coveted.

The leading juvenile manifestly thought best not to attempt a renewal of a flirtation with a young woman who had so formidable a protector; and the girl herself, whatever became of her, addressed him no more epistles of adoration or of any sort whatever.

Yorick got from the stage manager permission to change his dressing-room. Thereafter he and Bridges maintained a mutual coolness, until one day the leading juvenile, warmed by cocktails, melted, and addressed the old man familiarly by his nickname.

"Old fellow," said Bridges, over a café table, "when I come to play Hamlet I'll send for you to act Poor Yorick. You'd do it well. You're always best, you know, in parts that don't require you to come on the stage at all."

The old man smiled grimly and then shrugged his shoulders at this pleasantry.

When he died the other day he left a curious will, in which, after naming several insignificant legacies, he bequeathed his skull "to a so-called actor, one Charles Bridges, to be used by him in the grave-



HE THRUST TOWARDS HER THE LETTER.



"THERE'S A MAN LYING ON THE SIDEWALK."

yard scene when he shall have become able to play Hamlet,—if the skull be not disintegrated by that time.”

Robert N. Stephens.



THE PATH OF GOLD.

AN Indian legend, beautiful and old,
Tells how a sinner sought the path of gold

Cast by a midnight moon on waters deep,
And there lay down to his eternal sleep,

With faith that, though the sea his bones should hold,
His deathless soul should mount the path of gold,

And steal unchallenged through the gates of heaven,
Its guilt forgotten, or, perchance, forgiven.

O low-hung moon! O quivering path of light!
The savage legend comes to me to-night.

At water's edge I stand, and at my feet
The sands of earth and heaven's gold do meet.

Would that I held the simple faith and hope
That bore the Indian's soul up yon bright slope!

But even as my prayer is cried aloud,
Thy face, O moon, is hidden with a cloud;

Thy light is gone; the waters, cold and gray,
Clutch at my feet and chill all hope away.

Oh, can it be that souls in sin grown old
Can never find the shining Path of Gold?

Currie Blake Morgan.



SIR FREDERICK LEIGHTON.

AN HOUR AT SIR FREDERICK LEIGHTON'S.

IN response to a cordial invitation, we visited the President of the Academy at his home. As we entered the studio, we were met by the host, one of the most finished gentlemen, as well as one of the most accomplished artists, in Britain. Sir Frederick Leighton was elected President of the Royal Academy not only because he is a rare artist, but because he possesses an equally rare courtesy and social tact, qualities which are as necessary in his position as his artistic ability. He is, so to speak, the visible embodiment to the world of English art. It is he who receives all the great artists from other countries who visit England, presides at official dinners given by the Academy, opens the annual exhibition of the Academy,—in short, takes the leading part in every function in which English art must be publicly and officially represented. Dainty notes of invitation to dinners, balls, and receptions crowd his desk during the London season, for his society is courted by every one who has the pleasure of his acquaintance, and by many who have not. Strikingly handsome in face, manly and graceful in bearing, exquisitely polished in manner, picturesque in costume, he seems a realization of the ideal artist and man of the world.

Sir Frederick began to study art in Rome when but eleven years of age, and carried on his studies in all the principal art centres of

Europe,—Berlin, Frankfort, Brussels, and Paris,—and under the most celebrated modern masters. In 1855, when twenty-five, he sent to London for exhibition his picture of "The Procession of Cimabue's Madonna," which received much praise and was soon purchased by the queen and placed in Buckingham Palace. During the next four years he studied in Paris under Ary Scheffer, sending his pictures yearly to the Academy. In 1864 he was elected Associate Royal Academician, and in 1869 Royal Academician. He was chosen President of the Royal Academy in 1878, was knighted the same year, and in 1888 was made a baronet. The list of his pictures is a long one, and shows that he is a hard worker. The versatility of his character and genius is shown by his wide choice of subjects, though he gives undoubted preference to the classical. He has done mural paintings in the South Kensington Museum and in the parish church at Lyndhurst, Hants. He is also a musician of marked ability and attainments.

His house stands in what was once a portion of the park surrounding the famous Holland House, more than half a century ago the home of Lord Holland and his fascinating wife, who drew around them the most brilliant representatives of the world of politics, as well as that of literature and art. A few years hence, Holland Park will live only in memory and in the name of the street, for it is gradually being divided and sold, though quite an open space is still left. Many famous artists have their homes in this neighborhood. From the windows of Sir Frederick's studio may be seen the houses of Watts, the Thornycrofts, and Val Prinsep, and by a short cut through the Park they may be reached without going into the street.

The studio itself is a room of ample proportions, with great windows opening towards the north and looking out upon the Park: when the apple- and pear-trees are covered with blossoms and the beds of tulips flaunt their gay heads in the soft spring air, the scene is so rural, so peaceful, that it is hard to realize that vast, surging, restless London lies just beyond. Upon the floor of polished wood are rugs of rare beauty and value from the Orient, which perhaps may be a subtle indication of the owner's sympathy with Oriental genius and art. An ample fireplace occupies one end of the apartment, and a bright fire glowing on the hearth gave a charming bit of home-like comfort. The dark red of the walls affords a rich background for the pictures, sketches, draperies, statuary, and the thousand and one objects which make up the fascinating *impedimenta* of a studio, infinite in variety yet complete in the harmony.

Sir Frederick especially called our attention to a large canvas upon which glowed the rich colors of a sunset once seen, so he told us, in Ireland, and which had "more deeply impressed itself upon his memory than any other sunset scene he had ever looked upon."

Were I to mention all the rare, beautiful, and curious objects in the studio, this paper would read like a catalogue of a collection at the British Museum. We must content ourselves with a glance here and there: it is an *embarras de richesses*. On a quaint spindle-legged table stood an engraving of a picture by Sir Joshua Reynolds, the first President of the Royal Academy. On its margin is the inscription, "To

Sir Frederick Leighton, from Albert Edward." It is an old engraving, picked up in Paris when the Prince of Wales and Sir Frederick chanced to be there together. Near it stood a photograph of the Princess of Wales, bearing her autograph, and photographs of the Count and Countess of Paris.

Opening out of the large studio is the room built about three years ago for winter use. It is of good size, enclosed on three sides and roofed in with glass, so as to admit every ray of sunlight in the short, dark days of a London winter. Adjoining the main studio on the other side is Sir Frederick's "den," as he calls it,—a pretty little room, with easy-chairs and comfortable corners and an open fire, where he lounges, writes his notes, or chats with his intimate friends over a post-prandial Havana.

Beyond is the library, filled with rare books on every conceivable subject and in many languages, for Sir Frederick is a fine linguist: Italian, German, and French are as familiar to him as his native tongue. A man must touch the world at many points,—such is his theory,—must have a wide acquaintance with man and nature, must be catholic in sympathies and tastes, must be a student of books, must have a knowledge far beyond the mere boundaries of his especial art, before he can be a consummate artist; and this, which is the philosophy of the true artist's culture, Sir Frederick completely illustrates. This wide knowledge of life, he believes, passing through the alembic of the artistic temperament, becomes transmuted and is allied with that subtle indescribable native essence of genius which no one can lack and yet be a supreme artist.

Over the door leading into the dining-room is the legend "*Prosit*," appropriate as it is to that particular room, it may well be called the *y-note* of the house. For it does one good, in this age of utility, whose motto is "The Money Value," to enter rooms where beauty takes precedence of utility, and artistic excellence is more highly esteemed than commercial value.

Double doors connect the dining- and drawing-rooms, which, like all the others, are filled with costly and beautiful devices. The carpet, dull yet rich in coloring, once belonged to that fair enchantress Mary Stuart. Among the pictures are four gems by Corot, and George Constable's "Hay-Wagon," which is so well known from engravings. The Rhodian plaques, now displayed against a background of ruby velvet, were dug up by Sir Frederick himself when he visited Rhodes.

Like the *bonne bouche* which the children keep to the last is the "Arab Hall," into which our host at length invited us. This apartment claims the unique honor of having been created simply as a beautiful shrine for beautiful things. Not for library, not for reception hall, not for cosey sanctum, was it made. During two years of travel in Southern Europe and the far East Sir Frederick collected many rare objects of great beauty and value. On his return to England it became a question what to do with them. To arrange them as in a museum or to scatter them through the house did not suit the artist, so he called in his architect and said, "Build me an apartment whose sole *raison d'être* shall be beauty." The "Arab Hall" is entered from the main

hall on the first floor and from the drawing-room. It is octagonal in shape, with a dome-like roof. The floor is of tessellated marble, made by English workmen, and in the centre is a large square block of black marble, hollowed out into a basin, into which falls the water from the fountain. The deep dado is of exquisitely-carved wood, and the entire surface between it and the frieze, which was designed and painted by Walter Crane, is inlaid with tiles collected by Sir Frederick in Persia, Damascus, Constantinople, and Cairo. The stained-glass windows on the eight sides of the hall are peculiarly beautiful in design and rich in color, and the glass was made in England, a fact of which the owner is very proud. A few low divans carry out the Oriental design, and these are the only articles of furniture in this remarkable apartment.

The finest *coup-d'œil* is from the landing of the staircase just when the afternoon sunlight streams through the painted windows and bathes everything in the soft richness of Oriental colors, and the gentle plash of the water in the marble basin is the only sound that breaks the stillness.

But our hour, which had seemed but a moment, must close. As we turned away from this abode at once of the genius of culture and the culture of genius, and passed into the hall from the "room beautiful," our host drew our attention to two high-backed, richly-carved chairs he had picked up in Urbino: they had undoubtedly belonged to Raphael.

The door at length closed, and as we passed out into the soft May air came the impression more distinctly than any other that the most beautiful thing in that beautiful home was the gracious spirit of kindness which takes pleasure in giving pleasure to others and neglects no opportunity to do it.

Virginia Butler.

PASCAGOULA.

I SAILED at sunset o'er a quiet sea :
 With roses of faint-flushing light was filled
 Heaven's evening garden ; slanting radiance spilled
 Its hues incarnadine along the lee ;
 The sky was barred with cloudy mystery ;
 The azure spaces 'gan to dim their hue,
 And pearly mist to stain the tender blue,
 While on the shelly sand the ripple free
 Followed the keel along the curving shore,
 As toward fair Pascagoula's bay I drew,
 And air, earth, ocean, purple forest, wore
 The splendor of such light as Eden knew.
 To perfect bliss there lacked but one thing more,—
 Thy sweet eyes bent with mine on heaven's door.

Titus Munson Coan.

A DEED WITH A CAPITAL D.

[LIPPINCOTT'S NOTABLE STORIES.—NO. VIII.*]

IT was vacation-time with Walter Hutchins, and he was spending it in a new way. Heretofore, as a rest from writing about men, he had fled them, and had gone into the deer-haunted woods of Maine and among the Canadian salmon-streams. This time he had gone to the coal-regions. It was a summer of fights and fires and strikes and discontent; it was a season when comfortable people asked themselves, uneasily, the meaning of it all, and Hutchins was beginning to think on social subjects and industrial shifts. As a writer, and therefore a poor man, his sympathies were with the workers, and he fancied, selfishly, that topics for remunerative writing could be found among them. So it was that he tramped into a dusty Pennsylvania village one day and took up his quarters in a hotel of ostentatious cheapness.

The workers of the place were in revolt. They had lost some days' pay, and were surrounded by an air of discontent. There was more drinking than there would have been had no rupture occurred, and because of that more noise and dirt, more bad cooking, more whipping of children, more surliness, and more picturesqueness, perhaps. Though he might have visited the city slums at any time, the artist in Hutchins had shrunk from their grossness; yet here, where the people were even poorer and unhappier, because they worked harder, were paid less, and felt no interest in their work, he came under the influence of a fascination that made him a daily visitor at their huts.

Perhaps it was the unity of purpose that made the place seem strange to him. The men, working or striking, were engaged in one pursuit, spending their days together and their nights but a few yards apart; having and desiring no privacy, they shared tastes, ideas, and appetites; their circumstances were monotonously alike, and in their feeling toward their employers they were united in a fraternity of distrust. Ignorant because they had known only toil from childhood, suspicious and unwilling because they were ignorant, and dangerous because they were suspicious, they seemed to have lost, or never to have gained, the finer qualities that Hutchins found himself prizing as never before. Yet he was troubled at the injustice of it all; not the long hours and short wages, but the inability to get a start in life.

* With the March number began the issue of this series of short stories, one of which is to appear each month during the current year. On the completion of the series the stories will be reprinted in a small volume, and the royalty on the sale of this book will belong to the author of that one of the ten tales which receives the popular verdict.

To determine this choice, our readers are invited to signify each month, by postal card addressed to the editor of *Lippincott's Magazine*, their opinions as to the merits of the short story in the last issue. Those who thus report as to each of the ten tales, from March to December inclusive, will receive, free of charge, a copy of the collected edition of "Notable Stories."

These men were handicapped from birth, and before it. It was as hard for them to get the incentive toward a larger, happier career as it would be for a Flathead Indian to outgrow the effect of pressure on his skull. Books, science, music, art, plays, manners,—these were names to them, perhaps; but, except in rudest forms, no more. Physical comforts and advantages were all they sought. They went to mass on Sunday as men to whom it is a duty, like that of reporting at the mine at the hour for beginning work. What could life mean for them? Hutchins marvelled when he remembered that Presidents had been tailors and rail-splitters. "But, then, they were Americans," he said.

There were nightly meetings at the largest saloon in the village, and some of them were exciting. Hutchins made bold to attend one in his careless garb, and his writing instinct was awakened by the strangeness of the hatred that was shown. He despatched a column about it to a city paper. It was a "beat" that the editors made it worth his while to administer to their rivals, but he could not foresee the results. He did not then know the relation that this meeting bore to others in the district; he believed that the men would be relieved by the use of strong language, for a kettle does not explode when the lid is off: so he was more surprised than the miners when a company of militia marched into the place next morning and went into camp near some offices at the head of the street.

This was the effect of his account in the newspaper. The miners were not slow to connect him with that performance, and the words "spy" and "sneak" were spoken in undertones that it was intended he should hear. He went to one or two of the men and explained that he had no ill will against any one, that he trusted they would get what was due to them, and advised them against violence. Those whom he addressed seemed to be thinking of other matters; they replied in monosyllables and turned away.

On the second night after the soldiers came, a coal-breaker was set on fire, and stones were thrown through his window. As the landlord suggested that it would be for the benefit of all concerned if he would change his boarding-place, he paid his bill, including the price of new window-panes, and passed up the street, his satchel swinging from his shoulder, a stick gripped in his hand.

Crack! It was a pistol-shot from the yard of one of the wretched tenements. A bullet pierced his hat. He could see nobody. His first impulse was to run; his second, to charge into the yard. A second shot was fired, but more at random, for the bullet went wide. Hutchins gave way to his first impulse. Had he met his assailant openly he might have rushed on him and felled him with his cudgel, but few have the courage or resource to attack a concealed foe. Before he had run ten rods he slackened his pace to a walk, then stopped and looked back, angry at the person who had fired, ashamed and angry at himself. For a minute he remained, and in that minute his sympathies went through so swift a revulsion that he felt a physical sickness. The humanism of the place had vanished, and brutality filled the very atmosphere. Striking his staff into the road with a force that bespoke resolve, he flourished into camp and asked to see the captain. On the emergence

of that dignitary, a soft-spoken man with eye-glasses, but of a firm way of standing and a resolute set of jaw, he said, "I have come to offer my services, sir, provided I can give them without enlisting."

In his rapid scrutiny of the applicant the captain's eye lingered on Hutchins's flannel shirt. The meaning of the glance was quickly caught. "I am not one of the strikers," said the wearer of the garment.

The captain laughed with a little evidence of confusion.

"I don't come as a spy," pursued Hutchins. "I owe these people nothing—or perhaps I do, for I have just been fired at." And he took off his hat.

A grave look came into the officer's face. "It is out of order," he said, "to admit anybody into camp except enlisted men, but my company is ten miles from my regiment, and we number only seventy. The miners are not behaving well. I remember that John Burns fought in the ranks at Gettysburg in his homespun, so it is no great strain if we allow you to stand guard in a sack-coat. But you must take the oath of allegiance for as long as we are in service."

"Willingly."

"Do you know anything about a gun?"

"I was in the Connecticut National Guard for a couple of years."

"Oh, well, that's all right." And the captain offered his hand.

Hutchins had gone soldiering in his youth to the extent of attending armory drills, spending a week in camp, and turning out for field-days and escort-duty. The exercise, the set-up, the comradeship, the love of color, music, rhythm, and power, that make every lad a soldier in fact or in deferred intention, had drawn him into the militia at eighteen, and he had, moreover, an idea that it was well for able-bodied men to gain a smattering in the art of arms. In Europe every man had to; in America every man ought to. But his experience in buttons had been eventful only in pleasures. Here he was offering himself for what might be war.

A sergeant furnished him with a drill-jacket; a cap, two sizes too big for him, was found, and he was girded with a belt; a quarter of an hour at the manual of arms brought the whole thing back to him, and he entered on his duties with the zest of a revived, or survived, interest. He went on guard at once, taking the place of a man who had gone out with despatches, and he laughed softly to himself as he contrasted his present situation with that of a week before. "Then I was pegging away for dollars; now I am carrying ball cartridge and waiting for—revenge?" The thought startled him so that he exchanged it for a pleasanter one.

During the afternoon the captain changed the line so as to bring into closer watch the saloon where the meetings had been held, and a sentry was posted at the opposite corner. He was on post 3; Hutchins held post 4. For some hours the miners had been going in and out, leaving the place a little worse than they went in, and at intervals loud talk was heard, and once or twice a cheer.

The captain finally called his first lieutenant. "I'm afraid, Mr. Everett," said he, "that we shall have trouble with that place if it is kept open, and I've a suspicion that guns have been concealed there.

You will take ten men, raid the house, order everybody out, search it for arms, close it, and seal it."

Within three minutes there was a loud commotion in the saloon, and fifteen or twenty men came out, uttering threats, the last of them being almost frantic with rage. He was the proprietor, and this was his harvest-time. After them came some of the soldiers, who kept the door while the search was going on, and the rest followed, bringing with them eight rifles and a couple of shot-guns. On seeing their armory thus despoiled the miners howled with wrath, but on an imperative order to return to their homes they moved slowly down the street, stopping every now and again to shake their fists toward the camp. Later in the day they began to straggle back. There was no menace in their movements, for it was evident that they lacked a leader and had no concert of action. It was curiosity as much as enmity that drew them near the camp again, and some were as willing to joke with the soldiers as to jeer at them. Steadiness and patience had been enjoined on the sentries, but it was hard to keep silence under a fire of epithets and sarcasm. Fortunately, theirs was a crack regiment,—one composed of young men of intelligence and ambition, who took pleasure in athletics and could support courage with force, if need were. It is easier for such men to subdue their tempers than it is for those whose feelings are racially or constitutionally on the surface.

At sundown three miners tried the door of the closed saloon: finding that they could not enter, they crossed the street. The sentinel patrolling post 3 was a slight, fair man, and it was evident that the miners intended to annoy him. He flushed at some of their remarks, but tried to appear unconscious of their presence, looking straight before him as he walked. Suddenly the three fellows rushed against him from behind, two of them claspng him, while a third tried to wrench the rifle from him. With a shout of "Corporal of the guard, post 3," Hutchins sprang to the rescue. The attack might have been a "lark," but there was no time to weigh that point. He thrust his bayonet at the nearest man, who reeled into the street with a yell, while the others desisted from their assault and led away their wounded mate. A scurry of blue-coats to the place, some loud talk, fierce oaths,—Hutchins was conscious of these, but his thoughts, like his eyes, went from a splash of blood on the ground to the retreating miners. "Curse the business!" he muttered. "Yet I was right."

"That was well done," was the captain's comment. "It may prevent trouble."

Hutchins saluted in an absent way. He was still watching the miners, one of whom took a cloth and bound the arm of another. "Ha!" he exclaimed, "it's only that." For a time he felt graver and larger. He felt as if a long time had gone by since his enlistment. After all, life contains only so many heart-beats, so many breaths. We hurry the beats and the breaths when we do great work, and come to the end of them sooner, but the hearts have not beaten for nothing. One man lives as much in thirty years as another in a century.

The warm smell of the tent, the odor of the straw, the flutter of insects, the swish of the grass, the drowsy talk at head-quarters, the call of

the guard when a clock tolled in the village, acted as a sedative when he had turned in, and his mind grew calm as his eyes grew heavy. After guard-mount and breakfast he felt, not like a new man, because nobody ever underwent that experience, but collected and satisfied. He enjoyed the bright air and color and coolness; he enjoyed the chaff of his comrades, who had taken him into companionship as "quite a devil of a fellow;" he enjoyed the rolls and coffee and the pipe. So readily, almost naturally, had he dropped into this way of life, this romantic gypsying under sanction of authority, that he thought he would like a turn in the regular army.

At noon the miners were seen in large numbers down the street. They appeared to be talking with animation, and after a time they broke into a cheer. The officers looked puzzled and anxious. The cheer was repeated, and the men slowly advanced up the street. Sentries were called from post, the company fell in, and ball-cartridges were served. At the first corner the miners left the main street and turned off to their right. This was unexpected. It was evident that they did not intend to court a conflict. Were they going to burn the hoisting-works?

"Lieutenant, take two files of men—Eh! what's that?" Thus the captain.

The clock had struck one, and the whistle was blowing at the hoist.

"Is that mischief? Yet they wouldn't get up steam for that."

So earnest was the watch that the approach of an orderly from the other direction was not seen until the beat of his horse's hoofs had first been heard. The messenger rode up to the captain. "Colonel Burleigh's compliments," he said. "He instructs you to break camp, unless there are local disturbances, and rejoin the regiment. The owners have made a concession, and the men are going back."

So the trouble was over. The soldiers applauded. They represented law, but there are other laws than those in books. Hutchins was really glad that the miners had carried their point, yet he felt a sense of disappointment. The thing had flattened out. It was insipid. Was it his artistic sense—it was not his reason—that demanded a more brilliant finish to the campaign? Yes, he believed that was it. "I am measuring events by the rules of my pencil-pushing trade," he thought, "and I want these pick-swingers to act as if they were villains in a melodrama."

Dinner was eaten, tents were packed, the lock of the saloon was unsealed, and the owner thereof came into his own again, swearing prodigiously. Perishable supplies were carried to houses where there was illness or widowhood,—an act that was discussed with surprise for weeks afterward. Hutchins had kicked himself back into civilian's clothes, the drummer was limbering his wrists, the men were buckling their belts, when a rumble was heard, followed by a slight jar. It was half a mile to the pit-entrance, but a murmur of high-pitched voices came across to them. A thread of smoke arose from the earth, and the whistle sounded.

"The mine's afire," cried one of the men.

"Fall in," ordered the captain. "Attention. Carry arms. Right shoulder arms. Left four stand fast to guard camp. Fours right, double quick, march." And in ten seconds the company was swinging along the dusty road toward the mine. It was extra duty, but every man gave himself to it with enthusiasm. Hutchins, in his gray garb, aligned with the file-closers and followed, carrying his stick gun-fashion. The smoke before them grew black and went higher; the murmur grew louder; people were coming up from the village. Now a crowd was seen at the hoist talking excitedly together. Then came a broken cheer. There had been an explosion of fire-damp, and the bucket had just come up with the miners. Fortunately, but few of them had gone to work. As the company turned a group of ramshackle buildings at its easy run, a man with a flaxen beard and spectacles came to meet it.

"Just the men!" he exclaimed. "Won't you keep these people back from the pit until we can find what the damage is?"

The soldiers brought up sharply into line and halted, then divided, and with arms port began to press the crowd to right and left, using force, but gently, and persuading as well as pushing. An avenue of approach was quickly made. The enmity of yesterday had been forgotten.

"Now, Stevens, are you all up?" asked the superintendent.

"Yes, sir," came from a sooty man. "Aren't we, boys?"

The crowd engaged in self-examination for a moment. Then one said, "Where's Aleck?"

At the words a pale woman uttered a stifled cry, her eyes stared, and her hands went to her temples. A grimy child of four years clutched its fingers into her coarse dress and broke into a wail on seeing its mother's face.

"Aleck Hargrove? Isn't he up? Hi! Aleck!" Several voices took it up. There was no answer. The pale woman grew paler.

"Volunteers!" cried the superintendent. Hutchins sprang forward. The captain stopped him. "Are you married?" said he.

"No," answered Hutchins.

The captain saluted and stepped aside. Two or three men pressed through the line of soldiers. "What is the use?" said Hutchins to them. "Your wives are there."

Looking back an instant, he saw the pale woman with eyes fixed on him. He was as pale as she. He was dimly conscious of faces, as an actor is of his audience, and on some of them he felt, rather than saw, surprise. He ran to the pit. A great bucket was hanging in it. He had never been in a coal-mine until a week ago.

"The left gallery," he heard a man's voice call. Then he felt motion, and it became murky, then dark. He clung to the bail of the bucket and tried to think. Think? He could not. His mind was working furiously, but not with thoughts. It was a series of useless, irrelevant pictures that came before him, and among them, like vivid flashes, recurred the woman and the child, with a maple-tree behind them, leisurely swinging in the breeze against a cool blue sky.

How dark! How hot! How close! What a volume of dust

and smoke! It was intolerable. A bump: he had landed. The shock braced him back to himself. Walls of rock, reeking with moisture, ascended to low roofs. The broken stone that was on the ground confused and tripped him. The left gallery? But had the bucket turned? Which was the left? Ah, he remembered a beam that hung over the pit on that side. He looked up. A faint brown light alone was seen through an upflowing cataract of dust and smoke. It showed where the pit-entrance was, and that was all. Where, then, was the light about him?—where did it come from? Along this tunnel? It must be a matter of chance. He would take this drift and follow it. It was the debate and resolve of an instant. He must move quickly.

The smoke was strangling, and was increasing in thickness. He gave a cry, but there was no answer. It threw such a horror of solitude and helplessness upon him that he did not dare repeat it. As he breathed again, the smoke rasped his throat like a file, and he coughed. He stumbled and fell, and the twinkling lamp that a miner had thrust into his hand as he descended went out. But the air at the floor was freer. Forward on hands and knees. Now he came to fire,—tongues of it licking the timbers, flickering, going out in the wind and dampness, lighting again and creeping like snakes, hissing as they moved. Ahead, perhaps not far, because one could not tell distance in this smoke, was a brown glow. An echoing crash sounded off to the right. A cross-tunnel. He must remember that. There was a gust! Lower and lower he crouched, yet faster and faster went his heart and slower grew his pace. At last he struck his head and stopped. What was the use of it? No, he would not give in yet. He would go on for three feet more. One—two—three—four—yes, three more. One—two—three— Again, lying with face to the floor, he felt along the earth. Somewhere he heard a vast and hollow roaring, as if the earth had opened to its centre and the internal fires were pouring out. Thicker grew the smoke. He could no longer see. He was growing dizzy and confused. Three paces more, and then—one—two— What was this? Something soft—wet—an arm! He shook it. There was a slight and stifled groan.

"God!" exclaimed the seeker. "Help me now."

With a frenzied grip on the man he raised him, caught his arms and brought them over his shoulders, took a breath, held it, brought his burden to his back with a twitch, arose, and staggered on for some paces. Then he fell. It had all to be done over, but he got the man on his back again, and this time went on his knees. What a smoke! Yes, the cross-tunnel—that was all right—but how far was it? Ten yards? A hundred? Half a mile? A loud report, followed by a rattling fall. He remembered that they used dynamite. There was a gust of flame that almost scorched. Thicker and darker. Eyes must be shut all the time now—harder to breathe—harder to move—harder to think. How heavy the fellow was! Why didn't he walk? Why didn't he dance? What was he doing down here in hell? Ha, ha! What a fancy, that a man should dance while he was roasting! What was that—that Rosierucian story? Purified by fire? Humph! Purity in smoke! Dizzy—sleepy. How hot, that rock! No air, any

more. What queer rings of light were rolling around! On, and on, and on, for ever and ever, amid rock and fire and thunder! Oh, to die so—to have to live so! Open door—window—ah!

He had struck against the iron bucket. One fierce struggle. He dumped in the man from his back, head first; he tumbled in after him; he shook the rope furiously; he noticed motion. It was all black.

Feebly battling with nothing, gasping, coughing, feeling the drench of sweat and water, Hutchins opened his eyes and saw, through the smarting lids, the maple swaying in the wind. How delicious the air was! The captain and the superintendent were beside him. They gave him whiskey. He tried to rise.

"Did I get him?" he asked.

"Yes, see." They pointed to a figure on the grass feebly moving a hand.

"What! That—that nigger?"

The men nearest to him smiled. "Don't call names," said the captain, in a kindly tone that seemed to mask and relieve a strain. "See yourself in the glass."

"I remember—the smoke. Hello! Look at my trousers. I'll have to borrow a uniform, I guess."

"You can borrow anything that belongs to my company."

Hutchins let them wash his face. Somehow it was very pleasant. Others were attending the rescued man. Presently he got on his feet to look at him. The man was recovering, but did not use his right arm. An unbelievably dirty rag was tied around it. The pale woman caught Hutchins's hand and kissed it. He snatched it hastily away from the unwonted caress; then, not wishing to appear rude, he took her hand and patted it, in encouragement. "Aleck," said the woman, "he saved you."

The man lifted his left hand to be shaken, and Hutchins took it. "What?" he exclaimed, looking intently at the man, who had just begun to show his features under their coat of grime. "Are you the one——"

"Yes," replied the victim of yesterday. "But I reckon I deserved it."

"Let that pass."

"I fired at you."

"And I didn't hurt you much?"

"Naw! I went to work."

"Let's call it square."

And they shook hands again.

A carriage came and took Hutchins to the hotel where the windows had been broken, but he insisted that Aleck should be taken along and left in his cabin. As the two men parted with another hand-shake, a little crowd at the corner set up a cheer. Hutchins was happy,—so happy that he tried to cherish the sensation, knowing it to be evanescent. For there is no such thing as continuous happiness. In its nature it is a climax, needing contrast for its point, and, like the diamond, precious for its rarity. We have but one October in a year.

Hutchins remained abed that day. Then he set off on a pedestrian

tour, with his face set eastward. From one little town he wrote to a friend in the city, "I am coming back for a square meal. I haven't learned much, except to like writing better. Other work requires too much industry. I found a subject, only I acted it instead of writing it. It was exciting, but it has no moral."

Charles M. Skinner.

NECROMANCY UNVEILED.



BEFORE accepting as genuine my exposure of the methods of performance of several interesting sleight-of-hand tricks and mechanical illusions here given, my reader will naturally ask how I can afford to tell the secrets of my profession,—how afford to flood with light that which should remain in darkness. My answer is, that nothing is here divulged except what either is generally known or must sooner or later be discovered by the superior intelligence of the times. And herein is implied the peculiar hardship of the peculiar art I follow. In most professions the labor of years is rewarded by permanency and stability in the end attained. The law ordinarily will copyright and patent the inven-

tion of a man's brain, but it cannot protect mine, because it cannot limit the mental operations of my audiences in discovering the means I use to puzzle and perplex them. The love of mystery is equalled only by the desire to devise methods for its explanation. My audiences come impressed with no belief that I am operating through any "uncanny" influences, as audiences once attended a magician's receptions. They come first to be amused with what only seems incredible, and next to discover the sources of its seeming incredibility. Thus a mechanical invention that requires years of toil to perfect in every detail, such as Ya-Ko-Yo, the Chinese Immigrant, or the Mystery of the Caliph of Bagdad, I cannot hope to utilize more than a season or two at best before the secret workings of the illusions are discovered. From this fact it may be inferred that invention and an inventive mind of mechanical turn are more necessary in my profession than in most others. The fact is best proved by the small number of those who follow that profession. The many who entered it with me, discouraged at the discovery of their secrets, have retired because they

lacked the inventive qualities of mind necessary to substitute new for old tricks, or to give the old ones a novel appearance and lead to a conclusion of misfit cause and effect.

Another reason why I can afford to surrender the outlines and explanations of the following tricks is that I am not afraid of any one who reads this article becoming my rival. Theory is one thing, practice another, and it would require weary months for the quickest-witted and most dexterous-handed to attempt in public the performance of these tricks and illusions, even when the methods are minutely explained. Even should any of my readers, visiting my receptions, proclaim in public my methods, discovered by this article, I am prepared to confound them by proving their mistake, for I perform the same trick in a dozen different ways. Therefore the sceptical may rest assured that the explanations here given are accurate.

I must first premise that palmistry is the absolute requirement of every magician. By this term I mean the manual science illustrated in the appearance and disappearance of coins, cards, and small articles, and their reproduction again in the most unlikely places, such as the ears, hats, and pockets of the spectators. No defined rules that have ever been written will make one a skilful palmist. Natural aptitude, quickness of eye and motion, certain formations of the hand, and constant practice are the necessary qualifications. I have taught many amateurs this art, and several of my students give a creditable parlor entertainment. While it would be simply impossible for any one to become a necromancer without a knowledge of this science, the perfection of it is but the beginning of magic. Tone, touch, and brilliancy are the qualifications of a good pianist. They are acquired only when the laborious practice of exercise and scales has been exhausted. So the magician is evolved from the practice of palmistry. With this understood, the explanation of sleight-of-hand illusions will be best appreciated.

A very simple little trick, requiring no apparatus and affording to the amateur palmist splendid opportunities, is the passage of a marked coin, borrowed from the audience, into an orange in full view of every one. The coin, say a quarter, is marked by one or a dozen of the spectators, it matters not how many, for future identification, and placed upon a table in some position so as to be visible to every one. Then an orange is brought forward and placed upon a smaller table at some distance from the one containing the quarter and either to its right or to its left. The performer, deeming, after a moment's hesitation, that two oranges will be necessary, pulls a second one from an ear or any other part of the person of one of the audience, and places it upon another table on the opposite side of the one holding the first orange. Standing behind the table holding the marked quarter, he asks which of the oranges it is desired he shall pass the coin into, the one on his right or the one on his left. Receiving the answer expressive of the desire of the audience, he takes the marked coin in both hands and blows upon it or pronounces some unintelligible words, and then shows his hands empty. He next advances to the table containing orange No. 1, which he cuts, discovering the quarter on the inside.

As he is about to exhibit the coin to the audience for identification, and while in the auditorium, he decides to blow the quarter into the remaining orange from where he stands. This he does as before, and, sending some one on the stage for the orange, it is cut in presence of the audience, and, lo, the identical coin marked is recognized by its owner.

The secret of the trick is in its preparation. Two oranges are necessary. A slit an inch and a half deep and just large enough to admit a quarter is made in both. In one of the oranges thus slit a quarter is placed. Both are kept in readiness behind the scenes while the performer, with a quarter concealed in his hand, is borrowing another and having it marked in front. On his way to the stage with the marked quarter he has ample time to palm the substitute, which he places upon the table. At a distance, of course, it is impossible to tell the real from the false quarter. His momentary absence behind the scene in quest of an orange enables him to slip the real quarter in the unfilled orange, which he places in a convenient pocket (for I need not tell you that a magician has pockets where pockets are never suspected), and he then advances and places the fruit he ostensibly went in search of on a table, either to the right or to the left of the centre one upon which the apparently marked quarter is exposed. If there remains any suspicion that the coin exposed is not the one borrowed, it is completely forgotten when the professor decides to have two oranges. Amusement is excited at his strange request for the loan of the extra orange, and wonder created when he extracts it from some one's ear. The deftness of palmistry accomplishes this feat. Not once in a hundred years would any one ask to examine this last orange containing the true quarter. Its production is too startling for any other feeling for the moment than confusion, and in that moment the performer has placed the other orange on the third table. Now, standing behind the centre table, he asks into which orange, the right or the left, he shall pass the quarter. It will be observed that his right is the left of the audience, and *vice versa*, so that whichever orange is decided upon, he is master of the situation. What is supposed to be the real quarter is palmed by no extraordinary dexterity, and disappears, presumably into the orange which is first cut. It would of course be suicidal to pass the quarter found there around for inspection, and while the professor is making a feint of doing so he pretends to discover dissatisfaction in the audience with the orange selected, as not being the one chosen. He exhibits a feigned chagrin at the imputation of any suspicion existing of his attempt to juggle with his auditors, explains to them the relative positions of right and left as contrarieties when applied to him upon the stage facing the audience, but, to satisfy every one that one orange is the same as another to him, he palms again what is supposed to be the true quarter, causing it to disappear and pass into the remaining orange. As it was never anywhere else, its discovery there is absolutely certain, to the astonishment of every one.

The Bewitched Skull and the Talking Hand are two very pretty illusions, or rather two different forms of the same illusion. As I explained this trick about twelve years ago, it is effected as follows:

A couple of open-backed chairs are placed sideways to the audience, back to back, about two feet apart. Upon these, resting on the backs, is a sheet of plate-glass, two feet six inches in length, and almost fifteen inches in breadth. The chairs and glass are usually placed in position before the curtain rises, but in order to show that there is no deception the performer takes up the piece of glass and brings it forward for examination, as also a papier-maché skull, life-size, and closely resembling the real article. It has the lower jaw complete, and a broad curved band of hoop-iron, painted to match the rest, extends from below the jaw to the lower part of the occiput. This band forms a rest for the skull, so that when placed on a smooth surface it stands fairly upright, though so nearly in equilibrium as to rock freely from back to front.

Having replaced the sheet of glass in position across the backs of the chairs, the performer places the skull upon it, facing the audience. Withdrawing to a little distance, he proceeds to put questions to it, which the skull answers by nods, one for "no" and three for "yes," after the approved spiritualistic fashion. Numbers are indicated by nodding the requisite number of times.

The answers are, as a rule, of a simple character, such as revealing the numbers of a pair of dice ("loaded," and changed as may be necessary) thrown into a hat, naming the suit and value of a drawn card, etc. "Fortune-telling questions" may also be asked, and will be, if not always correctly, at any rate intelligently answered. When the little comedy is over, the performer again brings forward the skull and sheet of glass and offers them for examination. If any sceptical gentleman ventures to suspect that the two chairs have any connection with the platform, or play any occult part, electrical, mechanical, or otherwise, he is invited to come forward and inspect them, but the closest scrutiny will not reveal anything of a suspicious character.

The secret, like that of many of the best of magical illusions, lies in a simple black silk thread, which against a moderately dark background is quite invisible. The silk is threaded at the outset through the open backs of the two chairs, each end passing behind the scenes, where they are united in the hand of the assistant. When the performer replaces the sheet of plate-glass upon the chairs after examination, he lifts the thread so that it may lie along the surface of the glass, passing from end to end, or nearly so, close to its under edge. The middle of the thread, as it thus lies on the glass, bears a little pellet of wax, and this, in placing the skull on the glass, the performer presses against its hinder part. The thread has hitherto been left free by the assistant, but if not slightly tautened by a pull on the double line the skull is tilted slightly backward. On the pull being again relaxed, it drops back into its normal position, giving the effect of a nod. This is the whole of the mystery. By pulling each end of the thread alternately, to a scarcely perceptible extent, the skull may be made to turn to right or left. When the trick is over, and the performer again offers the skull for examination, the assistant releases one end of the thread, and draws it away by the other. As the thread constitutes the whole working machinery, the skull, glass, and chairs

may be examined with the utmost freedom, without any risk of inconvenient disclosures.

The Talking Hand is worked on the same principle, but even more simply. The "hand" is a wax model of the natural member, terminating just above the wrist with a cuff of black velvet. In the hollow of the palm is a projecting boss, which when the hand is placed palm downward on any flat surface elevates the wrist portion about an inch. The arrangement of the silk thread is the same as in the case of the skull, save that the pellet of wax is not necessary. The performer, having duly offered the hand for examination and replaced it on the sheet of glass, raises the silk thread so that it shall lie just across the elevated wrist. The tightening of the thread depresses this, and consequently raises the fingers about a couple of inches, the whole hand forming a lever with the boss above mentioned for its fulcrum. The relaxation of the thread causes the fingers to sink down again with an audible rap; and answers to questions may be rapped out accordingly. When the trick is at an end, the concealed assistant releases one end of the thread, and draws it away by the other, thereby removing all possible clue to the secret.

The Cabinet of Proteus, although seldom used nowadays, may be revived very entertainingly. Twenty years ago it created a furore. It is best explained as follows.

The Cabinet of Proteus is a wooden closet, seven to eight feet in height by four or five feet square, supported on short legs, so as to exclude the idea of any communication with the floor. It has folding doors, and an upright pillar extends from top to bottom of the interior at about the centre of the cabinet. At the top of this pillar, in front, is fixed a lamp, so that the whole of the interior is brightly illuminated.

The folding doors are opened, disclosing the interior perfectly empty. The exhibitor directs his assistant to walk into the cabinet. He does so, and the doors are closed. Meanwhile a couple of gentlemen selected by the audience are invited to stand behind or beside the cabinet and see that no one obtains ingress or egress by any secret opening. Notwithstanding these precautions, when the doors are again opened, the assistant is found to have vanished, and another person, different in dress, in stature, and in complexion, is found in his place. This person steps forth, makes his bow, and retires. Again the cabinet, now empty, is closed, and after an interval of a few moments is again opened. This time a human skeleton is found to occupy the space. This ghastly object having been removed, and the door having been once more closed and opened, another person, say a lady, appears. This person having retired, the doors are again closed; and when they are again opened, the person who first entered is once more found within. A committee from the audience are now invited to examine the cabinet within and without, but all their scrutiny cannot detect any hidden space even sufficient to conceal a mouse.

The peculiar construction of the cabinet is of course the means whereby the deception can be practised, and this peculiarity in construction is as follows. A movable flap working on hinges extends from top to bottom of each side, resting when thrown open against the

post in the middle and thus enclosing a triangular space at the back of the cabinet. The outer surfaces of these flaps (*i.e.*, the surfaces exposed when they are folded back against the sides of the cabinet) are, like the rest of the interior, covered with wall-paper, of a crimson or other dark color. The opposite sides of the flaps are of looking-glass, and, when the flaps are folded back against the posts, reflect the surfaces against which they previously rested, and which are covered with paper of the same pattern as the rest. The effect to the eye of the spectator is that of a perfectly empty chamber, though, as we have seen, there is in reality an enclosed triangular space behind the post. This is capable of containing two or three persons, and here it is that the persons and things intended to appear in succession are concealed. The assistant, entering in sight of the audience, changes places, as soon as the door is closed, with one of the other persons. This person having retired, and the door being closed, those who are still within place the skeleton in position in front of the post, and again retire to their hiding-place. When all the rest have appeared, the person who first entered presses the flaps against the sides of the cabinet, against which they are retained by a spring lock on each side, and the public may then safely be admitted, as their closest inspection cannot possibly discover the secret.

The "Second-Sight" mystery long baffled the scrutiny of the most observing. As far back as 1860, as a boy, I performed it with my brother in all the principal European cities. Occasionally I introduce it now in my programme, with my wife as an assistant. The mode of this deception, as every one knows, is to blindfold the assistant on the stage with his or her back to the audience, and while in that position the assistant describes accurately articles selected by the operator from the persons of the spectators, such as rings, watches, coins, etc., with the material, settings, makers, dates and inscriptions upon them. As is generally known, this so-called "second-sight" is accomplished by means of an alphabet or set form of question and answer learned by the operator and assistant. From four to six months is usually required for the task.

This scheme or principle represents over three hundred different questions, all very similar,—so much so that in an evening's entertainment it is very noticeable, and often commented on, and the particular feature is, that we are not obliged to ask the same question twice for any article. There are no stereotyped questions. The combinations that ten different words will make, so selected as never to conflict, are unlimited. It is safe to state that even a thousand questions, each different, can be asked. This is what I claim is not attained by any other system of Second-Sight. In fact, since Robert Heller's time there never has been any second-sight worthy of the name.

Elaborate as this system is, it cannot be widely used at the present day, for fear of detection, and the trick is too startling, and too productive pecuniarily, to be abandoned. I have retained it in the following manner under a different form. Passing a small silver box among the audience, I desire it filled with coins of different denominations, nationalities, and dates, and only hold the box *in transitu* while passing

it to the last man, who covers it and holds it aloft. From the stage I read aloud the coins in the box, with dates, etc., or my wife reads them. So far, no explanation has been offered of this trick, and I think I am safe with its secret for many years. The battery and wires afford another method by which the "Second-Sight" mystery is effected, and it has this advantage over the alphabet system, that no words need pass between the operator and his assistant, the questions being written, but subject, of course, to the inspection of the operator; or they may be asked by the people. This system involves thousands of dollars in expense and comprehends a knowledge of trick telegraphy as elaborate as the key method. The battery is the size of a watch,—indeed, it could not be distinguished from one,—and is on the person of the operator. The thread of the wires, and how they are connected both with the operator and with his assistant, I must keep for future disclosure.

As a fitting conclusion to this article, I offer a few suggestions to rising magicians, drawn from a long experience. They may tend to throw additional light on the "ways that are dark and tricks that are (not) vain."

Always carry a wand while performing. The public regards this article as trifling and useless, or at best but a reminder of the paraphernalia of a conjurer, but it is the unsuspected tool by which many wonders are wrought. Besides, its presence in the hand is a pretext for the closed fingers around it, and the palm thus concealed may carry without suspicion a number of articles ready for use. It affords the pretext of adjourning to the table to lay it down, and while the spectators are intent on that harmless operation, the disengaged hand may grab anything needed and concealed about the table, which otherwise there would be no occasion to visit.

Never look in the direction of the *dénouement* of your trick. If you do, you might as well announce how it is done. Your mission while upon the stage is to divert suspicion, not to invite it. The audience always follows your gaze, and a pleasant anecdote or *bon mot* will disarm expectation until the mind is made captive by the unexpected wonder. To look away from your trick and to tell a story while performing it is a feat that requires months of constant practice. For the same reason, never announce the result of your trick. The means of its accomplishment are then easily discovered, and, besides, it is the unexpected you are striving to effect.

And, lastly, if after repeated trials, extending through a few years' practice, you discover that you cannot accomplish satisfactorily, even for pastime, the tricks you know all about, cease further effort and attend a professional magician's receptions, content to wonder at what you cannot do. You will envy the perfection of his dexterity and methods, but you will have the satisfaction of balancing your regret by the knowledge that he considers himself but a student, and deplors the shortness of life, because the domain of science, even as applicable to his art, is too extensive to be explored during a lifetime.

A. Herrmann.

CONFESSIONS OF AN ASSISTANT MAGICIAN.



MY position in the stage world, as that of assistant to a magician, is a peculiar one, and I am constantly in receipt of inquiries regarding my feelings and impressions while acting as my husband's medium. I seize this opportunity to answer many of these questions.

One letter asks, "Do you know the methods by which your husband performs all his illusions, and could you do the same things?" I know fully, to the most minute detail, how Mr. Herrmann effects his stage results, and I am the only person in the world cognizant of some of his inventions, because he could not trust them to ordinary assistants. Yet, although I have been acting as his other self upon the stage ever since our marriage, I could not perform the bulk of his tricks. I lack the practice

acquired only by a lifetime's labor, and I lack the confidence of the magician, which must be born in one and can never be acquired. I verily believe that if I were to attempt the simple rabbit trick, after the thousands of times I have seen it done, I would scream, both from fright and the fear that the audience were detecting my imposition, as Bunny leaped from space into the hat. I am convinced that self-confidence, more than any other quality, is the first requisite of a magician. Few people can really appreciate what imposition upon human credulity means.

It is droll, at this period of civilization, to find people beguiled into the belief that any occult or supernatural influences exist in the performance of my husband's stage tricks. Yet it is an actual fact that if you disguise some well-worn illusion with a mysterious name on the programme, you will find people ready to believe all manner of nonsense regarding it. I have had doctors tell me in solemn earnestness that if I submitted so constantly to being mesmerized in the Suspension trick I would die prematurely and suddenly of some disease with a strange name. They and many others have asked me my feelings at the beginning and end and during the trance that accompanies this beautiful illusion. I can tell these good people that the bodily strain of my recumbent attitude in space is most fatiguing. It is a day's labor in itself, and when I am released I feel nervous and pros-

trated. A naturally strong constitution and a robust physique alone enable me to bear the strain required in the performance of the illusion referred to.

I have always observed that audiences lean to the exhibition of the tragic in necromancy. The Decapitation act, in which a beautiful woman is beheaded, her trunk left on one part of the stage and her head placed upon a plate on another, and the Cremation scene, where the same woman is apparently burned alive, always prove the most attractive numbers on the programme. Sometimes our tragic performances result unfavorably, for the incongruity has happened more than once that people coming to be amused with clever trickery, advertised as such, forced their belief to the point that the trickery was real.

I remember once in a New England town Mr. Herrmann was on the point of being arrested on the stage for attempted murder. It occurred in the Indian Basket trick, where as a prisoner I am placed in a covered basket and condemned to death. My husband as the executioner thrusts his sword into the basket a number of times and withdraws it covered with blood. My screams heighten the effect, and so realistic did the whole scene appear on the occasion referred to that there was a mad rush of the audience upon the stage, and it was not until they were shown the empty basket, and I appeared intact, that their feelings were placated.

Another question often asked is, "Suppose our illusions were discovered, or their secrets proclaimed by one of the audience, would not such an event forever end our business?" If public detection were possible, yes. I don't see how we could ever retrieve ourselves in that event. But detection is absolutely impossible, from the fact that we have different ways of performing the same trick. If one method was discovered, we would immediately resort to another, and by thus convincing the audience of the would-be discoverer's error we would confound him and win even more recognition. For instance, if we were performing our Second-Sight mystery according to our alphabet, and some one in the audience familiar with the system declared that I could not give a single answer unless the question were asked by Mr. Herrmann and the reply suggested in the query, we would immediately join our telegraphic circuit and insist upon all future questions being asked by the audience, in secret. My husband would of course telegraph the replies, and the full result would be obtained by another method. The wonder would be all the greater. The magician with only one method of performing his tricks is like the man with one idea, unreliable on all others, and sooner or later he must come to the grief of discovery.

How do I like the stage, and what would be my advice to aspirants for stage honors, are questions too stereotyped to be answered in detail. The stage has many privations and sufferings connected with it that the public knows not of. It has its honors and its rewards, and they must be reached with trial and honest endeavor. Let no one select stage life as the sphere of idleness and dissipation. Let no one be deterred from it because of its ways of hardship, for they lead to fame if followed.

Addie Herrmann.

THE PASS'N'S GRIP.

TURNER'S Cross-Roads is a place in some respects as important to a certain neighborhood in one of the eastern counties of Virginia as is the State capital to the adjacent country.

Tradition relates that the bloody-minded Tarleton, whose name for generations after was used by nurses to quiet naughty children, missed capturing some of the State officials, and the valuable records which they carried, only by being misinformed at the "Cross-Roads" by one Jeff Turner in regard to the road the fugitives had taken.

If the store which the baffled English officer burned had never been rebuilt, as it was, by a fund generously contributed by those who admired Turner's patriotism, Jeff Turner's great-grandson might not now be keeping upon his ancestral domain a small groggery, which many pious people have long considered a curse to the community, but which the court annually determines to be in "a suitable, convenient, and appropriate place."

Saturday evening generally brings Jeff a number of customers; for at his store chickens and eggs, butter, huckleberries, and sumach, all pass as legal tender.

As eight or ten men lounged about the porch of the little store late in the afternoon of an autumn day a rider passed by, after stopping a moment to say good-evening.

The horseman had turned into a bridle-path that left the main road about a hundred yards beyond the store, when one of the loungers remarked, "I don' see how they 'specks sinners to live peaceable an' git erlong well together, when the head-men in the chu'ch is fightin' an' quolin', an' 'oon' even speak to one er-nother."

As the party went back to the rear of the little store to be treated by him who had made the remark, there was an appearance of self-complacency in some who at another time might have hesitated at being seen to drink thus publicly. For all seemed in full accord with



"EF MEMBERS KIN QUOIL, SINNERS MAY TEK' A DRINK."

the sentiment expressed by one of the party: "Ef members kin quoil, sinners may tek' a drink."

"Yo' reckon the pass'n 'ill hev' anythin' to say 'bout it to-morrer?" asked a keen-eyed, hatchet-faced man, as he wiped his mouth on the back of his hand.

"Nor! I'll be boun' he 'oon't!" said the bar-keeper, remembering how the traffic in which he indulged, and the habits of himself and some of his best customers, had been repeatedly denounced from the meeting-house pulpit. "He'll never say nuthin' to hu't the feelin's o' nobody that pays es much tow'ds his salary es Harry Splinters an' 'Cel Gritstone. An' I'll bet he's gwine to stay 'ith one on 'em this very night."

"Wall, now, Jeff, I dunno so much 'bout that, neither," remarked a middle-aged man, who on account of the small number of glasses had been compelled, along with one or two others, to wait until the first relay had finished drinking. "I don' think he's noways skeery, from what I's seen an' hearn on him. An' thar's some heah whar's known him longer an' better'n me. What yo' think 'bout it, Mikiyll?"

The man addressed appeared the oldest member of the company; and it was evident that he, no less than the others, appreciated the value of his opinion.

"Wall," he remarked, as the party filed out through the little door, "ef Obe Shelburn air 'feered o' Harrison Splinters, er Marcellus Gritstone, er enny yother man, I ain' never hearn it; an' I bin knowin' him, man an' boy, forty yeah this comin' November." The speaker shifted to one side the rabbit-skin game-bag, in which were a couple of squirrels, and took a seat upon a rough bench to the right of the door. "When he wus a boy, he wus jes' about the bes' 'rasler I uver kotch hold on. I's seen him throw Jesse bes' two outer three, an' not tek' britches-holt neither,—an' yo' all know what a 'rasler Jesse Strong air."

"He must 'a' bin powerful, sho'," said a man whose sand-colored moustache had evidently been dyed some weeks before, and now might best be described as brindle in color.

"He air that, powerful, an' he's jes' es powerful in sperit as he is in strengk."

"I b'leaves yo'," said a cross-eyed man. "An' anurr thing 'bout him I laks: he ain' no mo' 'feered o' rich fokes 'an he is o' po'."

"That sho' is so," chimed in another. "An' mos' o' y'all reklects 'bout Bill White, an' how the pass'n went an' tole him to jes' go an' hev' Lizer Turpin; an' Bill cussed an' swo', an' said he nuver *would* hev' her; an' ole man White, he 'lowed Bill shouldn' hev' no po' white gal. But Mister Shelburn he jes' upped an' said he *should* hev' her, an' that direckly, an' yo' all know they wern' long in hevin' the weddin'; an' when she an' Bill went to Texas, ole man White quit gwine to meetin', an' don' even speak to the pass'n in the road; but he don' min' that, 'c'us he done edsackly right; fer she nuver hed no pappy to look arfter her, an' a gal's mammy cyarn' alw'ys manage 'em neither."

The argument seemed conclusive; for all present remembered the case cited, as well as knew that when William White quit the "Hollerin' Creek" congregation it lost the richest man in the neighborhood.

"Wall, we'll see what he'll do in the mornin', I reckon," remarked

the hatchet-faced man, as he picked up a white-oak basket, in which were two small parcels wrapped in brown paper, and started down the steps. "Any o' yo' all gwine my way?"

Although Mr. Shelburn had heard that a misunderstanding existed between two of the prominent members of his Hollerin' Creek congregation, he was not prepared to find, as he proceeded by a nearer route than the main road towards the house of Mr. Harrison Splinters, that two high fences ran side by side within six feet of each other, and built of new chestnut rails, where before there had been only an imaginary line to mark the boundary between Mr. Splinters and his neighbor Squire Marcellus Gritstone.

It was late, and the circuit-rider did not feel like going back two miles to the road, when the house in which he was to spend the night was almost in sight. So he at once dismounted and set about pulling down the fences that barred his progress.

By the time an opening had been made large enough for the old roan to go through, the good man began to realize that there must indeed be a want of good-fellowship between neighbors who thus

separated themselves. He knew that this double line of fencing meant continued hostilities; and, as he saw no cattle upon the Gritstone side, he left that fence down, and contented himself with putting up that of Mr. Splinters, props and all. As the preacher rode towards the house, his thoughts were occupied with the trouble which he saw existing in his flock.

Before he had determined in his own mind what course to adopt, he was espied from the kitchen window by Mr. Splinters's sister, who was busy getting supper. And Miss Indianna's face immediately assumed an expression in keeping with the words muttered as she added more water to the coffee-pot: "I don't see huccome he couldn' 'a' stayed at Gritstones' 'stid o' comin' 'heah this time o' night!"

The parson wondered why it was that, as he started up the lilac walk with his saddle-bags on his arm, Miss Indianna's great yellow cur should

attack one who had so often been welcomed under similar circumstances by the friendly wag of his dogship's tail.

This reflection, however, occurred to him only after a well-aimed blow from a stone had sent the aggressor howling back to his mistress, who up to this time had been most deliberate in coming to welcome her pastor.



THE PARSON STARTED UP THE WALK WITH HIS SADDLE-BAGS.

"I hope Tige didn't bite yo', Mr. Shelburn: he never bites," were the first words which greeted the good man as he made his way up the walk.

"No, Sister Splinters, he didn't, I thank you. But I think he would, but for a rock that providentially lay in the path here. A dog is like the evil one. Resist him, and he will flee from you."

Miss Indianna, who was inclined to be indignant at Tige's being compared to the devil, at once changed the subject, and remarked, "We weren't 'spectin' of yo' this evenin'. Harrison 'lowed you might stop at Ned Perkinses, es yo' hadn' stopped there for a long time, or maybe at 'Cel Gritstone's, es yo' ain't been there for goin' on fo' meetin's."

"I stopped by Brother Perkins's on my way up," remarked Mr. Shelburn, as he seated himself upon the little porch, "and might have stayed there all night, but that I wanted to see Brother Splinters specially; though I think I might have stayed if I had known I had two such fences to pull down as these back here on the hill."

"Fokes is 'bleeged to build fences es 'ill keep t'other people's stock offn 'eVh an' fokes es will let they stock feed 'pon t'other fokes ain' got no right to grumble ef t'other fokes won' let 'em join fences with 'em, neither."

The good man saw that this was not the time to discuss the question, and at once changed the subject by inquiring after the people round about. Miss Indianna was soon in a good humor, and enjoyed telling the gossip of the neighborhood.

"I hears, Mr. Shelburn, that Ned Perkins treats his wife scandalous, an' don' hardly give her things fitten to eat. An' I never could see huccome 'Cel Gritstone could let his daughter suffer so; but I s'pose that's what she gits fer marryin' a no-'count man lak' Ned Perkins, anyway."

Mr. Shelburn did all in his power to show that this charge was without foundation, and espoused the cause of the young housekeeper with whom he had that day dined.

His hostess grimly replied, "Well, she'd better be a good house-keeper, for if she ain't, I'm sorry for her!"

The cause of so much bitterness was not far to seek.

Mrs. Perkins was the eldest daughter of Marcellus Gritstone, and had lived since her marriage about three miles from her old home. She had been quite a belle in the neighborhood. Her father was one of the thriftiest men in the county, and there were but few people who would have objected to marrying into the family.

Among those who had seriously contemplated such a step was no less a person than Gritstone's nearest neighbor, Mr. Harrison Splinters. More than once he had thought how much his farm would be improved by the addition of the adjoining meadow, which belonged to Miss Sallie Ann's father.

It never occurred to Mr. Splinters, or to his sister, with whom the matter was discussed, that his sixty years could be an obstacle to the object of his affection. He even pictured to himself the time when,

as son-in-law of a neighbor ten years his junior, he should enjoy, by his wife's right of inheritance, the broad meadow he so much coveted.

Although Miss Indianna thought her brother little less than a fool for thinking of getting married at all, she remembered how convenient it would be to have about the house a young woman who was strong and active and who knew as much about housekeeping as did Sallie Ann Gritstone. She never for an instant thought of her in any other relation than that of housemaid, dairy-maid, or cook. And so, having thought the matter over carefully and determined after the wedding to do all "the washin'" at home, she informed her brother that he should lose no time in securing the girl.

He soon became a constant visitor at his neighbor's house. Naturally, it was thought that these visits were intended for the older members of the Gritstone family, and to them was delegated the business of entertaining him.

Crops, cattle, taxes, and droughts were discussed over and over; and Mr. Splinters, after having kept his neighbors up until a late hour, —sometimes as late as half-past nine,—would walk homewh feeling within his bosom a consuming jealousy at seeing the fair Sallie Ann surrounded by younger admirers.

"What does she say 'bout the time?" asked Miss Indianna one morning, as she poured out a cup of black coffee and looked at her brother with a knowing glance.

"She don't say nuthin'," he answered. "I ain' never had a chance to ax her yet. For ev'y time I goes there I has to meet a whole parcel o' these youngsters that ain' got a acre o' land to they name. An' 'pears lak' to me she's monst'us fond o' some on 'em, too." Here he stirred his coffee violently.

"Wall, what yo've got to do, Harrison, is not to stand back for enny sech trash as them! Yo' jes' go right ahead an' tell 'Cel yo' cyarn' be waitin' all this time, an' I'll be boun' he an' 'Lizabeth 'll be mighty quick to stop her cyarin' on so with all that no-'count trash she's havin' 'bout her. My advice," she went on, "is to fix the Sat'day befo' the first Holiday for the day. That's fo' weeks off to-morrer, an' plenty o' time, too."

That same afternoon Mr. Splinters did what he had never done before,—set out at three o'clock to see his lady-love, having first donned his best stock and waistcoat.

He was met at the door by Miss Sallie Ann herself. Dressed in a bright calico gown, and wearing a gorgeous red rose, plucked as she returned from the "spring-house," into which the butter just churned had been deposited, the young woman appeared fairer than ever.

"Come in, Mr. Splinters," she said, cordially. "I'm real sorry father's not here. I b'leeve he's down on the lower end of the plantation; an' mother stepped over to see Miss Polly Smith 'bout some weavin'. Won't you have some cool water?"

"Thank you, Miss Sallie Ann; but I didn't come over to see them, but you."

"Me!" exclaimed the girl, as she took the dipper from his hand

and restored it to the nail upon which it hung. "Why, what on earth can you want with me? Are you trying to get up a picnic to help pay Mr. Shelburn's salary? Or are you going to practise some new pieces for the camp-meetin'?"

"Neither of these," answered the old gentleman, with a twinkle of his eye.

"Well, what then?" asked the girl.

"Cyarn't you guess?" asked Mr. Splinters, looking as one who has a secret which he thinks all must long to know.

"Indeed I cyarn't."

"Why, I want you to come over and stay with us."

"When?"

"At once."

"How long will you be gone?" (She remembered the time she had once stayed with his sister when he was driving cattle to market.)

"I'm not goin' anywhere."

"Is Miss Indy sick?"

"Nor; but she's powerful lonesome."

"Why, I see; you want me to come and pay you a visit."

"That's it, exactly; and a long one, too."

"Well, can I have my beaux?" she asked, laughingly.

A shade passed over Mr. Splinters's face as he said, "I hope you won't need any beaux—then."

"I suppose, then, I can count on you," she said, with a smile that bewitched her admirer.

"Indeed you can," he exclaimed, "now and forever!"

Not until then, when Mr. Splinters seized her hand and attempted to put his arm around her, did the young woman take in the situation.

Springing up, and jerking her hand away from his horny grasp, she broke out in a strain half amused and half disgusted: "Why, Mr. Splinters, what on earth is the matter with you? Do you think I'd have any old bald-headed thing like you, that's old enough for my grandfather? Why, good gracious! have you lost your senses? Why don't you go over and court Miss Corneely Jones? I reckon she'd have you. But if that's what you want to see me about you had jes' as well go home, right straight!"

As the speaker burst out of the room, Mr. Splinters followed her; but, to his dismay, there sat Mrs. Gritstone upon the little porch, quietly fanning herself with a "chicken-bonnet."

"How d'ye, Mr. Splinters?" she asked.

"I'm right well," he said, with evident embarrassment; "but sis' Indy she's right po'ly; an' I don't think she can hold out much longer; an' I didn' know anybody could take her place so well as Miss Sallie Ann; an' so——"

"An' so—yo' needn' be countin' on my takin' her place, I can tell yo'," broke in that young lady, emphatically, as she rocked back violently in her chair.

"Why, I ain' hearn nothin' 'bout her bein' unhealthy," said Mrs. Gritstone, taking no notice of her daughter's interruption; "an' she

talked mighty peart to Miss Polly two or three evenin's ago. An' I seen her tote away from there a heap bigger roll o' cloth 'n that."

The good woman fanned herself briskly as she pointed to the load under which she had grown weary. Mr. Splinters's face was a picture of embarrassment; and his discomfiture was increased by seeing approach the house the man whom he most detested. He therefore made haste to take his leave, and witnessed, through an opening in the great box walk, as he went up the hill on the opposite side of the garden; a sight that made his blood boil,—Sallie Ann Gritstone in the arms of Edward Perkins.



A SIGHT THAT MADE HIS BLOOD BOIL.

The "Fo'th Sunday" was at this time a great day at Hollerin' Creek Meetin'-House; for that was Mr. Shelburn's regular appointment in the upper part of his circuit, which at this time extended over three counties. It was no unusual thing for the preacher's congregation on such occasions to be so large that even the horse-blocks in the yard had to be called into requisition by anxious and attentive listeners who were unable to obtain seats within the building.

Mr. Shelburn left the house of Mr. Splinters soon after breakfast, that he might visit a sick member of his flock at some distance from the meeting-house.

As he rode off, an expression of trouble rested upon his face; for his mind recurred to a scene he had that morning witnessed at breakfast. A note had been brought in, and Mr. Splinters, as he opened it, had exclaimed warmly, "Jes' listen! Did anybody ever hear the like o' this? 'Somebody going to your house rode through here yesterday

and left my fence down. All my hogs and cows got out in the road, and you must keep off my land, and your fokes must do the same. MARCELLUS GRITSTONE."

"What ef they did git out?" broke in Miss Indianna. "Ain't he got enough o' them brats to git 'em back?"

"Like as not he turned 'em out o' puppose," suggested Mr. Splinters.

"I'll be boun' he did! For ev'ybody knows he ain' none too good to do it," rejoined his sister, as they rose from the table.

Mr. Shelburn feared that Gritstone and Splinters might be absent from the meeting, and was therefore agreeably surprised, when some hours later he took his place in the pulpit, to see them occupying their seats upon the front benches.

When the time for taking up the collection arrived, the church officers, according to custom, picked up their hats and began to receive the offerings of the congregation. When this was done the two men walked back together towards the pulpit and placed their hats upon the little pine table just inside the railing.

"I'll sw'ar! I don't see how fokes can be sech hypocrits!" whispered Jeff Turner, who sat in the seat next the door, to his hatchet-faced neighbor: "walkin' up thar' jes' lak' brothers, an' don' speak ter one ernother in the road!"

"Ef *that's* 'ligion I d' warn' none of it!" was the reply.

The preacher opened the Bible, and announced that his text was "13th John and 35th verse: By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another." He paused a moment, and then went on, speaking without notes. His language was simple and his gestures awkward, but his voice was sweet and his manner earnest and impressive. It was evident that he felt the responsibility of his position and had the boldness to speak his mind.

The congregation listened eagerly, and often an approving groan or a responsive Amen was heard.

"Are *ye* his disciples?" he burst forth at length; "or do ye merit the Master's condemnation against hypocrites? The test is simple. Words and professions amount to nothing in the sight of God, who judges the actions and the life. He who wrote down the text wrote also, 'If any man say, I love God, and hateth his brother, he is a liar.'"

"He's looking right at 'em," whispered Michael Strong to his brother Jesse.

"Ye know the doom pronounced against liars. Beware lest this be your portion! For how can he be a disciple who is estranged from his neighbor and at variance with his brother, even in the house of God? Woe to him who allows himself to be separated from his neighbor by a narrow lane, fenced high on both sides, with the devil walking up and down it continually, that no rail or prop may be left off! Woe to the hypocrites who, even in God's house, allow the devil to stand in the aisle between them, while they profess to be serving God with sincerity!"

As these words were uttered, Mr. Harrison Splinters rose from his

seat and stalked across the open space in front of the pulpit. Jerking up his hat, he turned the contents out, and wheeled around to start out. The coins rattled upon the table, and some fell on the floor.

The preacher had stopped speaking; but as Splinters started down the aisle he exclaimed, "Beware lest the same fate overtake you that befell him who once before cast down the pieces of silver and went out from God's house!"

All who heard these words were thrilled by them, and the man who had started out so defiantly quailed visibly as they fell upon his ear. He paused, and stood like one who has received a blow.

Even the persuasive words that now issued from the pulpit, "Return! Return unto the Lord!" were lost upon him.

In an instant, however, the expression of his face changed, and the congregation, as one man, rose to their feet with exclamations of joy and thanksgiving.

For a tall man, whose voice had often before been heard by those present, rose from his seat and started down towards where Splinters was standing, exclaiming as he went, "Come back! Come back, Brother Splinters. It's the truth he's bin sayin'. The devil is sho' bin between us; but he sharn't stay there any longer, ef I can hender him."

"Come back! Come back!" shouted the preacher.

"Come back! Come back!" responded the congregation.

As three horses were drinking in Hollerin' Creek just after the meeting, one of the riders said, "Mikyill, what yo' think o' them wo'ks?" The party addressed responded, as he gathered up his rein, "I b'leve he kin fling the devil hisself, bes' two out o' three, an' gi'e him all orders!"

Rosewell Page.

FINITE AND INFINITE.

ALAS, poor earthlings, in what fervent mood
Do you press onward over ways too steep
For your weak feet to climb! what strange and deep
Desires you have for things that are all good
And wise and true! what hunger after food
Not meet for babes and sucklings! how you creep
On all-fours, infant-wise, with thought to leap
Unto the stars and swell the angelhood! . . .
Life comes to you, an uninvited guest,
To sojourn for a time, and by and by
To leave you in its silent, secret quest
For its mysterious home. And so, at best,
You can do naught but live, and love, and die,
And then . . . find God, and learn of Him the rest.

Lucile Rutland.

RUNNING THE BLOCKADE.

A CONFEDERATE REMINISCENCE.

IT was on the 15th of May, 1864, that I found myself in Wilmington, North Carolina, for the purpose of escape to the Bermuda Islands. My husband had been stationed in Great Britain by the Confederate government for two years previous. Hence I was provided with an order from the War Department at Richmond for free passage on any vessel wholly or partly owned by the government, while Alex. Collie & Co., of Manchester, had sent me a free-passage order on any of their ships.

On my arrival at Wilmington from Richmond I found all the blockade-runners on which I had free passage out of port; and I took lodging in a private family to await the moon's dark period that would bring them in again. In ten days, two of Collie's, the Edith and the Annie, and one of the government's, the Coquette, ran in safely through the United States fleet off Fort Fisher. By the time these vessels were unladen of their foreign stores, and again laden with cotton, gold, and outward-bound despatches and orders, the light moon period had set in, and they were necessarily detained in port until it was ended.

Meanwhile, the three captains of the respective ships had called on me, and reported the orders received from their heads regarding a free passage out for myself, two children, and nurse.

Captain Waters, of the Annie, reported his vessel as fast as a bird, but very small, and devoid of accommodation for a lady and children. Captain Gregory, of the Edith, reported his as large, fast, and strong, carrying more valuable cargo than most of the runners,—therefore an especial target for the enemy. Captain Carter, of the Coquette, reported his ship as being nearly unseaworthy. He had reported her to the Navy Department at Richmond three times as being unfit for service, but each time had received orders to go out. This gentleman was a personal friend of my husband, and a man of high integrity and unusual judgment. Upon his opinion I relied implicitly. He advised me to choose the Edith. Upon his advice I acted, and embarked with Captain Gregory.

At the time appointed for attempting flight, the three ships steamed down the Cape Fear River and lay inside the bar on the Fort Caswell side, which commanded the left-hand entrance to Wilmington from the sea. At five P.M. the pilot came aboard. With glasses we could see the steam well up on the Coquette and the Annie for crossing the bar before the shades of evening set in, and running under the protection of the fort's guns, to await nightfall for their enterprise. Our ship, however, remained anchored, motionless; and Captain Gregory sat on a cotton-bale on deck with an expression on his face disheartening to note in the leader of a daring expedition that required iron nerve to attempt at all. He was an English merchant-captain, evidently accustomed to sail the ocean under more favorable circumstances than these.

The pilot came up on deck and spoke a few earnest words to him in an undertone. Captain Gregory responded by a nervous shake of the head. The old coast-man turned promptly away without another word, went to the side of the ship, swung himself down by the ropes, dropped into the pilot-boat, and in the next few moments we saw him rowed rapidly away.

"What do you mean to do, captain?" inquired the signal-officer.

"Go back to Wilmington," was the reply. "Three ships going out the same night make the risk too great."

"Yet if they run close together?"

"That's impossible. The *Coquette* is too slow to run with us. She is a heavy old craft, calculated to attract notice to other ships."

"Why did you start with her, then?" I inquired.

"I hoped Captain Carter might decide in the last hour not to go out, in which case I was on hand."

"A forlorn hope for blockade-running, if you know the man," the signal-officer replied; "for Robert Carter is not afraid of the devil, either on land or sea."

I looked over towards the low sand-hills of Fort Caswell, saw the two blockade-runners lying snug under her guns, and realized that the long ripple separating the river from the ocean was as impassable a barrier between them and myself as Niagara Falls might be in its place.

That night our ship steamed back to Wilmington, and the other two went safely out, and landed their valuable cargoes into the hands of the government's commissioners stationed at St. George's, Bermuda. My own position was now isolated, hazardous. The Confederate lines between Wilmington and Virginia had become broken at Weldon. A large army lay in front of Petersburg; therefore my return to Richmond was impossible. Neither could I remain in Wilmington, as my Confederate Treasury notes were exhausted, and no communication existed between that point and any from which I could obtain financial aid. I determined to go out at all risks.

When we steamed into port the next morning at eight o'clock, I went up on deck and keenly scanned the varied specimens of craft lying around in the waters. There was nothing encouraging to a female passenger, no matter how courageous, in the outward-bound,—ugly, crazy vessels, with rough-looking, dirty crews swarming their decks.

A friend came on board to confer with me. He had just arrived in Wilmington from Richmond, making his way through the lines on foot at all hazards and with many hardships. He was a government shipper of cotton, and owned interest also in a blockade-runner, the *City of Petersburg*.

"You will have to pay your way out now," he said. "It is madness to think of remaining here to await the return of vessels from the Islands. The blockade has become so stringent that there is no longer a probability of ships returning into port,—only a bare possibility."

"Where is the *City of Petersburg*?"

"Gone to Nassau; went out last night. It was uncertain when I

would get here. The ship's lading was complete; so the captain found out just a few hours before I arrived with important despatches,—some for Mr. Mason, some for Mr. Slidell, and some business ones of the utmost importance."

"If you will influence some one of these captains to take me out, I will carry your despatches and orders," I promptly replied.

He thought a moment, with a frown of perplexity between his eyes, then suddenly said, "Do you see that little steamer lying yonder?" He handed me a pair of glasses. I looked, and saw a slender, foam-colored ship with inverted smoke-stacks painted white, around which was collected a group of weather-beaten, desperate-looking men, all clothed in white.

"Well, what will be the chance there?"

"Very slight, I fear; but if you are a brave woman it may be managed."

"What quality of bravery is required that most women do not possess?"

"Hardihood beyond the nature of most, and a great love of adventure." Then, after a pause, "I will explain, and then you shall decide. The captain of that ship was a pirate on the high seas for fifteen years before the war. He claims to be a Confederate; but in reality the reckless life of blockade-running attracts his desperate taste, and he has become in one year's service the most valuable man that runs the seas. The ship he commands belongs to Frazer, Trenholm & Co. She is recently built, and, he says, not yet thoroughly tested in speed. He believes he can put her up to eighteen knots per hour; but I do not believe him, for that is beyond nautical computation. Her name is the *Lynx*. His name is Reid. He is the hardiest man I ever knew, and his men are all picked from his late piratical crew. Now decide, and I will go over and interview him."

"Go at once," I replied. "I am disgusted with the merchant service. I'll try a pirate with a feeling of security. According to my observation, such a one is the man for the hour."

Major Ficklen descended the bulwarks of the *Edith* and had himself rowed to the *Lynx*. With the glasses well fixed upon him I watched his advent among the motley assortment of humanity around the smoke-stacks, and noted the scowling, fierce faces of the men as the purport of his interview was made known to the one who appeared the chief among them,—noted, too, the shake of that one's head, and saw Major Ficklen take him a little apart, where they conferred earnestly. Then, with a breath of relief, I saw the two descend into the skiff and row over towards the *Edith*. When they came up on deck, I rose and advanced to meet Captain Reid, holding hard to my courage as my eyes fell well upon him. He was the worst-looking man I had ever seen. But one word fully expresses him, as he stood there on that June morning in the fierce sunshine, with his white sea-hat pushed back from his forehead: he was ferocious. His physique was powerful and thick-set like a bull-dog's; his face broad, flat, furrowed by storm-winds, and burnt brown by the scorching rays of the Indian Ocean. His eyes were keen and cruel; his speech curt, almost

broken English; his words toned with a kind of guttural growl. Such was the man with whom I offered to shake hands.

"You not afraid?" he bluntly inquired, his horny hand closing over mine.

"No, I am not afraid."

"I don't surrender my ship for a woman—know that!" knitting his shaggy brows together. "If the enemy runs me down, or cripples me, I burn my ship, and you take it out with the crew in the life-boats."

"They will certainly capture us then, Captain Reid."

"No matter. They gets no prize out of my ship."

"How about your men? They don't want a woman and children on board, do they?"

"My crew belongs to me. The passage-money belongs to me too. I divides the money with them; then the first one that grumbles, I hangs."



Inwardly I shuddered. Outwardly I acted the heroic.

"I will go with you," I said. "What will the run to Bermuda cost me?"

"I takes you for one hundred pound in gold."

I had no choice, and I said so.

"Then come aboard at once," he ordered. "It's a small amount, compared with the value of the cotton I can pack into my state-room."

"Why do you take me, then?"

"Because you are a friend of Major Ficklen's, and Major Ferguson is a friend of my ship's owners in Liverpool. Besides, you look and talk game, and I can put up with a plucky woman."

Without more said we were all lowered to the skiff.

The motley crew huddled amidships received us with marked disfavor. They were ugly-looking men, truly, on closer inspection,—of different nationalities, speaking a broken jargon of many languages, but all seemingly united in the sailor's grounded prejudice against women and children being mixed with their perilous enterprises.

The captain stopped on the deck and made them a short address. It was in Spanish, and I did not understand its wording; but the purport of it was to divide equally the hundred pounds among them, and to pledge himself not to surrender the ship in case of accident.

"Why does he give them *all* the money?" I inquired of Major Ficklen when we had descended to the captain's cabin.

"Oh, I did Reid a favor some months ago,—he considered it a great favor,—and he takes this occasion and this way to return the obligation. Nothing would tempt him to take a dollar of the money for himself."

"There is something heroic about this man, then."

"Yes. You will be perfectly safe with him personally, and he will carry you through to Bermuda if it can be done. He will be the last man to run the blockade in the Confederate service, whether the government lives or dies."

Captain Reid here entered, and Major Ficklen paid him my passage-money in gold, and delivered to me the despatches; then a silent hurried hand-shake, for he was a man of but few words, and he was gone. The swish of oars outside a few moments afterwards fell upon my ears, and on my heart the first sense of utter loneliness and dependence I had felt in my many trials.

The ship lay quiet until three P.M., and then slowly steamed down the river, turned into the left-hand channel at its mouth, took on her pilot, crossed the bar, and fell under the perpendicular walls of Fort Fisher. At seven o'clock, Captain Reid signalled to Colonel Lamb, of the fort. In response, three long-range guns swept the sea from different points to clear the vicinity of any cruiser that might be hovering close about under the mists that already covered the sea.

Immediately after this, Captain Reid left his position of safety and boldly steamed in a straight line from the fort towards the line-of-battle ship that bore a light and remained ever anchored in the centre of the crescent formed by the nine ships of war that blockaded Fort Fisher. This crescent of deadly marine artillery lay outside the six-mile-range Blakely gun that defended the fort from its centre height, and as the slender blockade-runner glided straight ahead from its protection, advancing more and more rapidly towards the central light of the enemy, the excitement began.

The captain had ordered the children, nurse, and myself on deck ere starting out, and wrapped about with sheets we reclined or sat on the cotton-bales that lined the sides of the ship's deck. The men were all dressed in white; the smoke-stacks were painted white and inverted, giving forth no sound, and consuming their own smoke. No word was spoken on the ship.

Thus, without sound, and seemingly without visible motion, she glided through the waters like a bird on the wing. She was an illusion to the material senses,—a phantom; we on board seemed spectres, silently but recklessly laughing in the face of death! Faster, faster glided the toy ship; nearer, nearer grew the great red light. It seemed to me we must run into it! I sat motionless beside Captain Reid on a bale of cotton, watching the glowing ball of fire that loomed through the shroud of mist in front, and realized that impending death was on either side, the visible risk of it ahead. Suddenly, and without verbal order from the captain, the man at the wheel turned the little craft with the alertness of hand of the magician, and she shot to the left, just outside the radius made by the beacon-light of the flag-ship, and between it and a great lumbering cruiser rolling about in the waters

half a mile off. As we noiselessly ran thus between the very jaws of death, Captain Reid touched my arm and pointed right and left. Following his direction, I saw on one side, within the radius, a magnificent man-of-war, its deep-mouthed cannon near the surface of the water, its towering masts majestically reared against the clouds, its deck swarming with a powerful marine force, all bathed in red and yellow light that made a minute, distinctive picture against a dark sea background.

On the other side, in shadowy outline, lay the dark hulk of the other, noisily puffing her steam, but quiet, like a monster held in leash against its will; while between the two, with the nicest kind of calculation, our little craft ran her gantlet boldly, defiantly. Once well through, I could feel the speed being gradually strengthened, until in two hours a fine distance had been put between her and the fleet.

At the end of that time Captain Reid advised me to go below and get all the rest I could before daybreak.

"Why before daybreak?" I asked. "Isn't the danger of blockade-running over?"

He smiled grimly. "It has not fairly commenced. What we have done seems something to you, but it is not difficult. My ship makes no noise, nor shows herself at night. With a little management in guiding her by the flag-ship's light, it is easy to run through the fleet. The enemy knows that. Ah! they are clever at Washington. They've put their two fastest men-of-war into the high seas to pay us for this, and by the light of day."

"Are those two ships fast runners?"

"I should say they are,—the Rhode Island and the Connecticut, the fastest belonging to the United States Navy,—perhaps the finest ships of any navy in the world. They are doing terrible damage to Southern trade."

Under these compact, comprehensive words a foreboding of danger ahead settled down upon my spirit. But I retired below, and, lying down dressed, endeavored to compose myself to rest. I heard Captain Reid give an order to the steward to take up his station at my cabin door and to arouse me at the first premonition of danger. Beside me was my satchel containing the valuable despatches and orders, which in the darkness I kept close to my hand. The slow, muffled step of the steward outside, the restless breathing of my two children, an occasional appeal to the "sweet Mother of heaven" from Irish Mary, my nurse, to whom blockade-running was fast assuming the form of hideous nightmare to the wide-awake senses,—these were my music on that dread night at sea. With the first glimmering rays of the rising sun this dread was forcibly realized. Across the waters to my left a dull heavy boom came, succeeded by a splash near the ship that sent the waves in billows surging against her side, and athwart the port-hole window of my cabin. There were quick, alert steps on deck above me, an exclamation from the steward, and the next moment he and Captain Reid entered the cabin, took the children hurriedly from their beds, and beckoned me to follow. Mary preferred remaining below, in prayer to the Holy Virgin, who, the captain told her, with his

hideous, grim humor, as he left her at her devotions, had never been known to steer a ship.

As we ascended to the deck, another cannon-ball ploughed up the waves close beside us, and then another just glanced from the waters which it scarcely touched, ricocheted obliquely upward, and passed over the little craft, heaving up the billows as high as the deck on the other side.

The captain uttered an ugly oath, and cast an uglier look leeward. There lay the black-muzzled monster, not farther off than three miles, breathing annihilation from deck and port-hole. It was in this moment that my admiration for the discipline and cool bravery of the *Lynx's* crew became fully aroused. There was no helter-skelter, no obvious hurry,—in fact, no asking orders or receiving any. As though impelled by some invisible power of machinery that acted in exact unison, the men fell to their posts with faces of demoniac recklessness and hands of hard, tense nerve.

A slight quiver passed over the deck from below, and in a few moments the little steamer shot straight away from her enemy like an arrow from its bow.

Captain Reid came and sat beside me on a bale of cotton and lighted a cigar with a steady hand, smoking with a kind of condensed fury that bespoke the excitement of the inner man. The cannon now began to boom across the waters with quick successive strokes, and the sea soon became a bed of white, impetuous foam between the ships as the big one quickened speed and bore down on the little one with angry determination. The man at the wheel spoke at this juncture of affairs,—the first order asked on the ship :

"The Rhode Island hovers the track, captain : she is sending me out of my course. Must I keep straight ahead, or cross her?"

"Get well ahead first, then cross her track and keep straight in the Bermuda course. Cross her,—damned quick, too, when you do, or she'll send you to hell."

Then to the deck-hands,—

"Lighten the ship. Throw sixty bales of cotton overboard."

The order was obeyed with lightning-like rapidity. The little ship rose slightly out of the water, and her speed became something marvellous, leaving a track behind her that furrowed the ocean like a ploughshare ere the angry foam obliterated it.

"The admiral shoots d——d badly," remarked Captain Reid. "With his guns I could put a ball into a flock of gulls at four miles."

He was scanning the enemy through his long glass, and the shots were now falling far shorter, though the formidable machine was cleaving the waters in as quick pursuit as a gradual rise of steam will permit to a man-of-war.

He waved his hand in a sidewise sweep without removing his glass as he spoke, and the man at the wheel instantly turned the *Lynx* direct to the left.

"Now we'll get it, if we are to have it at all," our grim captain remarked, with his worst frown on and his lower jaw savagely set.

Then he went to the stern gangway and spoke a few soft foreign words below. There came no verbal response, but immediately a combined odor of resin and grease rose to the deck, and the ship made a fresh bound over the waters, graceful as a swan and rapid as a swallow.

During the next few minutes we were running on the broadside of the enemy, and destruction seemed inevitable, for her four guns abreast opened simultaneous fire.



It was an intense moment.

The foam rose in hillocks, catching the sun's rays upon their crests as they broke in iridescent flakes against the stern of the gallant little ship.

"Ha, ha!" laughed the captain, with his peculiar guttural savagery of tone. The shots aimed at her sides had fallen to the rear of the *Lynx*, and ere the guns fired another round she was well ahead.

After this a few desultory shots came over the waters, sullenly, at long intervals, and then the firing ceased. The captain took a survey of the enemy, which lasted many minutes, as if to acquaint himself with the old admiral's exact intentions. Then he laid aside his glass and went down the stern gangway. When he came up again, two foreign-looking brown men, with gentle eyes and oval faces, were with him. They were naked to the waist, and looked totally exhausted. The steward came up from the cabin with two bottles of champagne, and poured the wine down their throats as they fell upon the cotton-bales; then two sailors fell to work on them with soft flesh-brushes. They crooned forth a musical, pathetic lingo, as they lay in inert heaps in the hands of their benefactors, and Captain Reid stood by in evident solicitude. "Those are my fire-dogs," he explained, in answer to my inquiring gaze. "They are Hindoos."

"Poor creatures!" I exclaimed.

"They are the finest firemen in the world," he replied, exultantly. "I have four of them. When we take two away, we put in the other two; and it's hot work down there now between the fan and the fires, feeding on turpentine and bacon." Then, scanning the sea again, "They are going to have tough work, too, to-day: the admiral is giving me chase; he is getting up to his top speed, and the stars and stripes are flying in my very face from the mizzen-head."

"But can a heavy man-of-war run even with the *Lynx*?"

"I don't know yet. We've got ahead in the start because we are light craft. We carry only six hundred tons burden, and some of that

is in the sea. So we've put six miles between, out of gun-range. And now comes the mettle of the race."

It was the beginning of a breathless, terrible race,—a day never to be blotted from memory.

It was mid-June weather, and the sun's heat in the Gulf Stream as the day advanced to its meridian became something appalling. Awnings were put up on deck, and rush mats spread down to protect somewhat the feet from the scorching boards.

There were no orders asked.

Everything was in shape for flight, and, save for an occasional oath from our ship's head as he scanned his enemy fast following in his rear, no words were spoken. The Lynx was at her best, and we all knew that the loosening of a screw, the wavering of one hand at his post, one moment's failing of a fireman, and all was lost! The children had been carried below when the firing ceased. I sat by the captain on deck, and with him silently watched the enemy.

As we neared the tropics the sea lay beneath the sun like molten glass. Not a breath of air stirred the waters, and the atmosphere of the ship's deck became that of the heated furnace. No ice was allowed during those interminable hours, for fear of cramp or congestion, and the nauseous odors from below destroyed all desire for food.

Onward fled the little ship like a bird,—indeed, now scarce touching the waters; but the sun seemed to stand still, even as the time passed. At four o'clock the glare was as intense as at twelve. At that hour the firemen were relieved and brought up, receiving the same attentions as their mates before them: this time Captain Reid assisted in the flesh-rubbing.

"How long do you think the chase will continue?" I asked, when he returned to me.

"Until dusk. As soon as the evening mist gathers I'll be lost to sight."

"The admiral of the Rhode Island knows that: why does he risk so much, and at such fearful odds?"

"Oh, he knows what he's about. He'll be in the track to catch outcoming craft from Bermuda. That's his business,—to cruise the high seas chasing Confederate prizes. And he's able to do it. The old fellow navigates better than he shoots."

At five o'clock a shadow began to fall upon the surface of the still waters. Our speed continued lightning-like, but so did the enemy's, the great magnificent ship standing out against the speckless hot horizon as clearly defined at five as it had been at ten, when the firing ceased.

At six o'clock a slight haze sprang up and lay upon the atmosphere like a thin gray veil.

At half-past six Captain Reid came up to me and took off his hat with something of the air of a grand gentleman.

"Madam," he said, "I'll land you safe at St. George's to-morrow morning." Then he called down to the steward to bring up ice and champagne. "We'll all drink your health," he continued. "You have given us no trouble. You have endured in silence, and you are

the pluckiest woman I have ever met. May you live long and prosper." Then a cheer went up from the throats of the Lynx's crew that floated out upon the soft evening breeze, hovering and echoing about the ship like pretty music.

Worn out with the exhaustion that follows intense physical and mental excitement, I lay down that night with the wonderful soft breeze fanning me from my round, open window, and slept the deep, breathless sleep of utter rest.

With the first rays of the sun I awoke next morning.

The ship lay motionless.

"The captain desires your presence on deck," sounded the steward's voice outside my cabin door. I dressed and hastened above. A scene of enchantment lay around and before me.

We were in St. George's harbor, a round, basin-shaped body of water shut in from the sea in our rear by towering black shafts of rock, through which nature had left a cleft wide enough to admit ships to pass. The water of the harbor was clear and blue as the waters of the Mediterranean; and upon its bosom the ships of every nation lay, moored

together in picturesque groupings. In front of us the island of St. George's rose from the tiny white village at its base to mountain height, crowned from base to summit with the gorgeous growth and blossoming of a tropical clime. Amid the dense foliage of the orange, the magnolia, the oleander, and the myrtle, lovely villas and cottages sat jauntily; while gay-plumaged birds flitted about in the rosy morning light among the flowers. The hum of joyous, peaceful life floated out from the gay-pennoned village below, while far above on the mountain's summit stood in splendid relief against the sky the grand observatory, from which proudly waved the flag of Great Britain.

Emma Henry Ferguson.



A TIGER TRAPPED.

A COMEDIETTA IN ONE ACT.

CHARACTERS.

MISS MERCEDES VAN DE RUYTER, a girl who has a brother, and is "educated up to things."

MR. RICHARD FOLLETT, commonly known as Dick, a Princeton "Tiger," and "the Pillar of his class."

SCENE.—The sitting-room owned by Mr. Richard Follett and Mr. Westbury Van De Ruyter at Princeton College. Entrances R. F. and L. F. Window with cushioned seat C. B. Table R. C., with pipes, cards, poker-chips, etc. Mantel-piece and mirror R. Sofa L. F., screened from room. Chairs R. and L. of table and up L. Student's "mortar-board" and gown hanging on screen. Football on floor by mantel-piece. Fencing-foils, base-ball bats, books piled on floor, bric-à-brac, etc.

Enter DICK FOLLETT R. F. He carries a tennis-racket, and his dress betokens the college athlete. If possible, he should wear under his coat the black-and-orange "Tiger" jersey of Princeton. In his hand he holds an open letter.

DICK (leaning racket against mantel-piece, and hanging cap on screen). Blessed is the man who keeps his heart on a shelf out of reach of the other sex, for verily he shall not have a visitation of sweethearts sprung on him unawares. I told Van he was an ass to fall in love before he was through college. (Stands C. with foot on chair, and reads from letter.) "Dick, old boy, I'm in hot water. Miss Leicester and my mother have come down unexpectedly, to see what every-day college life is like. Unfortunately, Mary has queer notions about cards and things; so for heaven's sake get the chips and the tobacco out of our room. I'll keep her at work on the Museums until lunch-time. Don't go back on me, old fellow; she's awfully nice, but, not having any brothers, she isn't educated up to things yet. Yours, Van." (Drops note in pocket.) Well, I suppose I'm bound to remove the traces of our midnight revels, though, by Jove Harry, if I were Van I'd take this opportunity of advancing the young lady's education a step or two. (Takes cigars, etc., from mantel-piece, piles all together on table, bundles them in table-cover, and lays them on chair L. of table.) When a man has left college he can saddle himself with a sweetheart along with the other burdens of life; but so long as he has his Alma Mater— (Yawns and stretches himself.) Jove Harry! I've been working like a dog. Three straight hours of tennis in an atmosphere that's more like August than May. (Looks at watch.) Only half-past eleven; there's no hurry about taking these things away. (Takes off coat and throws it on top of table-cloth.) The door is locked; Van has the other key. I'll stretch out for a while, and meditate—on other fellows' sweethearts. (Goes behind screen, and lies, with closed eyes, on sofa L. F. Knock at door R. F.; a pause; knock repeated. Enter R. MERCEDES VAN DE RUYTER, latch-key in hand. She examines table, mantel-piece, etc.)

MER. What a state Westbury was in, for fear even the redoubtable Dick might fail him in his hour of need! It's all right, though; not a card, nor a cigar, nor a chip to be seen. The Pillar of his class has not been found wanting; though, as nobody answered my knock at the door, he is evidently a minus quantity at present. (*Lays gloves and hat on chair up L.; walks about, examining photographs, etc.*) Put to flight by the prospect of an invasion of petticoats! Well, if he's as irresistible as the fellows declare him to be, he's a regular simpleton to reserve his fascinations for old ladies and other fellows. Probably his brains have run into his arms and legs; they say he's a great athlete. Oh, here are Westbury's cap and gown! (*Takes "mortar-board" and gown from screen, and puts them on.*) Now to see how I should look if I were a grave and reverend senior. This is lots more fun than tramping around with Mamma and Mary in those old bony Museum places. (*Sees foot-ball R.*) Gracious! This won't do. Mary considers foot-ball "such brutal sport." She'd be horrified at the idea of Van's rooming with the captain of the 'Varsity eleven. (*Tosses ball over screen, then turns to mirror, R.*)

DICK (*picking up foot-ball*). What the mischief?—

MER. (*turning her head from side to side*). Now, why on earth does anybody want to wear a toboggan-slide on his head?

DICK. Somebody is trying to play horse with me. (*Stands on sofa and looks over screen.*) A confounded freshman, by all that's brassy!

MER. I believe they could carry their books on that shelf. (*Takes book from mantel-piece and places it on head.*)

DICK (*throwing foot-ball*). You young idiot!

MER. (*turning*). Mercy!

DICK (*collapsing behind screen*). A girl, by Jove Harry!

MER. (*aside*). Was it a burglar—or Dick Follett?

DICK (*aside*). Van's sweetheart, of course—escaped from the Museums!

MER. (*aloud*). Who are you, sir, and why don't you come out?

DICK (*aside*). Confound it all! I can't show myself in this rig to a girl who hasn't been educated up to it. Yet to claim my coat and uncover that chair means—hot water all round.

MER. Why don't you answer? Perhaps you've no business here.

DICK (*desperately*). I haven't; that's a fact.

MER. (*aside*). It is *not* Dick Follett. (*Aloud.*) Then leave Mr. Van De Ruyter's room instantly.

DICK. I can't. I swear I can't.

MER. (*aside*). He must have been drinking. (*Aloud.*) Then I shall call the Faculty—or something.

DICK. No, don't. Let me explain. I—hang it all!—I had a headache.

MER. (*severely*). Yes,—a college headache.

DICK (*aside*). For a young lady who has no brothers, Van's sweetheart seems to be educated up to a good deal. (*Aloud.*) There's a gang of fellows up in my room making an outrageous racket. I told them to let up, and they bundled me out into the hall without my coat or waistcoat. So Dick Follett told me to come in here till I

get a chance at my own room. Now do you see why I can't show myself?

MER. (*doubtfully*). Are you a friend of Mr. Van De Ruyter's?

DICK. Yes; we're great chums.

MER. Hm! What is your name?

DICK (*aside*). Caught, by Jove Harry! Of course she knows who Van's friends are. A fancy name won't go down; I shall have to crib a real one. (*Aloud.*) I was christened George Frederick Lamberton, but the fellows call me——

MER. The Princeton Lamb! And you're the funniest man in college. How I wish you could come out and be funny *now*!

DICK. I should be most happy, if it weren't for the existing circumstances. (*Aside.*) Bless the existing circumstances! I hadn't realized that I was cribbing a reputation too!

MER. (*thoughtfully, sitting on arm of chair R. of table*). You couldn't be funny from behind the screen, could you?

DICK. Oh, no! You wouldn't think I was funny if you didn't see me. It's my looks, you know. (*Aside.*) Forgive me, Lamb!

MER. (*jumping up*). I have it! I'll give you this gown of Westbury's to put on. (*Pulls off gown and throws it over screen.*)

DICK. No, no! Don't let me——

MER. But you must. I've seen lots of Princeton Tigers, but this will be my first experience with a Princeton Lamb.

DICK (*aside, putting on gown*). The next time I try to pull a fellow out of hot water my name will be—something besides "the Princeton Lamb"!

MER. (*picking up foot-ball and balancing it on "mortar-board"*). You were rusticated last year for ripping open a feather pillow and dropping it over the banisters on to one of the professors, weren't you?

DICK (*astonished*). I? (*Recollecting himself.*) Oh—so I was.

MER. That was why I didn't meet you at commencement. Aren't you ready yet?

DICK. Here goes! Enter, the very funniest funny man in Princeton College. (*Emerges from behind screen.*)

MER. (*after a pause, during which they stand looking at each other*). You don't look very funny.

DICK. Don't I? I feel so.

MER. Go on and act so, then. (*Sits on the window-seat.*)

DICK. Great Scott! you don't expect a man to be funny to order!

MER. Well, perhaps not. (*Aside.*) I wonder why West never told me that the Lamb is so good-looking.

DICK (*aside*). Mr. Richard Follett, having successfully attempted to play horse with himself, will now play Lamb for the amusement of another fellow's sweetheart. (*Sits R. of table, facing MERCEDES.*) Hm! I wish Van could see his young lady in that mortar-board. ^

MER. So at last I have met the funniest man in college. (*Tosses and catches foot-ball.*) Now, if I have as good luck in meeting my other celebrity—— (*Drops ball.*)

DICK (*rising and restoring ball to MER.*). Who is that?

MER. The handsomest man in Princeton,—Dick Follett. (*Tosses and catches ball.*)

DICK. Dick Follett!

MER. Yes; Westbury has roomed with him for a whole year, and I have never even seen him. (*DICK sits R. of table.*) He seems to be awfully popular with the fellows, but—isn't there something wrong with his head?

DICK. His head? Dick Follett's head?

MER. Yes; he's so afraid of displaying his charms that I am positive he's either weak-minded or insufferably conceited.

DICK (*reflectively*). You say you think he is.

MER. He's probably afraid of being bothered by the girls falling in love with him if he gives them the chance. I'd like to show him one girl whose heart he can't break. (*Drops ball.*)

DICK (*rising and bringing ball to MER.*). Suppose Van takes too good care of it. Well, I congratulate you on having given it into such trustworthy keeping, Miss Leicester. (*Leans against window-frame.*)

MER. (*aside*). Good gracious! he thinks I'm Mary. What a joke! (*Aloud, demurely.*) Thank you, Mr. Lamberton. I feel that I am to be congratulated (*aside*) on not having given it away that I am only Van's sister.

DICK. Van is a fine fellow; where is he now?

MER. He is showing Mrs. Van De Ruyter the Museums. I don't care for Museums myself. Westbury showed me such a lot of little fossilized jaw-bones. When I die I don't mean to have enough of my jaw-bone left to fossilize. I never did believe in preserving things for future generations. It's such a waste of good material, don't you think?

DICK. Judging from Samson's experience of the durability of certain kinds of jaw-bones, I rather think mine will be handed down, willy-nilly.

MER. Samson's specimen was not even fossilized, was it? (*Rises, dropping ball.*) What nonsense we are talking!

DICK (*going after ball*). Not at all. We are merely following out a train of thought suggested by your visit to the Princeton Museums.

MER. (*moving toward table*). But I escaped from the jaw-bones on the pretext of getting Westbury's tea-things ready for this afternoon. I wonder where the table-spread is.

DICK (*aside*). Jove Harry! I had forgotten those confounded pipes and things.

MER. What an untidy room! I wonder whether this is Westbury's wardrobe or Mr. Follett's. (*Lays hand on DICK's coat.*)

DICK (*standing L. F.*). I say, Miss Leicester, did you ever blow up a foot-ball?

MER. No; is it fun?

DICK. Great sport; want to try? (*Lets air out of ball.*)

MER. (*coming down L. F.*). Anything for novelty.

(*DICK makes ball ready and gives it to MERCEDES, who blows into it.*)

DICK. Blow harder!

MER. I can't. I'm all out of breath now.

DICK. Put your thumb over the hole, quick! Pshaw! It's collapsed again. (MERCEDES blows again; the foot-ball is finally inflated.) There you are!

MER. But this isn't getting the tea-things ready. (Turns up stage.)

DICK. Er—do you like foot-ball?

MER. (enthusiastically). Yes, indeed! (Aside.) I forgot I was playing Mary.

DICK. That's good; I'm a fiend on the subject myself.

MER. Why, Van told me you didn't go in for athletics.

DICK (aside). I forgot I was playing Lamb. (Aloud.) I don't play, but I know the game pretty thoroughly.

MER. (archly). Perhaps you're good on the tackle.

DICK (aside). And she hasn't any brothers! (Aloud.) I might give you a few pointers—

MER. (laughing and moving toward table). Thanks: I'll ask Westbury about it.

DICK (aside). Can't I stave it off a little longer? (Aloud.) Er—I say, Miss Leicester, do you fence?

MER. (turning). Yes, a little.

DICK. (taking foils from mantel-piece). Let's have a bout, then. Ready? On guard!

[Here should follow a fanciful fencing-duel; but if this is not possible a burlesque may be made of it by DICK's attempting to teach MERCEDES the various motions. They continue to converse while fencing.]

DICK. Van told me you were very fragile, but you don't look it.

MER. (surprised). I fragile? (Aside.) Pshaw! I am forgetting again. What a bother! (Aloud.) People are not always what they appear to be.

DICK. (aside). Hm! She has a way of looking at a fellow as if she could read his thoughts. (Aloud.) Yes; even when people mean to be "square," they sometimes get started on a wrong tack, by mistake.

MER. (aside). Does he suspect that I am not Mary? (Aloud.) It is hard sometimes to keep your principles from taking a circular outline instead of a square one,—sort of getting around things, as it were.

DICK. You came near giving me a home-thrust then.

MER. You ought not to fence so well. Fighting should be characteristic of a Princeton Tiger rather than a Princeton Lamb.

DICK. We hear of wolves masquerading in sheep's clothing; why not Tigers in Lamb's wool?

MER. (who has been retreating step by step to back of stage). Oh, you are driving me back; and you guard your left side so carefully that I can't even get a chance at your heart!

DICK. It is at your disposal. (Raises foil.)

MER. (laughing and panting). Such devotion to your friend's fiancée? Your gallantry disarms me, monsieur. Take my sword; I surrender to a superior adversary. (Hands foil to DICK, and is about to sit L. of table.)

DICK. Hold on! Don't sit there.

MER. (*turning to look at chair*). Oh, I forgot the coat. (*Moves coat to window-seat.*) Here's the table-spread.

DICK (*aside, setting foils in corner*). Now for some fun.

MER. (*lifting corner of table-spread*). What's this? Good gracious!

DICK. Those are some things of Dick Follett's. He asked me to take them to my room.

MER. (*aside*). The Pillar of his class has failed at last. (*Aloud.*) Are they all Mr. Follett's?

DICK. Every one of them.

MER. (*aside*). The Lamb is less guileless than he looks. (*Lays spread on table; stands looking over its contents.*)

DICK (*leaning against mantel-piece and watching her anxiously*). You mustn't imagine they belong to anybody else.

MER. (*aside*). I wish I had been deceiving him for somebody else's sake, instead of just for fun.

DICK. Don't you believe me? (*Aside, as MER. glances up and then down again.*) What innocent eyes she has!

MER. (*petulantly*). I wish you wouldn't look at me like that. (*DICK closes his eyes.*) You look so ridiculously—square!

DICK. Then my looks belie me. (*Crosses L. and turns.*) See here! I've a confession to make.

MER. (*turning to face him*). So have I.

DICK. But mine is an awfully serious one.

MER. Mine is worse.

DICK. Then suppose we forgive each other beforehand. (*They shake hands C.*) Now fire away. (*MER. walks up stage and turns C. B.*)

MER. I am not Mary Leicester.

DICK. Well, neither am I the Princeton Lamb.

MER. Who are you, then?

DICK. Richard Follett, caught "off guard" after making preparations for flight. (*MER. sits on window-seat.*) And you?

MER. (*laughing*). Mercy Van De Ruyter,—Van's sister.

DICK. Then you are not—my friend's fiancée. (*Sits on corner of table, R. C.*)

MER. And the Pillar of his class has not been found wanting—though he was caught napping. What will Van say when he hears that I have been playing Mary?

DICK. With me for your little Lamb. (*Both laugh.*)

MER. Your wool was not quite thick enough to conceal your Tiger nature all the time, Mr. Follett.

DICK. And you showed quite plainly that you had been "educated up to" pipes and chips, Miss Van De Ruyter.

MER. (*rising*). Which reminds me that these things must be disposed of at once. (*DICK fetches coat from window-seat; they transfer contents of table-spread to coat.*) Yes, a girl with a brother learns to tolerate a great many things, Mr. Follett; but even I am not educated up to the point of considering poker-playing a necessary accomplishment for a gentleman. I suppose one must go through college to learn that.

DICK. Oh, come—

MER. (*laughing*). When Van asked me to come over and be sure that you had given the room a properly student-like appearance, I reminded him that "a workman is known by his *chips*;" but he evidently doesn't wish Mary to know him yet. ♯

DICK. Perhaps some day she'll make the same discovery with regard to his head that you have made about mine.

MER. (*arranging table with spread and books which she picks up from floor*). I at least gave you credit for being a square Pillar, and you've turned out to be a circular one.

DICK (*standing L. F., holding coat with pipes, etc.*). Come, now, you cribbed a name and a reputation yourself.

MER. In fact, we've been having a regular game of cribbage.

DICK. And we both forgot that cribbage is a game for two.

MER. Our points are about equal, don't you think?

DICK. Let's call it a tie, then; unless you'd like to have me "peg out"?

MER. And win the game? Oh, no, not that! Indeed, you *couldn't* win it; for I can prove that everything will always come out even between you and me. (*Stands behind table leaning with both hands on it and laughing.*)

DICK. Let's hear your argument. (*Voices are heard outside.*)

MER. Good gracious! They're coming. Hide those things in the other room; quick! (*Comes down R. F. Knock at door R.*)

DICK (*spreading coat open on floor C. F.*). Not a step do I go till you demonstrate your proposition.

MER. (*kneeling to pick up coat*). What obstinacy!

DICK (*also kneeling, and extending his arm to prevent her touching coat*). Why is it bound to be an even thing between us? (*Louder knocking at door. A man's voice outside calls, "Mercy, open the door."*)

MER (*rising*). Oh, because nobody will ever know which came out ahead, the Lady or the Tiger. Now, for *Mercy's* sake, go!

DICK. Well, for *Mercy's* sake, I will.

(*Loud and continued knocking at door R.; voices outside, calling, "Mercy! Mercy! Let us in;"*) DICK *kneels* L. C. F., MERCEDES *stands* R. F.)

QUICK CURTAIN.

Rosemary Baum.

BY THE SEA.

LIKE a bird with spent pinions that sinks to its nest,
 I rest by the marge of eternal unrest;
 The touch of thy garment's hem combéd like fleece
 Doth heal with a miracle's instant surcease.

As soothing as whisper from forests' green naves
 The thunder subdued to a sigh in thy waves;
 I have striven an atom with atoms at war,
 Now, close to thy bosom, I flutter no more.

Wilbur Larremore.

FUN IN THE POETS.

IT is fortunate for the world that there is more fun going than the fun-makers know of. We should miss a great deal if we could not sometimes laugh at the great lights of our literature, as well as with them. The sane mind recognizes no such extravagance of reverence as would shut it out from the good things of earth.

No doubt there be those who will find this very shocking. Probably some disciples even at this late day can see nothing but solemnity in the Wordsworthian refrain, "that miserable Ass," or find no break in the spell when the arch-magician of Christabel and Kubla Khan turns to the "foal of a despised race" with "I hail thee *brother*." Even the over-faithful Whitmaniac will stoutly refuse to take comfort in smiles when his idol describes himself as "plumb in the uprights, braced in the beams, stout as a horse, affectionate, haughty, electrical," or declares, "knowing the perfect fitness and equanimity of things, while they discuss I am silent and go bathe and admire myself."

Most people have been able to see the comic side of these extravagances; but here and there one finds something equally rich which seems to have escaped notice. I call Emerson's Humble Bee, for example, a capital instance of the serious intention of a great mind imposing itself not only on the author but on the great body of the reading public as well. From a pathological and surgical point of view, what can be more apt than "thou animated torrid zone"? And when Mr. Emerson cries rapturously, "Keep me *nearer*, me thy hearer," are we to accuse him of a lack of sincerity, or a real liking for that very striking and tingling torridness, or simply a total lack of experience in the ways of the buzzing world? But perhaps to the transcendental and philosophical mind such trifles do not matter.

Again, we have a legitimate right to a grin over the picture conjured up by the lines

The angel of the stormy sky
Rides down the sunken wire.

Most of us have made the acquaintance of banisters and child-projectiles descending murderously from on high. Is that the way Mr. Whittier would like to have this passage illustrated?

Even in the Hymn to Pan we find John Keats referring to the "shorn peers" of a lamb. Well, so they were, in a sense, but when one reflects on the sorry shaven creatures, the word, now so rarely used except in aristocratic connections, seems rather a loose fit. Perhaps, though, like the final word in Mr. Hardy's title, "The Return of the Native," the absurdity grows out of a gradual change of value and meaning which may not keep pace everywhere. Thus the Massachusetts man travelling in South Carolina indicates the people that he meets by the term "natives," and the Carolinian in Massachusetts probably does likewise; but either of them in speaking at home of his own people would eschew the term and use the geographical designation instead. Beyond doubt, the fact that the original "natives" found in Australia and elsewhere were of a different race and color and inferior in many ways has given an indefinable disparaging turn to the word, which will not easily be restored to its true significance.

The Brownings are simply delightful in this line of unconscious humor. Think of that "Chorus of Invisible Angels *faint and tender*" assisting our mythical first parents out of the garden with,—

Mortal man and woman,
Go upon your travel.

This strikingly recalls the sententious response of the Denver editor to Daniel Pratt when the latter introduced himself as "the great American traveller;" but it is not of record that there was anything "faint and tender" in that deliverance.

Again, in the Vision of Poets, when the enchantress presents to the bard the foul pool of the world's cruelty, "Must I drink here?" he asks, and

"Ay, ay," she said, "it so must be,"
And this time she spoke cheerfully.

No wonder, since she was not to do the drinking. Taken for all in all, I commend Mrs. Browning to any one with the blues—if she be read with the second eye.

The old ballads are of course a perfect mine of that sort of treasure. Even the distinctively religious ones are not exempt. Think of King Herod inciting his baby-killers to "Rise up, rise up, my *merry* men all."

Since we are on invitations, here is another:

Rise up, rise up, brother Lazarus,
And come along with me.
There is a place prepared in heaven
For to sit upon an angel's knee.

It has been supposed that this procedure is commonly reversed and more appropriate to shady parlors and other terrestrial nooks than to the unsparing illumination of the great future.

In "Young Andrew," after the very problematical hero has persuaded the heroine to steal her father's money and elope with him, robbed her of everything, down to and including the very last article of clothing, and finally caused her death by exposure, we meet with this bit of moralizing:

But let us leave talking of this ladye,
And talk some more of young Andrew;
For false he was to this loving ladye.
More pitty that he had not been true.

The force of the humor of understatement can no farther go.

In the "spook" story of "The Two Brothers" the murdered man appears to his sweetheart. She is naturally startled. He reassures her with "It's nothing but my ghost." An insignificant matter, surely.

I wonder if we have here the original hint of the ever-memorable Giles Scroggin:

A figure tall her sight engrossed.
It said, "I be Giles Scroggin's Ghost."
Fol lol.
The Ghost it said all solemnly, Fol lol.
"O Molly, you must go with I." Fol lol.
"All to the grave your love to cool."
Says she, "I am not dead, you fool."
Says the Ghost, says he, "Vy, that's no rule."
Fol lol.

I take Giles from an old music-book of about the opening of this century, containing divers pieces "arranged by T. Moore, Esq.," and other gentlemen whom we have heard of. The type has a curiously home-made look.

One of these ballads, not wholly ungermane to my present purpose, I have never happened to meet elsewhere. The second stanza begins,—

Haughty and proud; the tawny sons of Tripoli
Were minded to stop our independent sailing.

The fourth and last opens,—

Arise, arise, ye sprightly sons of mirth!—

the reason being,

The American seaman henceforward shall be penned
A terror to his foe and an honor to his friend.

W. H. Babcock.

MEN OF THE DAY.

HENRY LABOUCHERE is a short-built, pudgy-looking man, with markedly arched eyebrows and a pointed black beard streaked with gray, and in manner is genially incisive. He is rising two-and-sixty; was educated at Eton, and spent ten very pleasant years at his country's expense in the diplomatic service. He has sat in Parliament for nearly two decades. He always commands the ear of the House, for he is never dull, always original, generally lively, and a master of irony which is most gratifying to every one except the victim. He became part proprietor of the *Daily News* when it was started as a penny paper in 1868, and during the Franco-Prussian War contributed to it the celebrated "Letters of a Besieged Resident in Paris." From 1874 he wrote the city articles for the *World*, in which he conducted a celebrated campaign against money-lenders; and in 1877 started *Truth*, which now brings him in something like fifty thousand a year, and which everybody reads for the sole purpose of ascertaining his views on things in general, for he writes as racily as he speaks. He has the keenest possible insight into affectation and bombast, and as an unmasker of political and social humbug he is unsurpassed; but to take him seriously is to apply to him a use for which he was never intended. This is a characteristic which tells against him at times, when he wants to be a cabinet minister, for instance, but it makes him a very entertaining member of society. He poses as a confirmed cynic, and endeavors to make the worst of everybody, including himself. Yet withal he is a most charming companion, and has a rare stock of first-hand stories, which he tells inimitably. Latterly, however, he has become a personage of importance, and almost of seriousness. Politically, as is well known, he is an advanced Radical, and among British workmen "the gospel according to Labouchere" is preached with much popularity. He lives in Pope's villa at Twickenham, is married to an ex-actress, and smokes immoderately. He is a peer's nephew and a bishop's brother-in-law, but doesn't look it. He does not love Mr. Gladstone.

M. Crofton.

ONCE IN A PURPLE TWILIGHT



*Yours sincerely
Eugene Cowles*

COMPOSED AND SUNG BY

EUGENE GOWLES.

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"ONCE IN A PURPLE TWILIGHT."

Words by J. C. TUCKER.

Music by EUGENE COWLES.

Andante moderato.

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand plays a melody in G major with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The left hand provides harmonic support with chords and single notes. The tempo is marked *Andante moderato* and the dynamic is *mf* (mezzo-forte).

The first line of the song begins with a vocal melody in the right hand, accompanied by piano chords in the left hand. The lyrics are: "Once in a pur - ple in that pur - ple". The dynamic is marked *p* (piano).

The second line of the song continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "twilight, Long and long a - go, I stood out - side your twilight, My heart was o - ver come By the breath of that song, and I". The dynamic is marked *p* (piano).

The third line of the song continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "win - dow, Where the roses bud and blow, And heard you sing a loved you, But my tongue was dry and dumb; For you were a high-born". The dynamic is marked *p* (piano).

love-song
la - dy, Tender and sweet and free; But I did not know that in
And why should you care for me? So I stole a - way, not
dim.

Imo. *Illo.*
sing - ing You were thinking of me, of me. So
know-ing You were singing of me, of

accel.
me. Since then, in a far - off coun-try, When the eve-ning sky grew

pale, A nightingale under my casement Told me the wholesad tale. You are
poco *rall.* *pp* *pp*

dead, and my heart is bro - ken, But, a - las! it might not

be. Had I on - ly known in the twi - light You were

sing - ing of me, of me, Had I on - ly known in the

twi - light You were sing - ing of me, of me!

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The vocal line is in a single staff with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The piano accompaniment consists of two staves, treble and bass, with a key signature of one flat. The music is in 4/4 time. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The score is divided into four systems, each with a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The first system shows the vocal line starting with a half note, followed by a quarter note, and then a half note. The piano accompaniment starts with a half note, followed by a quarter note, and then a half note. The second system shows the vocal line starting with a half note, followed by a quarter note, and then a half note. The piano accompaniment starts with a half note, followed by a quarter note, and then a half note. The third system shows the vocal line starting with a half note, followed by a quarter note, and then a half note. The piano accompaniment starts with a half note, followed by a quarter note, and then a half note. The fourth system shows the vocal line starting with a half note, followed by a quarter note, and then a half note. The piano accompaniment starts with a half note, followed by a quarter note, and then a half note.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

The Sign of Four.
By A. Conan Doyle.

All of us dream, now and then, that it would be fine to break the shackles of politeness and convention and drop for a spell into the pathways of crime,—not, let us hasten to say, as criminals, but to indulge our innate love of detection. We are born, every one of us, amateur detectives. Whether we call the trait curiosity, or study of character, or gossip, it is all one. There is nothing in life so alluring as a dark human problem.

Perhaps the reigning master in the fiction of such pursuit and discovery is Dr. A. Conan Doyle. We English readers have hitherto had to turn to the French for our detective literature. In our own tongue it has been relegated to the Penny Dreadfuls. But Dr. Doyle has arisen, and with him emerges a new, more refined, more real method, which lifts this class of fiction into a fine art.

In *The Sign of Four*, just issued by the Lippincott press, Dr. Doyle has produced a story at once so wildly improbable and yet so startlingly possible, has treated it with such semblance of truth, such unerring fidelity to human character, such picturesque detail, that one is inclined to say the thing never has been done better.

Introducing us on the first page to Mr. Sherlock Holmes at his daily injection of cocaine, we are led, through his able talk with Dr. Watson, to a knowledge of his habits and of his occupation. He is "the only unofficial consulting detective" in London. His method is an analytical one, founded on the widest study and the most minute observation. While these two are conversing, a young lady, Miss Mary Morstan, calls upon Holmes for his professional services in a profoundly difficult case. She has lost track for years of her father, who came from India to London and disappeared on the day of his arrival. She has received a mysterious summons to meet some one who tells her she is wronged, and engages with Holmes and Dr. Watson to accompany her to the rendezvous. They discover a curious character named Thaddeus Sholto, who conducts them to his brother Bartholomew's queer house in the suburbs. But Bartholomew lies murdered in his room, and this deepens the mystery. Miss Morstan learns, however, that she is heir to half of an Indian treasure-chest which has disappeared with the death of Bartholomew. Holmes takes up the case from this point most enthusiastically, and follows out the almost imperceptible clues until he has the murderers in his grasp. These are a diminutive Andaman Islander and a man with a wooden leg: the most picturesque combination in villany it has been our pleasure of late to meet with.

Elinor Fenton. An
Adirondack Story.
By David S. Foster.

There is, so we are told by Mr. David S. Foster in his last story, *Elinor Fenton*, a certain ravine in the heart of the Adirondacks which is entirely inaccessible, saving to the few who know of its devious entrance. You find a steep ladder hidden by the forest trees, then a rocky stairway which leads behind a lofty cascade; and, emerging upon the other side of the falling water, a pathway to a rock-hewn plateau where stands a stone hut covered with a century's growth of moss.

Ethan Hardy, being lost upon the chasm above Devil's Gorge, found this stronghold by accident; but first his life was saved by its mistress, Elinor Fenton,—“the most beautiful girl he had ever seen or ever imagined in all his life.” She bound him by oath not to reveal her secret home, and then led him thither. Though he slept and ate there overnight in the handsome rooms, yet he saw no more of her. But when he travelled down to Fentonville, she greeted him anew at the house of her uncle, his destination, and so grew up the romance of this entertaining tale. To say that it takes a rugged and roundabout course as it proceeds to its happy close is to say that the reader's attention is always on the stretch, and that in self-forgetfulness he is borne away amid the savage beauty of the lakes and mountains.

Mr. Foster commands a smooth and agreeable narrative style which may have been imbibed from study of Scott or Irving, and in the wild adventures tamed into probability by his confident pen he also reminds us of that stately old fiction which is always young. But he possesses a quaint humor all his own, and with these combined qualities he has produced a book which is sure to increase a repute already recognized.

The Messrs. Lippincott have issued *Elinor Fenton* in a becoming dress of type and binding, which will help to insure a wide currency for it.

Birds in a Village.
By W. H. Hudson,
C.M.Z.S.

There is only one way of securing the interest of unscientific readers in scientific facts: that is, to make the facts interesting. This has been attempted in the didactic novel, that half-breed in the race of letters, with varying success;

but the legitimate way is that of Thoreau, of Jefferies, of Abbott, and of Burroughs. The facts must be humanized, touched with the fine glow of character, made personal and individual, before they are fit for palates fed upon fiction and the newspaper. That which is too profound for general talk is too deep for those of us who are awed by Cuvier and Linnæus.

Mr. Hudson, already the author of two popular books of this order, *Idle Days in Patagonia* and *The Naturalist in La Plata*, knows just the amount of personal seasoning to mix with his well-chosen facts; and he has given us in his last work, now published by the Lippincotts, and entitled *Birds in a Village*, an ideal mingling of scientific knowledge, of keen out-door research, and of personal idiosyncrasy.

There has been no lack of bird-books with us in America, but we have not yet encountered here any volume devoted to English birds, and not only is it a pleasure to contrast the variations in species and in habits, and to learn about the nightingale from a point of view other than that of Burroughs, but one has here also agreeable comment on the skylark, the wryneck, and other songsters which are absent from our own aviary.

A Diplomat's Diary.
By Julien Gordon.
New Edition, in
Paper Covers.

“Julien Gordon” has written many books since the appearance of *A Diplomat's Diary*, which first introduced her to the public; but she has never excelled in the mastery of her art the success of her first venture. The demand for this has continued so steadily that the Messrs. Lippincott

now put it forth in paper covers, always an evidence of popularity and growing interest in a work of fiction.

ROYAL[®]

Baking Powder

"Royal" is found by analyses the only baking powder in the world that is chemically pure, leaving neither acid nor alkali in the food.

It is the highest in leavening power, will keep its full strength until used, and renders all quickly raised food more delicious and wholesome.

Dr. Cyrus Edson, Commissioner of Health of New-York, says that "Royal" is the best baking powder; the only baking powder that will raise large bread perfectly.

THE PLAYFUL MOUNTAIN-GOAT.—A mountain-goat that I once kept in confinement was about as cunning as the average street Arab, and had he lived to maturity and kept on acquiring knowledge the chances are I would have had to move out and give him the ranch.

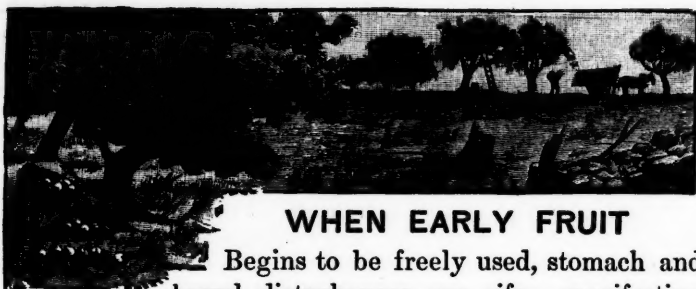
He usually followed me on short excursions into the woods, and generally kept right at my heels, but on one occasion he lagged behind, and although I called him several times he paid no heed. I finally walked back to see what he was interested in, and found him busy feeding on some moss that grew at the roots of a fir-tree: so I left him and continued my tramp.

But after I had got away a short distance the thought occurred to me to hide and see how he would act: so I slipped into a hollow stump close by the trail and awaited the result. Presently I heard him come bounding along the trail, and after he had passed I stuck out my head to watch him. When he got about twenty feet beyond me, he stopped and commenced looking around, and the comical expression of his face as he scanned every object that bore any resemblance to a human being caused me to burst out laughing, when he turned and saw me. Then he commenced to sulk, and would not go any farther, so I had to return home.

The next day he followed me as usual, but in the midst of some thick brush and down timber I got interested in a bird that I was following up, and forgot the goat, and when I came to look for him he was gone. Walking back to where I last saw him, I called, but no Billy came in sight. Then I commenced a diligent search, and presently I caught sight of something white beneath a brush-heap. Stooping down and looking in, I saw the little brute curled up in a heap, and not a move could I get out of him. Reaching in, I caught him by the leg and pulled him out and gave him a good cuffing on both sides of his head. But he did not mind it a bit, and seemed to enjoy the joke immensely, capering about in his usual manner all the way home, as if he would say, "You hid from me yesterday, and I hid from you to-day, and honors are even."—*Forest and Stream.*

TWO-TAILED GOLDFISH.—Ingenious Chinamen have actually bred a whole colony of goldfish, each having two well-developed tails and two sets of anal fins. Biologists of national reputation in this country say that it would be an equally easy task to breed quadrupeds with eight legs.

RUSSIAN CONVICT CANNIBALS.—The *Vladivostock*, published in the Russian Pacific settlement of that name, gives a terrible account of the treatment of Russian convicts on the island of Onora. The investigation recently made into the charges of gross and barbarous cruelty preferred against a certain Khanoff, chief labor overseer of the penal island, has resulted in that official's suspension and arrest. This Khanoff, who was himself originally sent out as a deported convict, perpetrated such intolerable tortures upon the unfortunate convicts under his charge that twenty of them mutilated themselves in a dreadful manner in order to free themselves from the labor-yoke of this official miscreant. A much larger number made their escape into the Taiga, where they suffered indescribable misery from hunger and sickness. A recaptured refugee from the Taiga had in his possession some pieces of human flesh, and his confession that the escaped prisoners murdered and ate the physically weaker of their companions has been confirmed by subsequent discoveries.—*London Daily News.*



WHEN EARLY FRUIT

Begins to be freely used, stomach and bowel disturbances are rife—manifesting themselves in diarrhoea, followed by constipation, colic, headache, indigestion, biliousness, and other troubles of similar character. For the relief and cure of all derangements of the digestive and alimentary organs, **Ayer's Pills** are invaluable. They cleanse the stomach, remove all effete matter, give tone to the liver and bowels, and restore natural and healthy action. Their sugar-coating, which makes them easy to take, dissolves immediately on reaching the stomach and so permits the full strength of the medicine to operate. The most popular pill in the drug stores.

Ayer's Cathartic Pills

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Every Dose Effective

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At all seasons. In the **Spring**, it removes that Tired Feeling, cleanses and vitalizes the circulation, and prepares one to successfully contend with the debilitating effects of the heated term. In the **Summer**, it quickens the appetite, regulates the liver, and makes the weak strong. In the **Autumn**, it tones up the nerves and protects the system from malarial influences. In the **Winter**, it enriches the blood, and invigorates every organ and tissue of the body. It expels the poison of Scrofula and Catarrh and the acid that causes Rheumatism. It makes food nourishing, work pleasant, sleep refreshing, and life enjoyable. It is the Superior Medicine.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Cures Others, Will Cure You

A STORY OF LIVE MASTODONS.—The Stickeen Indians positively assert that within the last five years they have frequently seen animals which, from the descriptions given, must be mastodons. Last spring, while out hunting, one of these Indians came across a series of large tracks, each the size of the bottom of a salt-barrel, sunk deep in the moss. He followed the curious trail for some miles, finally coming out in full view of his game. As a class these Indians are the bravest of hunters, but the proportions of this new species of game filled the hunter with terror, and he took to swift and immediate flight. He described the creature as being as large as a post trader's store, with great, shining, yellowish-white tusks and a mouth large enough to swallow a man at a single gulp. He further says that the animal was undoubtedly of the same species as those whose bones and tusks lie all over this section of the country. The fact that other hunters have told of seeing these monsters browsing on the herbs up along the river gives a certain probability to the story. Over on Forty-Mile Creek bones of mastodons are quite plentiful. One ivory tusk nine feet long projects from one of the sand dunes on that creek, and single teeth have been found that were so large that they would be a good load for one man to carry.—*Juneau Free Press.*

A PYGMY CHINAMAN.—There has arrived in Soochow a microscopic prodigy twenty inches in height, aged fifty-one years and sporting a flowing gray beard almost as long as himself. The small man has a "cocky" sort of way about him which is all his own, and is dressed in English fashion,—coat, hat, boots, and all. He tells the gaping crowd of bumpkins who uncereemoniously jostle the city swells in their eagerness to hear him speak that he hails from the dwarf kingdom of the western ocean, and he emphasizes his information by a flourish of a bamboo tobacco-pipe which is much taller than himself. But when desired to give a specimen of the language of the country of his nativity he regales his audience with a choice collection of English phrases, squeaked out in an uncertain tone of voice.—*Celestial Empire.*

IT NEVER VARIED A SECOND.—As they passed the City Hall they all pulled out their watches to compare them with the municipal time. The Price Hill man slipped his hunting-case into his pocket again and remarked, "You may say what you please about fine timepieces, but I've got a cheap clock up at the house that I bought twenty years ago that has never varied a second from the day I bought it to this."

"What?" panted the crowd.

"That's right. I bought it twenty years ago for three dollars, took it home, placed it on the mantel, set its hands, and wound it up, and from that day to this it has not varied a second."

"Wonderful!"

"Stupendous!"

"Amazing!"

"Not a second?"

"No, sir, not a second," said the man from Price Hill. "The main-spring broke when I wound it up, and it has never varied a second from that instant."

It was surprising the number of cigars he got out of that crowd.—*Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.*

POND'S EXTRACT

Sunburn,
Chafings,
Eruptions,
Sore Eyes,
Sore Feet,
Mosquito Bites,
Stings of Insects,
Inflammations,
Hemorrhages,

WILL CURE



FAC-SIMILE OF
BOTTLE WITH
BUFF WRAPPER.

Piles,
Cuts,
Boils,
Burns,
Wounds,
Bruises,
Catarrh,
Soreness,
Lameness.

AVOID IMITATIONS.

ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTE.

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LAROCHE'S INVIGORATING TONIC.

GRAND NATIONAL PRIZE OF 16,600 FRANCS.

CONTAINING

Peruvian Bark, Iron

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Pure Catalan Wine.

An experience of 25 years in experimental analysis, together with the valuable aid extended by the Academy of Medicine in Paris, has enabled M. Laroche to extract the entire active properties of Peruvian Bark (a result not before attained), and to concentrate them in an elixir, which possessed in the highest degree its restorative and invigorating qualities, free from the disagreeable bitterness of ordinary preparations.

This invigorating tonic is powerful in its effect, is easily administered, assimilates thoroughly and quickly with the gastric juices, without deranging the action of the stomach.

Iron and Cinchona are the most powerful weapons employed in the art of curing; Iron is the principle of our blood, and forms its force and richness. Cinchona affords life to the organs and activity to their functions.



Endorsed by the Medical Faculty of Paris, and used with entire success for the cure of

MALARIA,

INDIGESTION,

FEVER and AGUE.

NEURALGIA,

LOSS of APPETITE,

POORNESS of BLOOD,

WASTING DISEASES,

and

RETARDED

CONVALESCENCE.

E. FOUGERA & CO., Agents, No. 30 North William street, New York. 22 rue Drouot, Paris.

MRS. FRENCH-SHELDON, who penetrated five hundred miles into the Dark Continent, has told an Indianapolis reporter a curious story of African customs. The blacks in her exploring party were unwilling to obey her commands, alleging that she was too short in physique to give orders, and that only some one whom they could literally look up to would receive their obedience. Mrs. Sheldon obviated the difficulty by mounting a platform, whenever one was handy, to issue her orders, and at other times, in lieu of a platform, she made the backs of some of her prostrate attendants serve as a tribune. Paul Du Chaillu, in all his odd adventures in the Dark Continent, did nothing more remarkable than that.—*New York World*.

A MODERN MALADY.

To be without an impulse or desire,
A heap of fuel with no spark of fire;
To be a prey to modish melancholy,
Without the force for any other folly;
To watch the movement of the universe
And to believe it moves from bad to worse,
Blind tendency the master of the whole,
And man without a purpose or a soul;
To see the good and evil, foul and fair,
And not to take a side and not to care,
But live contented in a calm despair,
Not live! exist, with power and fashion fled,
A lean heart nourishing a thinking head.

I, musing on these matters, walked apart
To be at peace and commune with my heart.
Ah! if the gods were gracious to us, then
Some new Prometheus would be granted men.
And as I mused I thought one spoke with me.
"I brought a fire from heaven," he said, "but aye
Your eyes are holden that ye cannot see."

London Spectator.

HOW TYRRELL HANDLES A COBRA.—By far the biggest snake in the reptile collection at the Zoo is the python in the case opposite the door. He is more than twenty feet long, and is seriously thinking of growing longer still. Tyrrell picks him up unceremoniously by the neck and shoves him head first into a tank of water when he seems to need a little stir and amusement. I think, perhaps, after all, the most remarkable being exhibited in the reptile-house is Tyrrell. I don't think much of the Indian snake-charmers now. See a cobra raise its head and flatten out its neck till it looks like a demoniac flounder set on end. Keep in mind that a bite means death in a few minutes. Presently you will feel yourself possessed with a certain respect for a snake-charmer who tootles on a flute while the thing crawls about him. But Tyrrell comes along without a flute—without as much as a jewsharp—and carelessly grabs that cobra by the neck and strolls off with it wherever he thinks it ought to go, and you believe in the European after all.—ARTHUR MORRISON, in *Strand Magazine*.

Jack Spratt



Could eat no fat. He had never tried COTTOLENE, otherwise the family peculiarities might have been somewhat mitigated. Greasy food is distasteful to many and unwholesome for all. Lard has always been the acknowledged foe of good digestion. It is the main if not the sole cause of our national weakness—Dyspepsia.

COTTOLENE,

the new shortening, has no hog's grease in its ingredients. It is a vegetable product made from cotton seed oil and beef suet. Although made from fine material, it is cheaper than lard and more economical in every way. The modern, up-to-date, housekeeper will try COTTOLENE and prove its value for herself.



COTTOLENE is sold everywhere in 3 and 5 pound pails.
Be sure that you get only the genuine.

N. K. Fairbank & CO.,

Chicago, St. Louis, Montreal, New York, Boston,
Philadelphia, San Francisco, &c.

SATISFYING A GRUDGE.—"Any letters here fur Absalom Jacobson?" asked the tall, loose-jointed man with yellow hair and a tuft of faded whiskers on the extreme southern frontier of his pointed chin.

The village postmaster got up from his chair and looked through the J box.

"None," he replied.

"Any papers?"

The postmaster examined the contents of another pigeon-hole.

"No papers for Jacobson."

"Letters 'r papers fur Alabena Dulseena Reeta Haycraft?"

"I don't think there are."

"Wish ye'd look an' see."

The postmaster looked through the H boxes.

"None."

"Anything fur Barker Eals?"

"No."

"Guess ye'd better look."

The official inspected the boxes again.

"Just as I told you. Nothing for Eals."

"Sime Polhemus?"

Another weary search through stuffed pigeon-holes.

"Nothing for Polhemus."

The persistent man at the window kept it up till the postmaster had ascertained by personal investigation that there was neither letter nor paper in the office for Giles Ruggles, Emery Wheelhouse, Barney Stedman, Hickory Twyman, Nelson McPelt, Jarvis Kingsberry, or Homer Bearce, and then made way reluctantly for an impatient agriculturist from the Bainbridge neighborhood who had been waiting five minutes and was becoming threatening and dangerous.

"What made you ask for all those folks' mail?" inquired an acquaintance as the man with the faded chin-whiskers stepped outside the building. "Do they live out in your section?"

"No. They don't live anywhere, 's I know of."

"Then what did you mean by making the postmaster go to all that trouble for nothing?"

"I've been askin' fur mail at this awfus fur mighty near seven months, an' never got a blamed thing," replied the other, with a vindictive chuckle, "an' I'm a-gettin' even with the guv'ment, b'gosh! That's all."—*Chicago Tribune*.

DEATH OF "MOTHER SHIPTON."—Mother Shipton is dead, or at any rate the real author of her famous prophecies is no more. In other words, the book-selling world has to deplore the loss of Mr. Charles Hindley, who long ago confessed to the innocent imposture. He wrote a good deal in one way or another, partly to the press and partly in books, but Mother Shipton was his most famous achievement. He died at Brighton, where he used to carry on the business of a bookseller.—*London Globe*.

TOO FAST.—*Farmer's Boy*.—"There's goin' to be a minstrel show in Plunkinton next week. Can I——"

Old Hayseed.—"Gee whittaker! It ain't a month sence you went to the top of the hill to see the 'clipse of the moon. D'ye wanter be always on the go?"

Pale Faces

and sallow complexions are in almost all cases results of Depleted Blood. They go hand in hand with Loss of Flesh and Wasting Diseases. There is no nourishment in the blood, and the whole system is starving for want of an easy fat food that can be assimilated.

Scott's Emulsion

of Cod-liver Oil, with hypophosphites of lime and soda, enriches the blood and brings back a healthy color to the skin. It is a fat food that the weakest stomachs can deal with and the most obstinate systems assimilate without effort. *Physicians*, the world over, endorse it.

Growing Children

must have the kinds of food found in Scott's Emulsion or they will be thin and poorly developed. Babies grow fat on it.

NOTICE! Why should you go contrary to the Physician's advice by allowing some inferior preparation to be substituted for Scott's Emulsion?

FORTY DOLLARS SAVED THE BANK.—Old-timers tell the story how T. J. Kelley, a contractor of this city and now manager of the horse-market in Grand Avenue, between Fifth Street and Missouri Avenue, by a very clever ruse stopped a run on a bank and prevented its going to the wall away back in 1871. At that time the Kansas City Savings Association, now the National Bank of Commerce, was located at the southwest corner of Fourth and Delaware Streets. Mr. Kelley was then secretary and cashier of the Corrigan Street Railway Company, and the company's account was kept at this bank.

The much-despised penny was not then in general use here as now. People were ashamed to pay for any article with pennies, except, perhaps, postage-stamps, and the old-fashioned "fare-box" in the cars became a dumping-ground for them. From three dollars to five dollars in pennies would be found in the boxes by Mr. Kelley every day. He usually dumped them in sacks and stored them away in the company's vault.

During the crisis of '71 the people became very much excited, and flocked to the banks in droves to withdraw their deposits. Runs were made on nearly all the banks in the city, and several were forced to suspend. One day a run was made upon the Kansas City Savings Bank, and the people were lined up waiting their turns to reach the tellers, who were paying out money by the basketful, when a happy thought struck Mr. Kelley. He went to the police station, secured three policemen to guard his treasure, loaded eight sacks of coppers upon a wheelbarrow, and took them down to the bank. The sacks had originally contained gold, and were labelled on the outside "\$5000" in great big black letters.

Arriving at the bank, one old colored woman, who had come to withdraw her small savings, called out, "Why, Mistah Kelley, wha' fo' yo' put all that money in here, when we'se a-drawin' our money out?"

Kelley replied, "That's all right. This bank isn't going to bust. I can put more money in here in one day than all of you people can draw out in six months," as he trudged into the bank with the last sack.

This display of confidence on the part of the street railway company had a quieting effect upon the crowd, and they rapidly dwindled away.

The sacks contained just forty dollars, but it saved the bank.—*Kansas City Journal*.

USELESS ECONOMY.—Sympathetic Friend.—"Don't worry about it, old fellow. You'll get on your feet again some day."

Business-Man (who has just failed for half a million).—"The only regret I feel just now, my friend, is that I refrained from ordering tenderloin steak with mushrooms at dinner yesterday because I thought I couldn't afford it."—*Chicago Tribune*.

ANY one asked whence the Belgian block comes would say, "Why, from Belgium, of course," but this is far from the truth. Great quarries at a point four miles above Sellersville, Bucks County, known as "The Rocks," supply most of the blocks used in this city. A great piece of rock was recently blasted there from which were cut thirty-five thousand Belgian blocks of regulation size. The rock was thirty-five feet wide, twelve and one-half feet deep, and sixty-five feet long. The blocks cut up will realize nearly fifteen hundred dollars for the quarryman.—*Philadelphia Record*.

Recipes for October, By Mrs. Ewing, Miss Parloa, Marion Harland, Mrs. Lincoln, Miss Hope.

Griddle Cakes made with Sweet Milk.—By MARIA PARLOA.—Mix together one pint of flour, one teaspoonful of salt, one tablespoonful of sugar and two teaspoonfuls of Cleveland's Baking Powder. Rub this mixture through a sieve, letting it fall into a bowl. Add three generous gills of milk, three tablespoonfuls of melted butter and one well beaten egg. Fry in small cakes on a griddle, and serve at once.—(Copyright.)

Apple Dumpling.—By MRS. EMMA P. EWING.—Sift together two and a half cups of flour and two teaspoonfuls Cleveland's Baking Powder. Add a cup of sweet milk and a tablespoonful of melted butter. Stir into a batter. Half fill a buttered baking dish with quarters of pared sour apples. Pour the batter over them and bake three-quarters of an hour, or until nicely browned. Serve with a hard or soft sauce.—

Use only Cleveland's baking powder.

Minute Biscuit.—By MARION HARLAND.—One quart of flour, one tablespoonful of butter and the same of lard, two teaspoonfuls of Cleveland's baking powder, half teaspoonful of salt, one pint of cold water, one teaspoonful of white sugar. Sift baking powder, salt, sugar and flour together twice; chop up the shortening in the flour, not touching it with your hands, stir in with a wooden spoon the cold water; roll out quickly, cut into round cakes and bake in a good oven.—"*Finding Cleveland's baking powder to be really the best, I recommended it in 'Common Sense in the Household,' and now use it exclusively.*"—April 5, '93. MARION HARLAND.

Apple Koker.—By MRS. LINCOLN.—Mix well one-half teaspoonful salt and two level teaspoonfuls Cleveland's Baking Powder with two cups sifted flour. Rub in one-quarter cup cold butter. Beat one egg light, add three-quarters cup milk, and stir it into the flour. Use more milk if needed to make the dough soft enough to spread half an inch thick on a shallow baking pan. Quarter, pare and core four large sour apples, and divide each quarter lengthwise. Lay them in parallel rows on top of the dough, core edge down, and press them into the dough slightly. Sprinkle two tablespoonfuls sugar over the apple, but do not let it touch the pan. Bake in a hot oven twenty minutes. Turn it out, apple side up, on a platter, and serve with *Lemon Sauce*.—Mix well three heaping teaspoon-

One rounded
teaspoonful of



Cleveland's Baking Powder

does more and better work
than a heaping
teaspoonful of others.



While Cleveland's is the strongest of all pure cream of tartar baking powders (see Official Reports), its chief merit is not its strength but its perfect purity and wholesomeness.

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fuls corn starch with one cup of sugar, in a granite sauce-pan. Add two cups boiling water, stir well, and cook ten minutes. Add the grated rind and juice of one lemon and one tablespoonful butter.—(Copyright 1891 by Cleveland Baking Powder Co.)

Jam Puffs.—By MISS AMABEL G. E. HOPE.—One cup flour, one level teaspoonful Cleveland's Baking Powder and a speck of salt sifted into a bowl. One cup of dry mashed potato mixed into it. Then rub in three tablespoonfuls of beef dripping; mix with enough cold water to make a stiff dough. Roll it out very thin on a well floured board. Cut into rounds, wet the edges, put a spoonful of jam on each round. Fold over and press together the edges, lay them on a greased tin and bake in a hot oven ten minutes.—*Use only Cleveland's Baking Powder.*

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PERFORMING BEFORE THE SULTAN.—While on board the Sultan's yacht I noticed that he had a magnificent watch, which he consulted and handled as if it were the apple of his eye. This, of course, was a good thing for me, for, since I was performing before him personally, it was not etiquette to take anything from the audience. I asked the Sultan to take out his watch and show it to me, which he did. I then said, "Will your imperial majesty allow me to throw the watch overboard?"

He laughed at first, but a second afterwards his brow darkened, and he looked a little bit as if he were offended with me for making the request.

"If," said I, "I do not return the watch to you exactly as you give it to me, you can put me in irons for the rest of my life."

The Sultan looked me in the eye with a piercing glance, and then handed the watch to me. I instantly threw it into the rippling waves of the Bosphorus. The yacht careened over, for every individual, from the cabin-boy to the Sultan himself, rushed to the side and looked overboard after the watch.

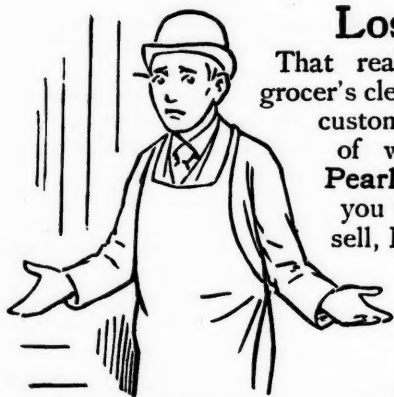
I felt that if anything went wrong with this trick I certainly should be put in irons, but I called for a fishing-line, and, instead of showing my anxiety, at once proceeded to do a little fishing. Every one looked at me, not so much with astonishment as with pure disbelief in my ability to recover the watch, which was not only one of the things in the world the Sultan liked, but was worth a great deal more than any watch I had ever seen.

Fortune favored my fishing, for in a few minutes I drew up a shiner on my hook and landed it safely on the deck. I brought it before the Sultan, took out my pocket-knife, ripped it open, and presented the watch to his majesty in its original perfect condition.

Turks, as a rule, are not very demonstrative, and I found in after-life that to make a Turk laugh heartily is impossible. They smile, look pleased, and with their daintily-pointed nails pick their beards. But on this occasion every Turk, from the Sultan and his blue-blooded pashas to the sailors in the fore-castle, sent up one howl of delight.—A. HERRMANN, in *North American Review*.

PAWNBROKING IN CHINA.—A financial contemporary gives, under some reserve, the following description of the appearance of trade-unionism among the pawnbrokers of China. One of that body began to charge his customers sixteen per cent. instead of the usual twenty-four. Naturally, he did a roaring trade, to the dismay of his colleagues, who carried him before the mandarin of the province, with bitter complaints of unfair competition. The mandarin, however, commended the pawnbroker for his charity and good feeling in charging only sixteen per cent., but pointed out that the charge was quite illegal. He therefore directed that in future he should charge the customary twenty-four per cent., of which he was to keep only sixteen for himself, while the other eight was to be distributed in charity, in consonance with the pawnbroker's benevolent idea.—*London Globe*.

FROM time immemorial the proctors of the English universities of Oxford and Cambridge have had the extraordinary power of arresting and sending to jail any woman, whatever her character, who might be seen walking with a student. Recently there have been several flagrant examples of the abuse of this privilege of university officers, and measures are about to be taken to put a limit to the proctor's anomalous jurisdiction.—*New York World*.



Lost his Position.

That really happened to a certain grocer's clerk, because he couldn't induce customers to take an inferior brand of washing powder in place of **Pearline**. The grocer said, "If you can't sell what I want you to sell, I don't want you."

Now it doesn't take a very wise woman to decide whether this was an honest grocer. And a woman wise enough for that, would be likely to insist upon having nothing but **Pearline**. There is nothing "as good as" or "the same as" **Pearline**, the original—in fact, the only—washing-compound. If they send you something else, send it back.

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JAMES PYLE, New York.

WHERE is life insurance likely to cost the least? Manifestly, where there is no element of profit,—nothing to be paid for the use of capital,—where all are pecuniarily interested in making the cost as little as possible. Imagine a partnership of 35,000 men, acting through their chosen trustees and officers, each one determinedly bent on obtaining insurance under the most favorable conditions of mortality, interest, and expense, with no thought of serving any one outside their number. You need not imagine this.

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THE LATEST ABOUT SUSPENDERS.—“I believe most of the people who invent new-fangled suspenders and take out patents for them are crazy,” said a customer in a men’s furnishing store the other day. “Can’t you give me a pair of old-fashion suspenders like those you sold me ten years ago?”

“Yes,” said the dealer, “I can; but these I am showing you are the latest things out.”

“But, confound it, man, I do not want the latest things out,” roared the customer; “all I need is a pair of ordinary, every-day suspenders, GUYOTS I think they are called, and you show me a crazy sort of thing with a lot of wheels and pulleys and weights and things. Why, it would take a man a week to learn to get into that thing, and, once in, it would take a week to get out. Every time I come here to get a pair of suspenders you try to sell me something different, and usually it is a new patent of some sort. Now, you know as well as I do that there has not been an improvement made in suspenders in fifty years that has amounted to a row of pins, and there is no suspender made which can compare with the genuine GUYOTS made in Paris by Charles Guyot. And, although you change your entire stock of suspenders every little while, you will, I am sure, own up that I am right.”

“Yes, you are right,” the dealer replied, “perfectly right, but we outfitters must keep up with the times. These cranks keep on bringing out new things, each new suspender more complicated and more idiotic than the one which went before. But a fancy article commands a fancy price. Yet all first-class dealers must keep the GUYOTS for thousands of customers who, like you, are not willing to make experiments, and stick to the GUYOTS, which are universally acknowledged to be the very best suspenders made for all seasons of the year.”

SOME FORMAL CORRESPONDENCE.—A matter-of-fact sacristan of the Cathedral of Berlin once wrote the King of Prussia this brief note:

“SIRE,—I acquaint your majesty, first, that there are wanting books of psalms for the royal family. I acquaint your majesty, second, that there wants wood to warm the royal seats. I acquaint your majesty, third, that the balustrade next the river, behind the church, is become ruinous.

“SCHMIDT,

“Sacrist of the Cathedral.”

The reply of the king was not that of a “gracious majesty.” Its stiff formality in imitating the style of the sacristan probably was not taken by the receiver as complimentary to him:

“I acquaint you, Herr Sacrist Schmidt, first, that those who want to sing may buy books. Second, I acquaint Herr Sacrist Schmidt that those who want to be warm must buy wood. Third, I acquaint Herr Sacrist Schmidt that I shall not trust any longer to the balustrade next the river. And I acquaint Herr Sacrist Schmidt, fourth, that I will not have any more correspondence with him.

FREDERICK.”

A VERY THOROUGH COURSE.—Visitor.—“Is your son taking a very thorough course in college?”

Fond Mother.—“Indeed he is. The poor fellow is really too conscientious. This is his fourth year in the freshman class, and they tell me there is a great deal there that he can learn yet.”—*Detroit Free Press*.

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OUR BOOK FOR THE INSTRUCTION OF MOTHERS,

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A CLEVER CAPTURE.—A splendid steamer was pursuing its way over the wide waters of the Volga in the direction of the Caspian Sea. It was late in the evening when a young man stepped up to the captain and requested to be put down at the next village they might come to. The stranger was set ashore, and the steamer continued on its journey. All at once another passenger came running to the captain and cried out,—

"My travelling-bag! Where is it? My bag with twelve thousand francs!"

The captain had his suspicions. He told the man to be calm and not to mention the affair to a living soul on board. Owing to the great width of the river at that point, few, if any, of the ship's company noticed that the steamer described a large circle and shaped its course up-stream. It did not altogether escape observation, however, that a flag of different colors was hoisted and a sheet of tarpaulin thrown over the bulwarks to conceal the name of the vessel. Presently a shrill whistle announced that they were nearing a station on the river. It was the same at which the young man had landed.

A boat pushed off from the shore, and a man came on deck with a leather bag in his hand. He turned out to be the very passenger who had left the steamer not long before, and who, thinking himself safe on board another vessel, now fell into the hands of his former captain and the owner of the stolen property. At first he could hardly believe his eyes, but all his doubts were dispersed when the steamer reversed its course and landed him at a "station," where he is likely to make a protracted stay.—*Ueber Land und Meer.*

In connection with Hugo, the Paris *Gaulois* relates the following curious history: "A few weeks ago an old negress came from Bridgetown, on the island of Barbadoes, to a missionary, and asked him to read three masses for Victor Hugo. The missionary was astonished, and at first believed that he had misunderstood the visitor. But the negress replied to his questions that years ago she had given aid to the daughter of the author of the '*Orientales*,' who had married an English officer against the will of her father, and had fled with him to Barbadoes. The officer deserted his wife, who consequently became almost insane and was cared for in that condition by the negress. The negress wrote to the poet of the sad condition of his child. Hugo sent her two thousand francs and had her go to Paris with the daughter. After remaining for a time in the house of the author, the negress decided to return to Barbadoes. One reason for this was the fact that the poor daughter had become incurably insane and had been consigned to an asylum. The poet, who respected the negress because of the love she had borne his daughter, said to her before her departure from Paris, 'When you hear of my death in your native country, have three masses read for me.' The old woman, who first heard of the death of Victor Hugo a few months ago, has now fulfilled the wishes of the poet."

THE EARTH WAS ROUND BEFORE CHRIST.—Between 380 and 276 B.C., Aristotle, "the Stagirite," observed an occultation of Mars by the moon, and Eratosthenes of Cyrene computed the circumference of the earth by measuring an arc of the meridian. It seems strange that such experiments as this last should have been successfully carried out two hundred and seventy-six years before the birth of the Saviour, and yet the scientific (?) men of the world refuted the doctrine of the earth being round for nearly fifteen hundred years afterwards.—*St. Louis Republic.*

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| “ | “ | “ | it is best from a sanitary point of view, is because of its absolute purity. |
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| “ | “ | “ | no boiling of clothes is needed, is because there is no adulteration in it—it being absolutely pure, can do its own work. |
| “ | “ | “ | it leaves clothes washed with it whiter and sweeter than any other soap, is because it contains no adulteration to yellow them. |
| “ | “ | “ | it washes flannels without shrinking, bringing them out soft, white, and fleecy, is because it is free from rosin, which hardens, yellows, and mats together all woollen fibres, making them harsh and coarse. |
| “ | “ | “ | three bars of it will make a gallon of elegant white soft-soap if simply shaved up and thoroughly dissolved by boiling in a gallon of water, is that it contains pure and costly ingredients found in no other soap. |
| “ | “ | “ | it won't injure the finest lace or the most delicate fabric, is that all these ingredients are harmless. |
| “ | “ | “ | we paid \$50,000 for the formula twenty-five years ago, is that we knew there was no other soap like it. |
| “ | “ | “ | so many millions of women use it, is that they have found it to be the best and most economical, and absolutely unchanging in quality, |

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NEW YORK CITY'S HEALTH COMMISSIONER ON DISINFECTANTS.—Dr. Edson says Platt's Chlorides is the best. In an extended article on "Disinfection and Sanitary Precautions," in a recent number of *The Doctor of Hygiene*, Dr. Cyrus Edson, Health Commissioner of the Board of Health, New York City, gives very good advice relative to the proper safeguards to be employed in order that good health may be maintained and epidemic or contagious diseases avoided. His remarks, although designed for a period when there is fear of contagious disease, apply equally to the hot weather, when a neglect of sanitary precautions will result in what are known as "summer diseases."

Referring to the importance of thorough disinfection, and the employment of such chemicals as are best known and to be relied upon as true germ-killers, and after stating how to prepare and employ different crude materials, he adds, "In case these mixtures cannot be made for any reason, as, for example, the trouble and bother involved, Platt's Chlorides is the safest and best of the specially prepared disinfecting solutions now on the market."

It is gratifying to us and undoubtedly to most of our readers to feel that this well-known and so universally employed disinfectant is thus endorsed by one of such high authority and of such great experience in matters of domestic sanitation. Platt's Chlorides is a clean, nice, and unobjectionable preparation; a liquid without odor or color, cheap, powerful, and deservedly popular, always ready to do its work thoroughly and well.

WHY HE STOPPED CORNET PRACTICE.—He had been working all winter to get a place in the Hartwell-Maplewood Brass Band as a cornetist, and just as his hopes seemed to be on the verge of fulfilment she met him on his way home from the post-office, near Major De Camp's, and, linking her hand within his arm, walked on in silence until they reached the edge of the poplar row. There she stopped in the long shadows and cornered him.

"George," she said, "I wish you wouldn't play the cornet in the new band."

"Why not?" said he, surprised. "It is the place of honor, and I get a great deal of attention by it, dear."

"Yes, I know," she said, coaxingly. "It is nice to have you noticed by every one, and all that, but——"

She paused and hung her curly head a little lower in the hush.

"But what?" said he, sharply.

"Blowing the cornet makes—makes——"

Her voice sank to a pouting whisper:

"Makes the lips so stiff and hard!"

George will not blow the cornet in the band this summer.—*Cincinnati Commercial Gazette*.

MOONSTRUCK SAILORS.—There is no doubt that persons are often moonstruck, particularly in the tropics. There is in port to-day the master of a vessel whose face is horribly distorted by a shock from the moon's rays while he was crossing the equator on his way north. On war-ships no one is allowed to sleep on deck, and the lunar rays therefore cannot reach them, but on merchant-vessels, where there is less discipline, especially in hot weather, tars sleep on deck and are often picked up insensible in the morning.—*Philadelphia Record*.

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In quart bottles only, at druggists' and high-class grocers'.

SERIOUS RAILWAY ACCIDENT.—Milk train in collision; no milkman turns up; disappointed housekeepers; coffee without cream. A petty annoyance resulting from a neglect to keep the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk in the house. Order now for future exigencies from grocer or druggist.

THE SUNDAY QUESTION IN BELGIUM.—M. Vandenpeereboom, the Belgian Minister of Railways, Posts, and Telegraphs, is a warm advocate of Sunday rest for postmen. At present there is but one delivery on Sundays throughout Belgium, but this is too much for M. Vandenpeereboom. He has therefore caused a special stamp to be made, which is to be known as the "Dominica stamp," bearing in French and Flemish the words, "Not to be delivered on Sunday." This stamp will be issued on Saturday, and it is desired that those who are in favor of Sunday delivery will tear off the portion containing the words in question. The idea is to obtain a sort of "referendum" on the question of Sunday delivery, and also at the same time to call public attention to the matter, and by that means arrive at a solution of the question in a complete postal day of rest on Sundays.—*London Star*.

WHY HE WASN'T CALLED.—"Did you call the gentleman in No. 73? He wants his breakfast at seven o'clock."

Bell-boy.—"No, he don't."

"Did he say so?"

Bell-boy.—"No; he blew out the gas last night."—*Chicago Inter-Ocean*.

DANDIES IN THE GERMAN ARMY.—Referring to the recent order of the German Emperor with regard to the dandified irregularities which had become common in the German army, a correspondent at Berlin calls our attention to the fact that the Kaiser himself is not altogether free from affectation of this kind, inasmuch as he himself sets the fashion of "bangle"-wearing. In most of the many portraits of the Kaiser the bangle is brought into special prominence by the position of the arm. But, though addicted to the bangle, he never condescended to the ear-ring, which formerly was very commonly worn among his officers.

In the time of Frederick William II., when the German army was resting on the laurels of the Great Frederick, dandies flourished in great numbers among the officers, in spite of severe official condemnations of foppery. The monstrosities and extravagances differed but slightly from those of to-day,—sharp-pointed toes, ridiculously high collars, and short overcoats without seams. Latter-day exquisites have also adopted the plan of crowding on the finger as many rings as possible—he who can carry the largest number on the ring-finger and at the same time bend his finger being considered to have the bluest blood.—*London Globe*.

HIS WANTS WERE FEW.—Tramp.—"Please, mum, would ye be so kind as to let me have a needle and thread?"

Mrs. Suburb.—"Well, y-e-s, I can let you have that."


"Thankee, mum. Now you'd oblige me very much if you'll let me have a bit of cloth for a patch."

"Well, here is some."

"Thankee, mum, but it's a different color from my travellin'-suit. Perhaps, mum, you could spare me some of your husband's old clothes that this patch will match."

"Well, I declare! I'll give you an old suit, however. Here it is."

"Thankee, mum. I see it's a little large, mum, but if you'll kindly furnish me with a square meal, mebbly I can fill it out."—*New York Weekly*.



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of Eight-Hour Men, need
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Washing Powder

To enable them to get through work as early as their husbands.
GOLD DUST saves time, strength, patience and money.

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CRYSTAL PEPSIN TABLETS are nature's only cure for dyspepsia and indigestion. They prevent dulness after eating, and induce a refreshed feeling of renewed energy. Delivered by mail to any post-office in the United States on receipt of fifty cents in stamps. Samples mailed free. Address the **CARL L. JENSEN COMPANY**, 400 N. Third Street, Philadelphia, Pa. For sale at all druggists'.

PUT not your trust in a woman, is a paraphrase to which the tragedian George C. Milne would unhesitatingly assent. He was at one time playing in a Western city, and observed in the front row an old lady dissolved in tears. Highly flattered, he sent an attendant to say that he would like to see her after the performance. When they met, Mr. Milne was graciousness itself. "Madam," he said, "I perceive that my acting moved you." "It did that, sir," said the old woman. "You see, sir, I've got a young son myself play-actin' down in Kentucky somewhere, an' it broke me all up to think that mebbe he warn't no better at it than you, sir."—*Chicago Journal*.

QUEER FADS.—I am well acquainted with the descendants of a venerable lady, an active, healthy woman of good position, who, to judge from many of her children and grandchildren, must have been lovable, as well as highly respectable, but had an extraordinary fad. For many years she kept her coffin in her room, not (as some orders of monks have done) as a painful reminder, but as a receptacle for her caps. The inside had been so beautifully lined, she thought it would be waste of good material to leave it unemployed. But this eccentric fancy did not end here. All sense of the ghastliness of employing such an article for other than its ostensible use appeared, through habitual familiarity with it, to have no place in her mind; for it seems that on one occasion, when invited to stay at a friend's house, it was with the greatest difficulty that she could be dissuaded from employing the pet repository of her caps as a trunk to carry her visiting apparel. Imagine the shock to more sensitive nerves had her hostess and the rest of the family party seen so gruesome and ill-omened an object carried into the house on a bright and festive occasion!

It may not be generally known that one of the old-time kings of Spain, Charles VI., had a brother, Don Antonio, who had a mania for making sausages, and that the infection spread to his royal brother, both becoming victims of the same extraordinary taste: so a pavilion was erected in a lonely spot, where he devoted his time to learning the trade, so as to compete with his brother. At last the monomania was suddenly cured by the visit of an Englishwoman of rank, who was surreptitiously introduced into the grounds surrounding the pavilion by the British ambassador, to see the royal pork-butcher at work. The king discovered her and "embraced her," forgetting the greasy attire in which he was equipped, and the consequent soiling of her dress brought him to his senses and the relinquishment of this unseemly fad. In the present day we have a royal amateur professor of the culinary art, in the person of his majesty Humbert, King of Italy, at which report says he shows remarkable skill. It seems a queer taste for one born to a throne, although often a development of the kind may be, and very naturally is, bred in a hunter, sportsman, or explorer, a fancy born of necessity, when not even the limited qualifications of a "general," not to say a *chef de cuisine*, are available.—*Girls' Own Paper*.

ON its buffet cars last year the Pullman Company served four million five hundred thousand meals. All things considered, these meals are thoroughly satisfactory, but we deeply regret that Mr. Pullman in the interview from which we take these facts did not explain why he has the crusts cut off the bread he serves. This is done by regulation on all or nearly all Pullman dining cars. It cannot be for economy. It is not good for digestion. It ought to be stopped, or at least a crust option offered each passenger.—*Philadelphia Press*.



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THE FIRST GOLD FROM CALIFORNIA.—On Monday, the 7th of May, 1849, there arrived in Boston the ship *Sophia Walker*, Captain Wiswell, from Valparaiso the 2d of March previous. She brought with her the first gold, in dust and bars, ever received in this city direct from California.

The whole amount was something more than \$80,000. Of this amount Captain J. H. Spring, a passenger, lately the commander of the ship *Huntress*, of New York, which was sold on the coast, had \$40,000 in dust on account of his owners, and the remainder went principally to Baltimore in other consignments. Three of the bars, however, valued at \$18,600, were taken to Philadelphia the following day by Adams & Co.'s express to be converted into coin.—*Boston Herald*.

SO-CALLED "VULGAR" PACKAGES.—The class of distinctly vulgar packages is a very large one for both sexes. To begin with, all wearing-apparel is strictly tabooed. A gentleman carrying home a suit of clothes becomes for the time being an absolute nonentity, and should he venture to carry his own wash to and from the laundry words cannot express the abjectness of his fall from social grace. Mrs. Grundy's nose becomes a continuation of the big dipper as she passes him by. A hat, a pair of shoes—bah! Mrs. Grundy begs us to turn aside.

A lady must not be seen carrying even a wonder of a bonnet,—one of those dear little things composed of a pint of flowers and straw. Nor may she venture forth upon the public highway with a pair of kid slippers in her hand, or a Del-sarte waist, or even a four-in-hand tie, however they may be disguised. Another class of vulgar packages is composed of household utensils and supplies.—*Kate Field's Washington*.

CHOPIN IN POLAND.—When the great composer and pianist, Chopin, was a young man whose name was just beginning to be well known, he was travelling through Poland with a friend and was one day snow-bound. Some good-natured peasants succeeded in getting his carriage out of a great snow-drift and piloting the travellers to the post-house, where they were to change horses.

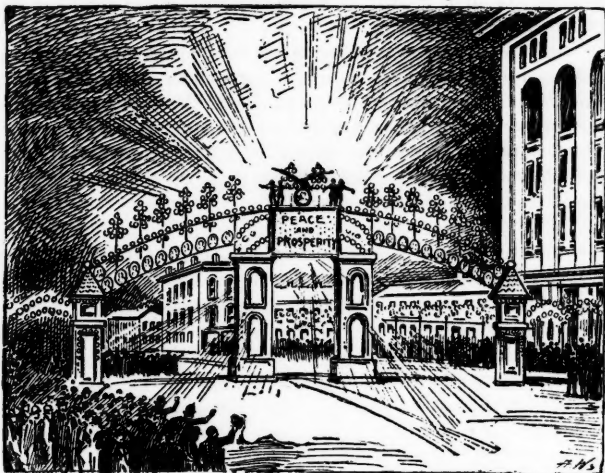
As they entered the little parlor of the house Chopin flew to the piano, and, striking a few chords, exclaimed joyfully, "Santa Cecilia, the piano is in tune!" and seated himself at the instrument. As he sat there improvising, the peasants stole in and stood watching him with mingled amazement and delight.

"We shall see whether they are lovers of music," said Chopin softly to his friend, and thereupon began to play his fantasia on Polish airs. The peasants stood in rapt silence, their eyes fastened on the pianist's flying fingers, and their faces irradiated with pleasure. Suddenly the postmaster announced, "The horses are ready!"

Chopin sprang up, but a dozen voices cried,—

"Finish that wonderful piece; finish it!" And the postmaster, who had heard only a few bars, said, pleadingly, "I'll give you courier, horses, everything you want, if you will remain just a little while!"

The fantasia was finished, and at last the pianist was allowed to depart, though with many expressions of sorrow from the enraptured group. Years afterwards, when all Paris fell under the charm of his marvellous spell, Chopin often recalled the tribute paid to him by the peasants in that Polish inn.—*Youth's Companion*.



ST. LOUIS ILLUMINATIONS.

THE street-illuminations in St. Louis this fall are by far the most magnificent ever attempted by any city. Those who visited the great metropolis of the West and Southwest during the carnival period of 1892 were so impressed with the magnificence of the illuminations that they practically came to the conclusion that St. Louis had established a record which it would find it impossible to break. But those who have been fortunate enough to witness the illuminations of both last year and this are unanimous in the opinion that, grand as was the display of 1892, that for 1893 is far superior. It is not so much in the amount of money spent or the number of lights used that the improvement has been made; it is rather in the taste displayed by the Illumination Committee and by the excellent educational and poetical lessons taught by the display on the streets of the busy city.

St. Louis never does things by halves, and when it illuminates its streets it illuminates them in a wholesale and indeed lavish manner. Seventy-five thousand lights are required to make up the gorgeous spectacle, and of these about half are electric, the remainder being gas-jets within globes of many colors and of exquisite shades. The plan of illumination differs on various streets. On Washington Avenue, the wide thoroughfare running directly west from the Eads Bridge, some very chaste work has been done. This street is largely the head-quarters of the great manufacturing concerns which have made St. Louis famous in the commercial world of late years, and during the festival period it is generally crowded with merchants from other cities who are in St. Louis placing their orders for the winter season. These witness a combination of attractions which form a never-ceasing source of delight. The electric railroad on this street uses ornamental boulevard poles in the centre of the thoroughfare for its trolley wires, and these poles are taken advantage of for centre

decorations of the most beautiful character. Both gas and electricity are employed in the designs on and above the poles, and the effect on looking down the street from the high ground near the Washington University is delightful in the extreme.

There are also some very ornamental and attractive side-walk decorations and illuminations, and the entire work is terminated on the west by the Western Hemisphere automatic electrical panorama, which illustrates by means of electricity the discovery of America and the settlement of the country in a peaceable and rapid manner. Over a thousand lights are required in this spectacle alone; and it is one of the most remarkable triumphs of modern ingenuity and electrical genius that have ever been seen.

Olive Street is a blaze of lights on illumination nights. The western limit of the illuminations is little more than a mile west of the river, and consists of a revolving star at great altitude entirely electrical in character. The star changes color and revolves with great rapidity, and can be seen from an immense distance in both directions. Along the side-walk lines arches and clusters have been erected, with triumphal arches crossing the street at short intervals.

These two thoroughfares and the illuminations upon them are connected across Twelfth Street by a series of side-walk arches and special displays. Twelfth Street was formerly a general market, and was used as such up to within a few years. Its great width now enables it to be used to special advantage for carnival and panorama purposes. Over the permanent statue of General Grant is a very beautiful arch, in the centre of which is a cross. When the lights are turned on, this cross merges into a star, from the summit of which grows a flowing palm. The entire work is electrical, but the colors are so carefully arranged that even the leaves on the tree are true to nature.

The Chief Executive Arch, of which an illustration is given, is one of the most ambitious pieces in the entire display. Facing south and looking over the grand plaza are portraits of all the Governors of the State of Missouri from its admission into the Union to the present time, while facing south are portraits of all the Presidents of the United States from Washington to Cleveland. In the centre of this magnificent arch is a transparency which by aid of electrical patents is made to do duty as a bulletin-board, announcements being made in electrical letters from time to time during each evening. This is one of the most remarkable triumphs of art over electricity that has yet been achieved, and practical electricians who are not in the secret are at a loss to explain how the work is done.

On Broadway the work is still more distinctly artistic. The street is spanned by three electrical arches of great beauty, one of them an exceptionally attractive electrical fountain. There are also six gas arches with transparencies upon which are painted excellent pictures depicting various events in the career of Columbus.

A brief written description conveys little or no idea of the beauties of the St. Louis illuminations. These should be witnessed by all, and specially by those residing in the East or South and planning to attend the World's Fair. The railroads, recognizing the importance of St. Louis as a railroad centre, as well as its unique enterprise in carnival and other attractions, have made exceptionally low rates from all points, and the trip to the White City can be made *via* St. Louis with but nominal increase in the expense, but with immense increase in the amount of enjoyment and instruction obtained.

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